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THE

BRITISH THEATRE.

...OTEL
BOMBAY

COMEDY OF ERRORS

ANTIPHOLIS of PLEAD YOU TO ME, FAIR DAME?

ACT II. SCENE II

THE

BRITISH THEATRE;

OR,

A COLLECTION OF PLAYS,

WHICH ARE ACTED AT

THE THEATRES ROYAL,

DRURY LANE, COVENT GARDEN, AND HAYMARKET.

PRINTED UNDER THE AUTHORITY OF THE MANAGERS

FROM THE PROMPT BOOKS.

WITH

BIOGRAPHICAL AND CRITICAL REMARKS,

BY MRS. INCHBALD.

4327

IN TWENTY-FIVE VOLUMES.

VOL. I.

COMEDY OF ERRORS.
ROMEO AND JULIET.
HAMLET.
KING JOHN.
KING RICHARD III.

LONDON:

PRINTED FOR LONGMAN, HURST, REES, AND ORME,
PATERNOSTER ROW.
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THE

COMEDY OF ERRORS;

IN FIVE ACTS;

By WILLIAM SHAKSPEARE.

AS PERFORMED AT THE

THEATRE ROYAL, COVENT-GARDEN.

PRINTED UNDER THE AUTHORITY OF THE MANAGERS

FROM THE PROMPT BOOK.

WITH REMARKS

BY MRS INCHBALD.

LONDON:

PRINTED FOR LONGMAN, HURST, REES, ORME, AND BROWN, PATERNOSTER-ROW.

EDINBURGH:
Printed by James Ballantyne & Co.

REMARKS.

This play is supposed, by some commentators, to have been among Shakspeare's earliest productions; whilst others will not allow that he had any farther share in the work, than to embellish it with additional words, lines, speeches, or scenes, to gratify its original author, or the manager of the theatre, who might, perhaps, place it in his hands for the purpose of improvement.

In confirmation of this last notion, Steevens has declared "The Comedy of Errors" to be the composition of two very unequal writers; adding—"that the entire play was no work of Shakspeare's, is an opinion which (as Benedick says) fire cannot melt out of me; I will die in it at the stake."

As it is thus partly decided that the work is not wholly Shakspeare's, full liberty may be taken to find fault with it.

Of all improbable stories, this is the most so. The Ghost in "Hamlet," Witches in "Macbeth," and Monster in "The Tempest," seem all like events in

the common course of nature, when compared to those which take place in this drama. Its fable verges on impossibility, but the incidents which arise from it could never have occurred.

Granting that the two Antipholises and the two Dromios were as like, as twins often are, would their clothes, even the fashion of their habits, have been so exactly alike, that mistakes could have been carried to such extremities? Nay, one brother comes purposely to Ephesus, in search of his twin brother, his own perfect resemblance, and yet, when every accident he encounters tells him directly, that his brother being resident in that very place is the cause of them all, this is an inference he never once draws, but rather chuses to believe the people of the town are all mad, than that the person whom he hoped to find there is actually one of its inhabitants.

But it is not so much for the impossibilities contained in this comedy, as on account of its rhyme, and, as Blackstone has termed them, "long hobbling verses," which makes it suspected of bearing the great poet's name without due cause.

Whether Shakspeare wrote the doggerel speeches of the twin attendants, and other inferior passages, must still remain in some doubt; but that he was the author of Ægeon's narrative at the beginning of the play, and the entire character of the Abbess Æmilia, can be little mistrusted; though not even in these parts are there any very powerful marks of his genius.

THE

COMEDY OF ERRORS.

ACT THE FIRST.

SCENE I.

A Hall.

DUKE, ÆGEON, TWO OFFICERS, GAOLER, FOUR GUARDS, *and* ATTENDANTS, *discovered.*

Ægeon. Proceed, Solinus, to procure my fall,
And terminate, by this, thy rig'rous doom,
Ægeon's life and miseries together.

Duke. Merchant of Syracusa, plead no more.
The enmity and discord, which, of late,
Sprung from the ranc'rous outrage of your duke,
To merchants, our well-dealing countrymen,
(Who, wanting gilders to redeem their lives,
Have seal'd his rig'rous statutes with their blood)
Excludes all pity from our threat'ning looks.
For, since the mortal and intestine jars,
'Twixt thy seditious countrymen and us,
It hath, in solemn synods, been decreed,

Both by the Syracusans and ourselves,
T' admit no traffic to our adverse towns.
Nay, more—If any, born at Ephesus,
Be seen at Syracusan marts or fairs:
Again—If any Syracusan born,
Come to the bay of Ephesus, he dies;
His goods confiscate to the duke's dispose,
Unless a thousand marks be levied,
To quit the penalty, and ransom him.
Thy substance, valued at the highest rate,
Cannot amount unto an hundred marks;
Therefore, by law, thou art condemn'd to die.

Ægeon. This comfort, then, (the wretch's last resource)
At least, I gain from the severe decree—
My woes must finish ere the setting sun.

Duke. Yet, Syracusan, say in brief the cause,
Why thou departedst from thy native home,
And for what cause thou cam'st to Ephesus.

Ægeon. A heavier task could not have been imposed,
Yet will I utter what my grief permits.—
In Syracusa was I born; and wed
Unto a woman, happy but for me!
With her I lived in joy; our wealth increased
By prosp'rous traffic—till my factor's death
Drew us unwillingly to Epidamnum.
There had we not been long, but she became
A joyful mother of two goodly sons,
And, strange to hear, the one so like the other,
They hardly by ourselves could be distinguish'd.
That very hour, and in the self-same house,
A poor mean woman was delivered
Of such a burden, male twins, both alike.
These (for their parents were exceeding poor)
I bought, and brought up, to attend my sons.
My wife, not meanly proud of her two boys,
Made daily motions for our home return.

Unwilling I agreed.—We came aboard—
Oh, bitter recollection!
Duke. Stop thy tears——
I long, yet almost dread, to hear the rest.
Ægeon. A league from Epidamnum had we sail'd,
Before the always wind-obeying deep
Gave any tragic instance of our harm;
But longer did we not retain much hope,
For what obscured light the heavens did grant,
Did but convey into our fearful minds
A dreadful warrant of immediate death.
The sailors sought for safety by our boat,
And left the ship, then sinking-ripe, to us.
My wife, more careful for the elder born,
Had fasten'd him unto a small spare mast;
To him, one of the other twins was bound;
While I had been like heedful of the younger.
The children thus disposed, my wife and I
Fasten'd ourselves at either end the mast;
And floating straight, obedient to the stream,
Were carried towards Corinth, as we thought.
At length the sea wax'd calm; and we discover'd
Two ships from far, making amain to us;
But ere they came——
Duke. Pursue thy tale, old man.
Ægeon. Being encounter'd by a mighty rock,
Our helpless raft was splitted in the midst.
Her part (poor soul!) burden'd with lesser weight,
Was carried with more speed, before the wind;
And, in our sight, they three were taken up
By fishermen of Corinth.
At length, another ship had seized on us;
And would have 'reft the fishers of their prey,
Had not their bark been very slow of sail.
Duke. Relate at full
What hath befallen to them, and thee, till now.
Ægeon. My youngest boy, and yet my eldest care,
At eighteen years, became inquisitive

After his brother, and importuned me
That his attendant (for his case was like,
'Reft of his brother, but retain'd his name)
Might bear him company, in quest of him,
Whom, while I labour'd of a love to see,
I yielded to the loss of him I loved.
Since which unhappy time, no news arriving
What course their wayward stars had hurried them,
Five summers have I spent in farthest Greece,
Roaming e'en through the bounds of Asia,
And, coasting homeward, came to Ephesus;
But here must end the story of my life,
And happy were I in my timely death,
Could all my travels warrant me they live.

Duke. Hapless Ægeon! whom the fates have mark'd
To bear th' extremity of dire mishap,
Now trust me, were it not against our laws,
Against my crown, my oath, my dignity,
My soul should sue as advocate for thee:
But though thou art adjudged to the death,
And passed sentence cannot be recall'd,
But to our honour's great disparagement,
Yet will I favour thee in what I can.
I, therefore, merchant, limit thee this day,
To seek thy life, by beneficial help;
Try all the friends thou hast in Ephesus,
Beg thou, or borrow, to make up the sum,
And live—if not, then art thou doom'd to die.

[*Exit, with* GUARDS.

Ægeon. What friends, alas! can misery expect?
This pity but prolongs the date of pain;
And to be sure, though short protracted end,
Helpless and hopeless doth Ægeon wend.

[*Exit, guarded.*

SCENE II.

The Mart.

Enter ANTIPHOLIS OF SYRACUSE, DROMIO OF SYRACUSE, *and* CLEON.

Cleon. Therefore, give out you are of Epidamnum,
Lest that your goods be forfeit to the state.
This very day, a Syracusan merchant
Is apprehended for arrival here;
And, not being able to buy out his life,
Dies ere the weary sun sets in the west.—
There is your money, which I had to keep.

Ant. of Syr. Go, bear it to the Centaur, where we host,
And stay there, Dromio, till I come to thee.
Within this hour it will be dinner-time;
Till then I'll view the manners of the town,
Peruse the traders, gaze upon the buildings,
And then return, and sleep within mine inn;
For, with long travel, I am sick and weary.
Get thee away!

Dro. of Syr. Many a man would take you at your word,
And go away, indeed, having so great
A treasure in his charge.—Of what strength do
You conceive my honesty, good master,
That you dare put it to such temptation?

Ant. of Syr. Of proof against a greater charge than this;

Were it remiss, thy love would strengthen it:
I think thou would'st not wrong me if thou could'st.
Dro. of Syr. I hope I should not, sir; but there is such
A thing as trusting too far.—Odds heart! 'tis
A weighty matter, and, if balanced in
A steelyard against my honesty,
I doubt——
Ant. of Syr. That very doubt is my security.—
No further argument, but speed away.
Dro. of Syr. Ay, but master, you know the old saying——
Ant. of Syr. Then thou hast no occasion to tell it me.
Begone, I say.— [*Exit* DROMIO OF SYRACUSE.
A trusty villain, sir, that very oft,
When I am dull with care and melancholy,
Lightens my humour, with his merry jests.—
What, will you walk with me about the town,
And then go to the inn, and dine with me?
Cleon. I am invited, sir, to certain merchants,
Of whom I hope to make much benefit.
I crave your pardon—but, at five o'clock,
Please you I'll meet you here upon the mart,
And afterwards consort with you till bed-time.
My present business calls me from you now.
Ant. of Syr. Farewell till then.—I will go lose myself,
And wander up and down to view the city.
Cleon. Sir, I commend you to your own content.
[*Exit* CLEON.
Ant. of Syr. He, that commends me to my own content,
Commends me to the thing I cannot get.
I, to the world, am like a drop of water,
That in the ocean seeks another drop;
Who, failing there to find his fellow out,
Unseen, inquisitive, confounds himself:

So I, to find a mother, and a brother,
In search of them, unhappy, lose myself.—

Enter DROMIO OF EPHESUS.

How now! How chance thou art return'd so soon?
Dro. of Eph. Return'd so soon! Rather approach'd too late—
The capon burns, the pig falls from the spit,
The clock hath strucken twelve upon the bell,
My mistress made it one upon my cheek;—
She is so hot, because the meat is cold,
The meat is cold, because you come not home,
You come not home, because you have no stomach,
You have no stomach, having broke your fast;
But we, that know what 'tis to fast and pray,
Are penitent for your default to-day.
Ant. of Syr. Stop in your wind, sir;—tell me this, I pray,
Where have you left the money, that I gave you?
Dro. of Eph. Money!—Oh, the money that I had on
Wednesday last, to pay for mending my
Mistress's saddle.—The saddler had it, sir;
I kept it not.
Ant. of Syr. I am not in a sportive humour now;
Tell me, and dally not—where is the money?
We being strangers here, how dar'st thou trust
So great a charge from thine own custody?
Dro. of Eph. I pray you, jest, sir, as you sit at dinner——
I, from my mistress, come to you in haste.
Methinks your stomach, like mine, should be your clock,
And send you home without a messenger.
Ant. of Syr. Come, Dromio, come, these jests are out of season;

Reserve them till a merrier hour than this.—
Where is the gold I gave in charge to thee?
Dro. of Eph. To me, sir!—Why, you gave no gold to me!
Ant. of Syr. Come, come, have done your foolishness,
And tell me how thou hast disposed my charge.
Dro. of Eph. My charge was but to fetch you from the mart,
Home to your house, the Phœnix, sir, to dinner;
My mistress and her sister stay for you.
Ant. of Syr. Now, as I am a Christian, answer me,
In what safe place you have bestow'd my money;
Or I shall break that merry sconce of yours,
That stands on tricks when I am undisposed.
Where are the thousand marks thou had'st of me?
Dro. of Eph. I have some marks of yours upon my pate,
Some of my mistress' marks upon my shoulders;
Between you both, they make, perhaps, a thousand:
If I should pay your worship these again,
Perchance you will not take it patiently.
Ant. of Syr. Thy mistress' marks!—What mistress, slave, hast thou?
Dro. of Eph. Your worship's wife, my mistress, at the Phœnix,
She, that doth fast till you come home to dinner,
And prays that you will haste you.
Ant. of Syr. What, wilt thou flout me thus unto my face,
Being forbid?—There, take you that, sir knave!
Dro. of Eph. What mean you, sir?—for Heaven's sake, hold your hands—
Nay, an you will not, sir, I'll take my heels. *Exit.*
Ant. of Syr. Upon my life, by some device or other,
The villain has been trick'd of all my money.

They say, this town is full of cozenage;
If it prove so, I will be gone the sooner.
Misguided by my hopes, in doubt I stray,
To seek what I, perchance, may never find.
May not the cruel hand of destiny,
Ere this, have render'd all my searches vain?
If so, how wretched has my folly made me!
In luckless hour, alas! I left my home,
And the fond comforts of a father's love,
That only bliss my fortune had in store,
For dubious pleasures on a foreign shore. [*Exit.*

ACT THE SECOND.

SCENE I.

A Chamber in ANTIPHOLIS OF EPHESUS'S *House.*

Enter ADRIANA *and* LUCIANA.

Adr. Neither my husband, nor the slave return'd,
That, in such haste, I sent to seek his master?
Sure, Luciana, it is two o'clock.
Luc. Perhaps some merchant has invited him,
And, from the mart, he's somewhere gone to dinner.
Good sister, let us dine, and never fret;
A man is master of his liberty,
Will come, or go—therefore, be patient, sister.
Adr. Why should their liberty be more than ours?
Luc. Because their bus'ness still lies out of door.
Adr. Look, when I serve him so, he takes it ill.
Luc. He is the bridle of your actions, sister.

Adr. None, but an idiot, would be bridled so.
Luc. Why, headstrong liberty belongs to man,
And ill befits a woman's gentle mind.
There's nothing situate under Heaven's eye,
But hath its bound in earth, in sea, and air;
The beasts, the fishes, and the winged tribes,
Are their males' subjects, and at their controul.
Man, more divine, the master of them all,
Indued with intellectual sense and soul,
Is master to his female—nay, her lord!
Let, then, your will attend on his commands.
Adr. This servitude makes you remain unwed.
Luc. Not this, but troubles of the marriage state.
Adr. But were you wedded, you would bear some rule.
Luc. Before I wed, I'll practise to obey.
Adr. How, if your husband start some other where?
Luc. With all the gentle, artificial means,
That patient meekness, and domestic cares,
Could bring to my relief, I would beguile
The intervening hours, till he, tired out,
With empty, transient pleasures, should return
To seek content and happiness at home—
With smiles I'd welcome him, and put in practice
Each soothing art, that kindness could suggest,
To wean his mind from such delusive joys.
Adr. O, special reasoning! well may they be patient,
Who never had a cause for anger given them!
How easily we cure another's grief!
But, were we burden'd with like weight of woe,
As much, or more, we should ourselves complain.
So thou, who hast no unkind mate to grieve thee,
Would'st comfort me, by urging helpless patience;
But should'st thou live to see these griefs thine own,
This boasted patience would be thrown aside.
Luc. Well, I will marry one day, but to try—
Here comes your man; now is your husband near.

Enter DROMIO OF EPHESUS.

Adr. Say, is your tardy master now at hand?

Dro. of Eph. Nay, he's at two hands with me, and that my two ears can witness.

Adr. Say, didst thou speak with him? know'st thou his mind?

Dro. of Eph. Ay, ay, he told his mind upon my ear;
Beshrew his hand, I scarce could understand it!

Luc. Spake he so doubtfully, thou could'st not find his meaning?

Dro. of Eph. Nay, he struck so plainly, I could too well feel his blows; and withal so doubtfully, that I could scarce understand them.

Adr. But say, I pray thee, is he coming home? It seems he hath great care to please his wife.

Dro. of Eph. Why, mistress, sure my master is horn-mad!

Luc. Horn-mad, thou villain!

Dro. of Eph. I mean not cuckold-mad, but sure he's stark-mad!
When I desired him to come home to dinner,
He ask'd me for a thousand marks in gold.
'Tis dinner time, quoth I—my gold, quoth he—
Your meat doth burn, quoth I—my gold, quoth he—
Where are the thousand marks I gave thee, villain?
The pig, quoth I, is burn'd—my gold, quoth he—
My mistress, sir, quoth I—hang up thy mistress!
I do not know thy mistress—out on thy mistress!

Luc. Quoth who?

Dro. of Eph. Quoth my master—
I know, quoth he, no house, no wife, no mistress;
So that my errand, due unto my tongue,
I thank him, I bare home upon my shoulders—
For, in conclusion, he did beat me hither.

Adr. Go back again, thou slave, and fetch him home.

Dro. of Eph. Go back again, and be new beaten home!
For Heaven's sake, send some other messenger.

Adr. Hence, prating peasant! fetch thy master home.

Dro. of Eph. Am I so round with you, as you with me,
That, like a foot-ball, you do spurn me thus?
You spurn me hence, and he will spurn me hither.
If I last in this service, you must case me in leather.
[*Exit.*

Luc. Fie! how impatience lowereth on your brow!

Adr. His company must do his minions grace,
While I, at home, starve for a cheerful look.
Hath homely age th' alluring beauty stole
From my poor cheek? no, he hath wasted it.
Are my discourses low? barren my wit?
If voluble and sharp discourse be dull'd,
Unkindness blunts it more than marble hard.
Do their gay vestments his affections bait?
That's not my fault—he's master of my fortunes.
What ruins are in me, that can be found
By him not ruin'd?—Then is he the cause
Of my defeatures—my decayed beauty,
A sunny look of his would soon repair:
But, too unruly deer! he breaks the pale,
And feeds from home—poor I am left despised.

Luc. Self-harming jealousy! fie! beat it hence.

Adr. I know his eye doth homage other-where,
Or else, what lets it but he would be here?
Sister, you know he promised me a bracelet—
Some stranger fair hath caught his truant eye,
And triumphs in the gifts design'd for me.
Such trifles yet with ease I could forego,
So I were sure he left his heart at home!

I see the jewel best enamelled
Will lose its lustre—So doth Adriana,
Whom once, unwearied with continual gazing,
He fondly call'd the treasure of his life!
Now, since my beauty cannot please his eye,
I'll weep what's left away, and, weeping, die.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

The Mart.

Enter ANTIPHOLIS OF SYRACUSE.

Ant. of Syr. The gold I gave to Dromio is laid up
Safe at the Centaur, and the heedful slave
Is wander'd forth in care to seek me out.
Oh, here he comes!

Enter DROMIO OF SYRACUSE.

How now, sir? is your merry humour alter'd?
As you love strokes, so jest with me again.
You knew no Centaur! you received no gold!
Your mistress sent, to have me home to dinner!
My house was at the Phœnix! wert thou mad,
That thus, so strangely, thou didst answer me?

Dro. of Syr. What answer, sir? when spake I such a word?

Ant. of Syr. Ev'n now, ev'n here; not half an hour since.

Dro. of Syr. I did not see you, since you sent me hence
Home, to the Centaur, with the gold you gave me.

Ant. of Syr. Villain, thou didst deny the gold's receipt,

And told'st me of a mistress, and a dinner;
For which, I hope, thou felt'st, I was displeased.
Dro. of Syr. I'm glad to see you in this merry vein;
What means this jest, I pray you, master, tell me?
Ant. of Syr. What, dost thou jeer, and flout me in the teeth?
Think'st thou I jest? there, take thou that, and that!
Dro. of Syr. Hold, sir, for Heaven's sake!—now your jest is earnest—
Upon what bargain do you give it me?
Ant. of Syr. Because that I, familiarly, sometimes,
Do use you for my fool, and chat with you,
Your sauciness will jest upon my love,
And make a common of my serious hours.
When the sun shines, let foolish gnats make sport,
But creep in crannies, when he hides his beams.
If you will jest with me, then know my aspect,
And fashion your demeanour to my looks.
Dro of Syr. I pray, sir, why am I beaten?
Ant. of Syr. Dost thou not know?
Dro. of Syr. Nothing, but that I am beaten.
Ant. of Syr Why, first, for flouting me, and then, for urging
It, in spite of my assertion to the contrary.
Is dinner ready?
Dro. of Syr. No, sir; I think the meat wants what I've got.
Ant. of Syr. What's that?
Dro. of Syr. Why, basting, sir.
Ant. of Syr. No more, thou knave! for see, who wafts us yonder.
This way they haste, and, by their gestures, seem
To point out me—what should they mean, I trow?

Enter ADRIANA *and* LUCIANA.

Adr. Ay, ay, Antipholis, look strange and frown,
Some other mistress hath some sweeter aspect:
I am not Adriana, nor thy wife.

The time was once, when thou, unurged, would'st vow,
That never words were music to thine ear,
That never object, pleasing in thine eye,
That never touch were welcome to thine hand,
That never food, well savour'd to the taste,
Unless I spake, or look'd, or touch'd, or carved.
How comes it now, my husband, oh! how comes it,
That thou art thus estranged to thyself?
Thyself, I call it, being strange to me—
Oh, do not tear thyself away from me!
For know, my love, as easy may'st thou fall
A drop of water in the breaking gulf,
And take unmingled thence that drop again,
As take from me thyself.

Ant. of Syr. Plead you to me, fair dame? I know you not;
In Ephesus, I am but two hours old,
As strange unto your town, as to your talk.

Luc. Fie, brother! how the world is changed with you!
When were you wont to use my sister thus?
She sent for you, by Dromio, home to dinner.

Ant. of Syr. By Dromio?

Dro. of Syr. By me!

Adr. By thee, and thus thou didst return from him,
That he did buffet thee, and in his blows,
Denied my house for his, me, for his wife.

Ant. of Syr. Did you converse, sir, with this gentlewoman?

Dro. of Syr. I, sir? I never saw her till this moment!

Ant. of Syr. Villain, thou liest! for even her very words
Didst thou deliver to me on the mart.

Dro. of Syr. I never spoke with her in all my life.

Ant. of Syr. How can she then thus call us by our names,
Unless it be by inspiration?

Adr. How ill agrees it with your gravity,
To counterfeit thus grossly with your slave,
Abetting him to thwart me in my mood!
Come, I will fasten thus upon thy arm;
Thou art an elm, my husband, I, a vine,
Whose weakness, married to thy stronger state,
Shares in thy virtues, and partakes thy strength.
If aught possess thee from me, it is dross,
Usurping ivy, idle moss, or briar,
Who, all for want of pruning, with intrusion
Infect thy sap, and live on thy destruction.

Ant. of Syr. To me she speaks—she moves me for her theme—
What, was I married to her in my sleep?
Or sleep I now, and dream I hear all this?
What error thus deceives our eyes and ears?
Yet, that the mystery I may explore,
I'll seem to entertain the fallacy.

Luc. Dromio, go bid the servants spread for dinner.

Dro. of Syr. Meaning me?

Luc. Ay, thee, thou slug!

Dro. of Syr. Spread for dinner!

Ant. of Syr. Am I alive? Am I Antipholis?
Sleeping or waking? Mad, or well-advised?
Known unto these, yet to myself unknown;
Fain would I learn from whence these wonders flow;
But that I almost fear to trace the source,
So strange is every thing I see and hear.

Adr. Come, come, no longer will I be a fool,
To put the finger in the eye, and weep,
While man and master laugh my woes to scorn.
Come, sir, to dinner—Dromio, keep the gate—
Husband, I'll dine above with you, to-day,
And shrive you of a thousand idle pranks.
Sirrah, if any ask you for your master,
Say, he dines forth, and let no creature enter.
Come, sister—Dromio, play the porter well.

[*Exit, with* LUCIANA *and* ANTIPHOLIS.

Dro. of Syr. Spread for dinner! I am afraid I shall
Be somewhat awkward, as I am not well
Acquainted with the ways of the house;
Though, I suppose they'll be so courteous
As to instruct a new comer. Ay, there they go;—
The house with the green doors, and have taken
My master with them; I must follow—Sure
We are in the land of fairies, and converse with
Sprites and goblins. I wish they mayn't have
Infected my poor master; for, even
Now, he swore to a discourse, I held with him
Here on the Mart; when I can swear, I was talking
To the strong-box yonder at the Centaur.—Mighty odd
All this! However, my comfort is, that, whatsoever
Mischief we light on, the master takes place
Of the servant, and must fall into it first. [*Exit.*

ACT THE THIRD.

SCENE I.

A Street, with the House of ANTIPHOLIS.

Enter ANTIPHOLIS OF EPHESUS, DROMIO OF EPHESUS, *and* ANGELO.

Ant. of Eph. Good Signor Angelo, you must excuse us;
My wife is shrewish, when I keep not hours.
Say, that I linger'd with you at your shop,

To see the making of her bracelet,
And that to-morrow you will bring it home.
But here's a villain that would face me down,
He met me on the Mart, and that I beat him
And charged him with a thousand marks in gold,
And that I did deny my wife and house.—
Thou drunkard, thou, what did'st thou mean by this?

Dro of Eph. Say what you will, sir, but I know what I know,
That you beat me at the Mart, I have the marks to witness.

Ant. of Eph. Silence, thou sot, or I shall sober thee!—
You're sad, Signor Angelo; pray Heaven our cheer
May answer my good will, and your good welcome—
But soft, my door is locked—Sirrah, ring the bell!

Dro. of Eph. Oh, he's a little soberer, and he does know his own house now! [*Rings.*

Ant. of Eph. Will they not hear?

Dro. of Eph. In good truth, I think they will not. My mistress, sure, means to be quits with you, master—you denied her a while ago, and now she's determined to deny you.

Ant. of Eph. Have done, thou varlet! Call to them; bid them let us in.

Dro. of Eph. Maud! Bridget! Marian! Cicely! Gillian! Madge!

Dro. of Syr. [*Within.*] Mome, Malt-horse, Capon, Coxcomb, Idiot, Patch!—Dost thou conjure for wenches, that thou call'st for such store, when one is one too many.—Go, get thee from the gate!

Dro. of Eph. What patch is made our porter?—My master stays in the street.

Dro. of Syr. [*Within.*] Let him walk from whence he came, lest he catch cold in his feet.

Ant. of Eph, Who talks within there?—Hoa! open the door!

Dro. of Syr. [*Within.*] Right, sir—I'll tell you when, an you'll tell me wherefore.

Ant. of Eph What art thou, there, that keep'st me from mine own house?

Dro. of Syr. [*Within.*] The porter, sir, and my name is Dromio.

Dro. of Eph. O villain, thou hast stole both mine office, and my name.

Bridget. [*Within.*] Why, what a coil is there!—Dromio, who are those at the door?

Dro of Eph. Let my master in, Bridget.

Bridget. [*Within*] Peace, fool! thy master's here already.

Ant. of Eph. Do you hear, you minion?—you'll let us in, I trow?

Bridget. [*Within.*] Can you tell for whose sake?

Dro. of Eph. Master, knock at the door hard.

Dro. of Syr. [*Within.*] Let him knock till it ake.

Adriana. [*Within.*] Who is at the gate, that keeps all this noise?

Ant. of Eph. Are you there, wife? you might have come before.

Adr. [*Within.*] Your wife, Sir Knave!—Go, get you from the gate.

Ant. of Eph. Get me from the gate! What means this saucy language?

There's something more in this!—Why, Adriana!

Adr. [*Within.*] Hence, you familiar coxcomb!—
Cease your noise,
Or you shall dearly pay for all this outrage.
Dromio, be sure you keep fast the doors against them.

Ant. of Eph. Why, wife, I say!——

Dro. of Syr. [*Within.*] She's gone back to dinner, sir, to take a refreshing cup, and has no time to answer idle questions now.

Ant. of Eph. Now, on my soul, some strange mysterious guile
Lurks underneath this unaccustom'd usage.

Some shameful minion here is entertain'd—
Angelo. Have patience, sir—O, let it not be thus;
Herein you war against your reputation,
And draw within the compass of suspect
Th' inviolated honour of your wife.
Your long experience of her wisdom, sir,
Her sober virtue, years, and modesty,
Plead, on her part, some cause to you unknown;
And, doubt it not, but she will well excuse
Why, at this time, the doors are barr'd against you.
Ant. of Eph. Shall I be thus shut forth from my own house,
While they are revelling to my dishonour?
Go, fetch an instrument, I'll break the door,
Shatter it all to pieces, but I'll enter.
Angelo. Be rul d by me—depart in patience,
And let us to the Tiger, all to dinner;
And, about evening, come yourself, alone,
To know the reason of this strange restraint.
If, by strong hand, you offer to break in,
Now, in the stirring passage of the day,
A vulgar comment will be made of it;
And that supposed, by the common rout,
Against your yet ungalled estimation,
That may with foul intrusion enter in,
And dwell upon your grave when you are dead.
For slander lives even to posterity,
For ever housed, when once it gets possession.
Ant. of Eph. You have prevail'd—I will depart in quiet,
And, in despite of wrath, try to be merry.
I know a wench of excellent discourse,
Pretty and witty—wild, and yet right gentle:
There will we dine.—This woman, that I mean,
My wife (but, I protest, without desert)
Hath oftentimes upbraided me withal.
To her will we to dinner. Get you home,
And fetch the jewel—by this, I guess, 'tis made—

Bring it, I pray you, to the Porcupine,
For there's the house, and there will I bestow it,
(Be it for nothing but to spite my wife)
Upon mine hostess. Good sir, use dispatch.

Angelo. I'll meet you at that place some hour, sir, hence. [*Exit.*

Ant. of Eph. I thank you, sir.—And now, my dainty wife,
Checking my rage, I'll leave you to your follies
Some few short hours; enjoy them while you may,
Perchance to morrow you may rue your jest.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

A Garden.

ANTIPHOLIS OF SYRACUSE, ADRIANA, LUCIANA, *and* HERMIA, *discovered.*

Adr. Why, why, was I to this keen mock'ry born?
How at your hands have I deserved this coldness?
In sooth, you do me wrong. There was a time
When I believed, so fond was my credulity,
The sun was scarce so true unto the day
As you to me.

Ant. of Syr. I would some friendly light
Might chase away the mist that clouds our fancies,
And give this dream a meaning! True, I see
These beauteous bowers, in nature's fragrance rich;
Behold the painted children of her hand,
Flaunting in gay luxuriance all around!
I see imperial Phœbus' trembling beam
Dance on the curly brook; whose gentle current
Glides imperceptibly away, scarce staying,
To kiss th' embracing bank.

Adr. So glides away
Thy hasty love, (O apt allusion!)
And mocks my constant and attentive care,
That seeks, in vain, to keep it.
Luc. Dearest brother,
Why turn on me your eyes? Regard my sister,
Who with such earnest suit solicits you
To heal her wounded peace.
Adr. It cannot be,
But that some phrensy hath possess'd his mind,
Else could he not, with cold indifference, hear
His Adriana pleading. Music's voice,
O'er such entranced dispositions,
Hath oft a magic power, and can recall
The wand'ring faculties. Good cousin, Hermia,
Assay those melting strains, wherewith, thou told'st me,
Forsaken Julia labour'd to retrieve
Lysander's truant heart.

SONG.—HERMIA.

Stray not to those distant plains;
From thy comfort do not rove,
Tarry in these peaceful glens,
Tread the downy paths of love:
Is not this sequester'd shade
Richer than the proud alcove?
Tarry in this beauteous glade,
Tarry here with me and love.

Listen to the woodlark's note,
Listen to the cooing dove,
Hark! the throstle's mellow throat,
All uniting, carol love;
See the limpid brooks around,
Winding through the varied grove;
This is Passion's fairy ground,
Tarry here with me and love.

Adr. Sister, there is some magic in thine eye,
That hath infected his—Perchance, to thee,
He may unfold the source of his distemp'rature:
For me, no longer will I sue for that,
My right may claim; loose infidelity
And lawless passion hath estranged his soul.
Yet think, my husband, could'st thou bear the like?
How dearly would it touch thee to the quick,
Should'st thou but hear I were licentious!
Would'st thou not scoff at me, and spurn me from thee?
Or hurl the name of husband in my face,
And tear the stain'd skin off my harlot brow?
Yea, from my false hand, cut the wedding ring,
And break it with a deep divorcing vow?
I know thou would'st, and therefore see thou do it;
For if we two be one, and thou play false,
I do digest the poison of thy crimes.
Preserve, then, equal league with the fair bed;
Keep me unstain'd, thou undishonour'd live.
[*Exit, with* HERMIA.

Luc. And may it be that you have quite forgot
A husband's office? Shall, Antipholis,
Even in the spring of love, thy passion fade?
If you did wed my sister for her wealth,
Then, for her wealth's sake, use her with more kindness;
Or, if you like elsewhere, do it in secret;
Let not my sister read it in your eye;
Be not thy tongue thy own shame's orator;
Look sweet, speak fair, become disloyalty,
Apparel vice like virtue's harbinger.

Ant. of Syr. Now, by the air we breathe, I vow, bright dame,
My senses are all smother'd up in wonder;
All but my sight—with that, methinks, I view
An angel pleading; and, while thus delighted,
I may peruse the graces of that bro

I will not wish the mystery unfolded,
But to your chidings pay submissive awe,
As to an holy mandate—Speak, speak on.
Luc. Be secret false—why needs she be acquainted?
What simple thief brags of his own bad deeds?
'Tis double wrong to truant with your bed,
And let her read it in your looks at board.
Then, gentle brother, get you in again:
And call my sister, wife—comfort her—cheer her—
'Tis holy sport to be a little false,
When the sweet breath of flattery conquers strife.
Ant of Syr. Sweet mistress, let me call you by that name,
Teach me, oh teach me, how to think and answer!
Lay open to my shallow gross conceit
The folded meaning of your sugar'd words.
Against my soul's pure truth, why labour you
To make it wander in an unknown path?
Are you a goddess? would you new-create me?
Transform me then, and to your power I'll yield.
But if I am Antipholis, I swear,
Your weeping sister is no wife to me.
Oh, no! to you alone my soul inclines;
Then train me not, sweet mermaid, with thy voice,
To drown me in thy sister's flood of tears!
Sing, syren, for thyself, and I will doat! [*Kneels.*
Spread o'er the silver waves thy glossy locks,
And as a bed I'll take thee, there I'll lie,
And, in that glorious supposition, think
He gains by death, that hath such means to die.
Luc. What, are you mad, that you do reason thus?
Ant. of Syr. Not mad—enchanted; how, I do not know.
Luc. It is a fault that springeth from your eye.
Ant. of Syr. For gazing on your dazzling beams, fair sun.
Luc. Gaze where you should, and that will clear your sight.

Ant. of Syr. As good to wink, sweet love, as look on darkness.

Luc. Why call you me love? call my sister so.

Ant. of Syr. Thy sister's sister.

Luc. That's my sister.

Ant. of Syr. No;
It is thyself, my own self's better half,
My eye's clear eye, my dear heart's dearer heart,
My food, my fortune, and my sweet hope's aim.

Luc. All this my sister is, or else should be.

Ant. of Syr. Call thyself sister, sweet, for thee I mean;
Thee will I love, with thee would spend my days.
Give me thy hand.

Luc. Oh, soft, sir, hold you still.
I'll seek my sister, to get her consent;
If she approve, I shall accord, no doubt. [*Exit.*

Ant. of Syr. O subtle power! O soil too capable!
Scarce had her sun of beauty warm'd my heart,
When the gay flower of love disclosing fragrance,
Sprung up at once, and blossom'd to perfection,
Ere well the bud was seen. Why, how now, Dromio?

Enter DROMIO OF SYRACUSE.

Where runn'st thou so fast?

Dro. of Syr. Do you know me, sir? Am I Dromio? Am I your man? Am I myself?

Ant. of Syr. Thou art Dromio, thou art my man, thou art thyself.

Dro. of Syr. I am an ass, I am a woman's man, and beside myself.

Ant. of Syr. What woman's man? and how beside thyself?

Dro. of Syr. Marry, sir, beside myself, I am due to a woman; one that claims me, one that haunts me, one that will have me.

Ant. of Syr. What claim lays she to thee?

Dro. of Syr. Marry, sir, such claim as you would lay to your horse.

Ant. of Syr What is she?

Dro of Syr. A very reverend body; and though I have but lean luck in the match, yet she is a wondrous fat marriage.—Sir, she's the kitchen-wench, all grease; and I know not what use to put her to but to make a lamp of her, and run from her by her own light.

Ant. of Syr. I'll warrant the rags and the tallow in them will burn a Poland winter.

Dro. of Syr They would indeed, sir: To conclude, this drudge laid claim to me, called me Dromio, swore I was betrothed to her, told me what secret marks I had about me; as the marks on my shoulder, the mole in my neck, the great wart on my left arm, that I, amazed, ran from her as a witch —and I think, if my breast had not been made of faith, and my heart of steel, she should have transformed me to a cur-tail dog, and made me turn i'th wheel.

Ant. of Syr. Sure, none but witches can inhabit here,
And therefore 'tis high time that we were hence.
Go, hie thee presently, post to the road,
And if the wind blow any way from shore,
I will not harbour in this town to-night.
If any bark put forth, come to the mart,
Where will walk till thou return to me. [*Exit.*

Dro. of Syr As from a bear a man would run for life,
So I from her, that swears she is my wife. [*Exit.*

SCENE III.

The Street, with the House of ANTIPHOLIS OF EPHESUS.

Enter ANTIPHOLIS OF SYRACUSE, *from* ANTIPHOLIS OF EPHESUS' *House, meeting* ANGELO *with a Bracelet.*

Angelo. Master Antipholis!

Ant. of Syr. Ay, that's my name.

Angelo. I know it well, sir.—Lo, here is the bracelet!
I thought to have ta'en you at the Porcupine;
It being unfinish'd, made my stay thus long

Ant. of Syr. What is your will that I should do with this?

Angelo. Even what you please, sir—I have made it for you.

Ant. of Syr. Made it for me, sir! I never once bespoke it.

Angelo. Not once, nor twice, but twenty times you have.
Go home with it, and please your wife withal.
About your supper time I'll visit you,
And then receive my money for the bracelet.

Ant. of Syr. I pray you, sir, since you will force it on me,
Receive the money now,
For fear you ne'er see that or jewel more.

Angelo. You are a merry man, sir—fare you well! [*Exit.*

Ant. of Syr. Wonder on wonder rises every moment!
What I should think of this I cannot tell;
However strange, here on my arm I'll wear it,
Preserve it safe, as fortune's happy pledge.

Oft as I look on it, I'll heave a sigh,
And say, the self-same hour that gave thee to me,
Gave me to gaze on Luciana's eyes—
So will I make a profit of a chance,
And treasure up a comfort in affliction.
Unwillingly I go—my wounded soul,
(Howe'er from Ephesus my body part,)
Lingers behind in Luciana's heart. [*Exit.*

ACT THE FOURTH.

SCENE I.

The Mart.

Enter ANGELO, CHARES, *and an* OFFICER.

Chares. You know since Pentecost the sum is due;
And since I have not much importuned you,
Nor had I now, sir, but that I am bound
To Persia, and want gilders for my voyage,
Therefore make present satisfaction,
Or I attach you by this officer.

Angelo. Even just the sum that I do owe to you,
Is growing to me from Antipholis;
And in the instant that I met with you,
He had of me a bracelet—at five o'clock
I shall receive the money for the same.

Please you but walk with me down to his house,
I will discharge my bond, and thank you too.

Off. That labour you may spare—see where he comes.

Enter ANTIPHOLIS OF EPHESUS *and* DROMIO OF EPHESUS.

Ant. of Eph. While I go to the goldsmith's house, go thou
And buy a rope's end—that will I bestow
Among the base confederates of my wife,
For locking me out of my doors to-day.
But soft, I see the goldsmith——get thee gone
To buy the rope, and bring it home to me.

[*Exit* DROMIO OF EPHESUS.

A man is well holpe up, that trusts to you:
I promised me your presence, and the bracelet:
But neither that nor goldsmith came to me.

Angelo. Saving your merry humour, here's the note
How much your jewel weighs, to th' utmost carat.
The fineness of the gold, and chargeful fashion,
Make it amount to three odd ducats more
Than I stand 'debted to this gentleman.
I pray you see him presently discharged,
For he is bound to sea, and stays but for it.

Ant. of Eph. I am not furnish'd with the sum about me,
Besides, I have some business in the town.
Good signor, take the stranger to my house,
And with you take the bracelet.—Bid my wife
Disburse the sum on the receipt thereof.
Perchance I will be there as soon as you.

Angelo. Then you will bring the bracelet there yourself?

Ant. of Eph. No, do you bear it, lest I come not time enough.

Angelo. Well, sir, I will then—have you it about you?

Ant. of Eph. An if I have not, sir, I hope you have,
Or else you may return without your money.
Angelo. Nay, come, I pray you, sir, give me the jewel,
Both wind and tide stay for the gentleman,
And I, to blame, have held him here too long.
Ant. of Eph. I guess you use this dalliance to excuse
Your breach of promise at the Porcupine.
I should have chid you for not bringing it,
But, like a shrew, you first begin to brawl.
Chares. The hour steals on—I pray you, sir, dispatch.
Angelo. You hear how he importunes me;—the bracelet——
Ant. of Eph. Why, give it to my wife, and fetch your money.
Angelo. Come, come, you know I gave it you even now;
Or give it me, or send by me some token.
Ant. of Eph. Fie! now you run this humour out of breath——
Come, where is it?—I pray you let me see it.
Chares. My business cannot brook this dalliance—
Good sir, say, if you'll answer me or no;
If not, I'll leave him to the officer.
Ant. of Eph. I answer you!—what should I answer you?
Angelo. The money that you owe me for the bracelet.
Ant. of Eph I owe you none, till I receive the bracelet
Angelo. You know I gave it you half an hour since.
Ant. of Eph. You gave me none; you wrong me much to say so.
Angelo. You wrong me more, sir, in denying it;
Consider how it stands upon my credit.
Chares. Well, Officer, arrest him at my suit.

Offi. I do, and charge you, in the duke's name, to obey me

Angelo. This touches me, sir, in my reputation;
Either consent to pay the sum for me,
Or I attach you by this officer.

Ant. of Eph. Consent to pay for what I never had!
Arrest me, foolish fellow, if thou darest.

Angelo. Here is thy fee—arrest him, officer——
I would not spare my brother in this case,
If he should scorn me so apparently.

Offi. I do arrest you, sir—you hear the suit:

Ant. of Eph. I do obey thee, till I give thee bail.
But, sirrah, you shall buy this sport as dear,
As all the metal in your shop will answer.

Angelo. Sir, sir, I shall have law in Ephesus,
To your notorious shame, I doubt it not.

Enter DROMIO OF SYRACUSE.

Dro. of Syr. Master, there is a bark of Epidamnum
That stays but till her owner comes aboard:
Then, sir, she bears away. Our fraughtage, sir,
I have convey'd aboard; and I have bought
The oil, the balsamum, and aqua vitæ.
The ship is in her trim, the merry wind
Blows fair from land, they stay for nought at all,
But for the owner, master, and yourself.

Ant. of Eph. How now, madman! Why, thou peevish sheep,
What ship of Epidamnum stays for me?

Dro. of Syr. A ship you sent me to, sir, to hire waftage.

Ant. of Eph. Thou drunken slave, I sent thee for a rope;
And told thee to what purpose, and for whom.

Dro. of Syr. You sent me to the bay, sir, for a bark.

Ant. of Eph. I will debate the matter at more leisure,

And teach your ears to list me with more heed.
To Adriana, villain, hie thee straight,
Give her this key, and tell her, in the desk
That's cover'd o'er with Turkish tapestry,
There is a purse of ducats, let her send it;
Tell her I am arrested in the street,
And that shall bail me.——Hie thee, slave, begone.
On, Officer, to prison, till he comes.

[*Exeunt* ANTIPHOLIS OF EPHESUS, ANGELO, CHARES, *and* OFFICER.

Dro. of Syr. To Adriana's!—that is where we dined——Go there again!—Surely my poor master's mind is strangely altered.——But now he sent me to seek a vessel, and swore he would not stay an hour longer—now he denies it all, and rather seems inclined to take up his abode here; for, upon the strength of one visit only, he has got the key of Adriana's treasure, I see; and sends for her ducats as familiarly as he would for his own.—Then how he should come arrested!—I'll venture, however, to her house once more, and get the money for him, if that Blowzabel, who claimed me for her husband, does not set her kitchen-stuff countenance in my way, and fright me from my purpose. [*Exit.*

SCENE II.

A Chamber in the House of ANTIPHOLIS OF EPHESUS.

Enter ADRIANA *and* LUCIANA.

Adr. What, Luciana, did he tempt thee so?
Might'st thou perceive austerely in his eye,
That he did plead in earnest? Didst thou mark,

Look'd he or pale, or red, or sad, or merry?
What observation, tell me, could'st thou make
Of his heart's meteors tilting in his face?
Luc. First, he denied you had in him a right.
Adr. He meant, he did me none—the more my wrong.
Luc. Then swore he, that he was a stranger here.
Adr. And true he swore, though yet forsworn he be.
Luc. Then pleaded I for you.
Adr. What said he then?
Luc. That love I begg'd for you, he begg'd of me.
Adr. With what persuasion did he tempt thy love?
Luc. With words that in an honest suit might move;
First did he praise my beauty, then my speech.
Adr. Didst speak him fair?
Luc. Have patience, I beseech you.
Adr. I cannot, nor I will not hold me still.
My tongue, though not my heart, must have its scope.
Oh, he is shapeless, crooked, old, and sere,
Vicious, ungentle, foolish, rude, unkind,
Deform'd in person, more deform'd in soul.
Luc. Yet do not give such way to your affliction,
But call your better reason to your aid:——
Oh, did my brother's mind but mate his person,
Were but his conduct graceful as his visage,
What woman might with Adriana boast
So vast a fund of hymeneal bliss!
Trust then to time, and fault-repairing wisdom,
To change his mind, nor soil, with partial breath,
A form in nature's fairest colours drest.
Adr. Oh, but I think him better than I say,
And wish him kind and fair to me alone.
Thus, lapwing like, far from my nest I cry,
To puzzle and mislead intruding eyes,
That seek to rob me of my treasured bliss.

Enter DROMIO OF SYRACUSE.

Dro. of Syr. Here, go!—the desk—the purse!—now, make haste.

Luc. How hast thou lost thy breath?

Dro. of Syr. By running fast.

Adr. Where is thy master, Dromio? is he well?

Dro. of Syr. No; he's in Tartar limbo—a devil hath him;
One whose hard heart is button'd up with steel;
A fiend, a fury, pitiless and rough;
A back friend; one that commands
The passages of alleys, creeks, and lanes.

Adr. Why, man, what is the matter?

Dro. of Syr. I do not know the matter, but he is arrested.

Adr. Arrested, is he?—tell me, at whose suit?

Dro. of Syr. I do not know at whose suit he is arrested, but arrested he is—and his suit to you is, that you will send him Mistress Redemption, the money in his desk.

Adr. Go, fetch it, sister.—— [*Exit* LUCIANA.
This I wonder at,
That he, unknown to me, should be in debt.
Tell me, was he arrested on a bond?

Dro. of Syr. No, on the Mart.—Come, 'tis time that I were gone.

Enter LUCIANA *with a Purse.*

Adr. Go, Dromio, there's the money, bear it strait,
And bring thy master home immediately.
[*Exit* DROMIO.
Yet wherefore bring him home, since he has lost
All token of regard, and slights the place
Where, once, he said, his ev'ry comfort dwelt?
Why should I wish him here? and yet, without him,
What is this home to me?

Luc. Some vague conceit,

The phantom of the moment, hath possest him;
Is will away as soon.
Adr. Pray, Heaven, it may;
For till he shake it off, no mate have I,
But jealous doubt, or dark despondency. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

The Mart.

Enter ANTIPHOLIS OF SYRACUSE, *with the Bracelet on his Arm.*

Ant. of Syr. There's not a man I meet but doth salute me,
As if I were his well-acquainted friend;
And every one doth call me by my name:
Some tender money to me, some invite me,
Some offer me commodities to buy,
While others give me thanks for kindnesses.
Ev'n now a tailor call'd me in his shop,
And show'd me silks that he had bought for me,
And therewithal took measure of my body.
Sure these are but imaginary wiles;
And Lapland sorcerers inhabit here.

Enter DROMIO OF SYRACUSE.

Dro. of Syr. Master, here's the gold you sent me for.—What, have you got rid of the fiend?

Ant. of Syr. What gold is this?—What fiend dost thou mean?

Dro. of Syr. He that came behind you, sir, like an evil angel, and bid you forsake your liberty.

Ant. of Syr. I understand thee not.

Dro. of Syr. No?—Why 'tis plain enough.—The

man, sir, that, when gentlemen are tired, gives them a fob, and rests them: He, sir, that takes pity on decay'd men, and gives them suits of durance.

Ant. of Syr. Mean'st thou an officer?

Dro. of Syr. Ay, sir, the sergeant of the band—he that brings any man to answer it, that breaks his bond. One that thinks a man always going to bed, and says, Heaven send you good rest.

Ant. of Syr. Well, sir, there rest your foolery!—Is there any ship puts forth to-night? May we begone?

Dro. of Syr. Why, sir, I brought you word, an hour since, that the bark, Expedition, puts forth to-night, and then were you hindered by the sergeant, to tarry for the hoy, Delay. Here are the angels, that you sent for, to deliver you.

Ant. of Syr. The fellow is distract, and so am I;
And here we wander in illusion—
Some blessed power deliver us from hence!—

Enter LESBIA.

Lesbia. Well met, well met, Master Antipholis!
I see, sir, you have found the goldsmith now.
Is this the bracelet you promised me to-day?

Ant. of Syr. What, more temptations?
Mistress, you do impeach your modesty,
Here in the street, thus to commit yourself
Into the hands of one who knows you not.

Lesbia. Not know me?—how?—Am I not Lesbia?
And are not you Antipholis?—Nay, jest not;
Return with me, and we will mend our cheer.

Ant. of Syr. Have you no bashfulness; no sense of shame;
No touch of modesty? Why will you tear
Ungentle words from my reluctant tongue?

Lesbia. I would not do so, good Antipholis;
I do but ask for what you promised me.

Ant. of Syr. I promised thee?

Lesbia. Ay, as we sat at dinner.
Ant. of Syr. I ne'er beheld thy face until this instant.
Lesbia. And told'st me that thy wife——
Ant. of Syr. My wife?—thou sorceress!
Dro. of Syr. Master, you certainly have been married,
And have forgot it.
Lesbia. Say, did you not, Antipholis?
Ant of Syr. I tell thee, no.
Lesbia. Nor take my ring?
Ant. of Syr. No, no—nor comprehend
What thy false tongue hath utter'd.—Dromio,
Follow me to our inn—I will not stay,
Nor longer listen to thy sorceries.
[*Exit.*—LESBIA, *offering to follow.*
Dro. of Syr. No, you don't. [*Draws.*] Here's my charm against witches.—Mistress, it is written that evil spirits appear to men like angels of light. Light is an effect of fire, and fire will burn.—Ergo—light wenches will burn—therefore we will not trust ourselves near you. [*Exit.*
Lesbia. Now out of doubt, Antipolis is mad,
Else would he never so demean himself.
A ring he hath of mine worth forty ducats,
And for the same, he promised me a bracelet;
Both one and other he denies me now.
What then remains? what measures shall I take?
My way is now to hie home to his house,
And tell his wife, that, being lunatic,
He rush'd into my house, and took, perforce,
My ring away—This course I fittest chuse,
To right myself against this madman's wrong. [*Exit.*

SCENE IV.

A Street.

Enter ANTIPHOLIS OF EPHESUS *and* OFFICER.

Ant. of Eph. Fear me not, man! I will not break away.
I'll give thee, ere I leave thee, so much money
To warrant thee, as I'm 'rested for.
My wife is in a wayward mood to-day,
And will not lightly trust the messenger.
That I should be attached in Ephesus,
I tell you will sound harshly in her ears.
Here comes my man; I think he brings the money.

Enter DROMIO OF EPHESUS, *with a Rope.*

Ant. of Eph. How now, sir, have you that I sent you for?
Dro. of Eph. Here's that, I'll warrant you, will pay them all.
Ant. of Eph. But where's the money?
Dro. of Eph. Why, sir, I gave the money for the rope.
Ant. of Eph. Five hundred ducats, villain, for a rope?
Dro. of Eph. I'll serve you, sir, five thousand at that rate.
Ant. of Eph. To what end did I bid thee hie thee hence?
Dro. of Eph. To a rope's end, sir, and to that end am I return'd.
Ant. of Eph. And to that end, sir, will I welcome you. [*Beats him.*

Offi. Good sir, be patient.

Dro. of Eph. Nay, 'tis for me to be patient, I am in adversity.

Offi. Good now, hold thy tongue.

Dro. of Eph. Nay, rather persuade him to hold his hands.

Ant. of Eph. Thou stupid, senseless villain!

Dro. of Eph. I would I were senseless, sir, that I might not feel your blows.

Ant. of Eph. Thou art sensible in nothing but blows, and so is an ass.

Dro. of Eph. I am an ass, indeed, you may prove it by my endurance. I have served him from the hour of my nativity to this instant, and have had nothing at his hands for my service but blows—When I am cold, he heats me with beating; when I am warm, he cools me with beating. I am waked with it when I sleep, raised with it when I sit, driven out of doors with it when I go abroad, welcomed home with it when I return; nay, I bear it on my shoulders, as a beggar does her brat—and, I think, when he hath lamed me, I shall beg with it from door to door.

Ant. of Eph. Well, we'll along; my wife is coming yonder.

Enter ADRIANA, LUCIANA, LESBIA, DR PINCH, *and Servants.*

Dro. of Eph. Mistress, *respice finem*, respect your end—or rather the prophecy, like the parrot, beware of the rope's end.

Ant. of Eph. Wilt thou still prate? art thou not quieted?
Then take thou that, and that. [*Beats him.*

Offi. Good sir, be patient.

Lesbia. How say you now? Is not your husband mad?

Adr. His incivility confirms no less;

Good Dr Pinch, you are a skilful man,
Establish him in his true sense again,
And I will pay you what I have i' the world.

Luc. Alas! how fiery and how fierce he looks!

Lesbia. Mark how he trembles in his ecstacy!

Pinch. Give me your hand, and let me feel your pulse.

Ant. of Eph. There is my hand, and let it feel your ear! [*Strikes.*

Pinch. I charge thee, devil, housed within this man,
To yield possession of my patient;
Or I shall play the devil with thee straight.

Ant. of Eph. Peace, doting wizard, peace! I am not mad!

Adr. Oh, that thou wert not, poor distracted soul!

Ant. of Eph. You minion, you, are these your customers?
Did this companion, with the saffron face,
Revel and feast it at my board to-day?
While upon me the guilty doors were shut,
And I denied to enter in my house?

Adr. Oh, husband! Heaven doth know you dined at home,
Where, would you had remain'd until this time,
Free from these slanders, and this open shame.

Ant. of Eph. Dined at home!—Thou villain, what say'st thou?

Dro. of Eph. Sir, sooth to say, you did not dine at home.

Ant. of Eph. Were not my doors lock'd up, and I shut out?

Dro. of Eph. In sooth, your doors were lock'd, and you shut out.

Ant. of Eph. And did not she herself revile me there?

Dro. of Eph. Sans fable, she herself reviled you there.

Ant. of Eph. And did not I, in rage, depart from thence?

Dro. of Eph. In verity you did—my bones bear witness,
That since have felt the vigour of your rage.

Ant. of Eph. Thou hast suborn'd the goldsmith to arrest me.

Adr. Alas! I sent you money to redeem you,
By Dromio here, who came in haste for it.

Dro. of Eph. Money by me!—Heart and good-will 'you might,
But surely, master, not a doit of money.

Ant. of Eph. Went'st thou not to her for a purse of ducats?

Adr. He came to me, and I delivered it.

Luc. And I am witness with her, that she did.

Dro. of Eph. Heaven and the rope-maker can bear me witness
That I was sent for nothing but a rope.

Pinch. Mistress, both man and master are possess'd,
I know it by their pale and deadly looks;
They must be bound, and laid in some dark room.

Ant. of Eph. Say, wherefore didst thou lock me forth to-day?
And why dost thou deny the bag of gold?

Adr. I did not, gentle husband, lock thee forth.

Dro. of Eph. And, gentle master, I received no gold;
But I can swear, sir, that we were locked out.

Adr. Dissembling villain, thou speak'st false in both.

Ant. of Eph. Dissembling harlot, thou art false in all,
And art confederate with a damned pack,
To make a loathsome abject scorn of me.
But with these nails I'll pluck out those false eyes,
That would behold me in this shameful sort.

Adr. Oh, hold him, hold him! let him not come near me! [ATTENDANTS *seize him.*

Pinch. More company! the fiend is strong within him.

Ant. of Eph. What, will you murder me?—Thou officer,
I am thy prisoner; wilt thou suffer them
To make a rescue?

Offi. Masters, let him go:
He is my prisoner, and you shall not have him.

Pinch. Go, bind that man, for he is frantic too.

Adr. What wilt thou do, thou peevish officer?
Hast thou delight to see a wretched man
Do outrage and displeasure to himself?

Offi. He is my prisoner; if I let him go,
The debt he owes will be required of me.

Adr. Good master doctor, see him safe convey'd
Home to thy house—Oh, most unhappy day!

Ant. of Eph. Oh, most unhappy strumpet!

[ATTENDANTS *force off* ANTIPHOLIS OF EPHESUS, DROMIO, *and* PINCH.

Adr. I will discharge thee—
Bear me forthwith unto his creditor—
But say, whose suit is he arrested at?

Offi. One Angelo, a goldsmith—do you know him?

Adr. I know the man—what is the sum he owes?

Offi. Two hundred ducats.

Adr. Say, how grows it due?

Offi. Due for a bracelet, which your husband had.

Adr. He did bespeak't for me, but had it not.

Lesbia. When, as your husband, all in rage, to-day
Came to my house, and took away my ring,
(The ring I saw upon his finger now)
Straight after did I meet him with the bracelet.

Adr. It may be so, but I did never see it.
Officer, bring me where the goldsmith is;
I long to know the truth hereof at large.

[*Noise without.*

Luc. Heaven, for thy mercy! they are loose again!
Adr. And come with naked swords!
Let's call more help, to have them bound again.
Offi. Away! they'll kill us! [*Exeunt.*

Enter ANTIPHOLIS OF SYRACUSE, *and* DROMIO OF SYRACUSE, *with drawn Swords.*

Dro. of Syr. She, that would be your wife, now ran from you.
Ant. of Syr. Come to the Centaur; fetch our stuff from thence.
I long that we were safe and sound aboard.
Dro. of Syr. 'Faith, stay here this night—they will surely do us no harm—you saw they spake us fair, gave us gold.—Methinks they are such a gentle nation, that, but for the mountain of mad flesh, who claims marriage of me, I could find in my heart to stay here still, and turn witch myself.
Ant. of Syr. I will not stay, to-night, for all the town,
So many, and such strange events, pursue me,
'Tis madness all! and I begin to doubt,
That even love and beauty are but snares,
To plunge my soul in yet severer cares. [*Exeunt.*

ACT THE FIFTH.

SCENE I.

A Street before a Priory.

Enter ANGELO *and* CHARES.

Angelo. I am sorry, sir, that I have hinder'd you;
But I protest he had the jewel of me,
Though most dishonestly he did deny it.
Chares. How is the man esteem'd here in the city?
Angelo. Of very reverend estimation, sir,
Of credit infinite, highly beloved,
Second to none that lives within our walls.
His word might bear my wealth at any time.
Chares. Speak softly; yonder, as I think, he comes.
Angelo. 'Tis so, and that same bracelet on his arm,
Which he forswore most monstrously to 'nave.
Good sir, draw near to me; I'll speak to him.

Enter ANTIPHOLIS OF SYRACUSE, *and* DROMIO OF SYRACUSE.

Signor Antipholis, I wonder much
That you would put me to this shame and trouble,
And not without some scandal to yourself;
With circumstance and oaths so to deny
This bracelet, which you wear so openly.
Besides the charge, the shame, imprisonment,
You have done wrong to this my honest friend;

Who, but for staying on our controversy,
Had hoisted sail, and put to sea to-day.
This jewel you had of me—Can you deny it?

Ant. of Syr. I know I had—I never did deny it.

Cha. Yes, that you did, sir—and forswore it too.

Ant. of Syr. Who heard me to deny or to forswear it?

Cha. These ears of mine, thou knowest well, did hear thee.

Fie on thee, wretch! 'tis pity that thou livest
To walk where any honest men resort.

Ant. of Syr. Thou art a villain to impeach me thus:
I'll prove mine honour and mine honesty
Against thee with my life, if thou darest stand it.

Cha. I dare, and do defy thee for a villain!

Enter ADRIANA, LUCIANA, LESBIA, *and Dr* PINCH'S *Servants.*

Adr. Hold! hurt him not, for Heaven's sake!—he's mad!

Dro. of Syr. Run, master, run for Heaven's sake! take house!
This is some priory;—in, or we are spoil'd!
[*Exeunt into the Priory—the rest following.*

Adr. Pursue them, I beseech ye—bring them back.

Enter the ABBESS *and two Sisters from the Priory.*

Abbess. Be quiet, people! wherefore throng ye hither?

Adr. To fetch my poor distracted husband hence.
Let us come in, that we may bind him fast,
And bear him home for his recovery.

Angelo. I knew he was not in his perfect wits.

Cha. I'm sorry now that I did draw upon him.

Abbess. How long hath this possession held the man?

Adr. This week he hath been heavy, sour, and sad,

And much, much different from the man he was:
But, till this afternoon, his fatal passion
Ne'er broke into extremity of rage.
Abbess. Hath he not lost much wealth by wreck at sea?
Buried some dear friend? Hath not else his eye
Stray'd his affection in unlawful love?
A sin, prevailing much in youthful men,
Who give their eyes the liberty of gazing!— —
Which of these sorrows is he subject to?
Adr. To none of them, except it be the last,
Namely, some love, that drew him oft from home.
Abbess. You should for that have reprehended him.
Adr. Why, so I did.
Abbess. Ay, but not rough enough.
Adr. As roughly as my modesty would let me.
Abbess. Haply in private.
Adr. And in assemblies too.
Abbess. Ay, but not enough.
Adr. It was the copy of our conference—
In bed, he slept not for my urging it;
At board, he fed not for my urging it;
Alone, it was the subject of my theme;
In company, I often glanced at it;
Still did I tell him, it was vile and base.
Abbess. And therefore came it that the man was mad.
The venom'd clamours of a jealous woman
Poison more deadly than a mad dog's tooth!
It seems, his sleeps were hinder'd by thy railing,
And therefore comes it, that his head is light.
Thou say'st his meat was sauced with thy upbraidings;
Unquiet meals make ill digestions;
Thereof the raging fire of fever's bred
And what's a fever, but a fit of madness?
Thou say'st his sports were hinder'd with thy brawls;

Sweet recreation barr'd, what doth ensue
But moody, mopish, and dull melancholy,
Kinsman to grim and comfortless despair?
And at her heels, a huge, infectious troop
Of pale distemperatures, and foes to life?
The consequence is then, thy jealousies
Have scared thy husband from his better sense.

Luc. She never reprehended him but gently,
When he demean'd himself rough, rude, and wilde
Why bear you these rebukes, and answer not?

Adr. She did betray me to my own reproof.
Good people, enter, and lay hold on him.

Abbess. No, not a creature enters in my house.

Adr. Then let your servants bring my husband forth.

Abbess. Neither—he took this place for sanctuary;
And it shall privilege him from your hands,
Till I have brought him to his wits again,
Or lose my labour in essaying it.

Adr. I will attend my husband; be his nurse,
Diet his sickness; for it is my office,
And therefore let me have him home with me.

Abbess. Be patient, for I will not let him stir
Till I have used th' approved means I know,
With wholesome syrups, drugs, and holy prayers,
To bring him to his former state again.
It is a branch and parcel of my oath,
A charitable duty of my order;
Therefore depart, and leave him here with me.

Adr. I will not hence and leave my husband here.
And ill it doth beseem your holiness
To separate the husband and the wife.

Abbess. Be quiet, and depart—thou shalt not have him.

[*Exeunt* ABBESS *and* SISTERS *to the Priory.*

Luc. Complain unto the Duke of this indignity.

Adr. Come, then, I will fall prostrate at his feet,
And never rise, until my prayers and tears

Have won his grace to come in person hither,
And take, perforce, my husband from this Abbess.
Cha. By this I think the dial points at five.
Anon, I'm sure the Duke himself, in person,
Comes this way to the melancholy vale;
The place of death, and sorry execution,
Behind the ditches of the abbey here.
Angelo. Upon what cause?
Cha. To see a reverend Syracusan merchant,
Who put unluckily into this bay,
Against the laws and statutes of this town,
Beheaded publicly for his offence.
Angelo. See where they come! we will behold his death.
Luc. Kneel to the Duke, before he pass the abbey.

Enter DUKE, ÆGEON, EXECUTIONER, OFFICERS, *and* GUARDS.

Duke. Yet once again proclaim it publicly,
If any friend will pay the sum for him,
He shall not die; so much we tender him.
Adr. Justice, most sacred Duke, against the Abbess!
Duke. She is a virtuous, and a reverend lady!
It cannot be that she has done thee wrong.
Adr. May it please your grace, Antipholis, my husband,
Whom I made lord of me, and all I had,
At your important letters, this ill day,
A most outrageous fit of madness seized him;
That desperately he hurried through the street,
With him his bondman, all as mad as he,
Doing displeasure to the citizens,
By rushing in their houses, bearing thence
Rings, jewels, any thing his rage did like.
Once did I get him bound, and sent him home,
Whilst to take order for the wrongs, I went,
Which here and there his fury had committed.

Anon (I wot not by what strong escape)
He broke from those who had the guard of him,
And, with his mad attendant, with drawn swords,
Met us again, and madly bent on us,
Chased us away; till, raising of more aid,
We came again to bind them—then they fled
Into this abbey, whither we pursued them;
But here the abbess shuts the gates on us,
And will not suffer us to fetch him out,
Nor send him forth, that we may bear him hence.
Therefore, most gracious Duke, with thy command,
Let him be brought forth, and borne hence for help.

Duke. Long since, thy husband served me in my wars,
And I to thee engaged a prince's word,
When thou did'st make him master of thy bed,
To do him all the good and grace I could.
Go, some of ye, knock at the abbey gate,
And bid the lady abbess come to me.
I will determine this before I stir.

[*Exit a Gentleman.*

Enter BRIDGET.

Bridg. Oh, mistress, mistress! haste and save yourself!
My master and his man are both broke loose!

Adr. Peace, fool! thy master and his man are here,
And that is false thou dost report to us.

Bridg. Mistress, upon my life I tell you true,
I have not breathed almost since I did see them.
Hark! hark! I hear them, mistress—fly! begone!

[*Exit* BRIDGET.

Duke. Fear nothing; I'll protect you.

Adr. Ah, me! it is my husband! Witness all
That he is borne about invisible!
Even now we housed him in the abbey there,
And now he's here, past thought of human reason.

Enter ANTIPHOLIS OF EPHESUS, *and* DROMIO OF EPHESUS.

Ant. of Eph. Justice, most gracious duke! Oh, grant me justice!
Even for the service, that, long since, I did thee,
When I bestrode thee in the wars, and took
Deep scars to save thy life; even for the blood,
Which then I lost for thee, now grant me justice.

Ægeon. Unless the fear of death doth make me dote,
I see my son Antipholis, and Dromio.

Ant. of Eph. Justice, sweet prince, against that woman there,
She, whom thou gavest to me to be my wife,
She hath abused and dishonoured me,
Even in the strength and height of injury.

Duke. Discover how, and thou shalt find me just.

Ant. of Eph. This day, great Duke, she shut the doors upon me,
While she within was feasting with her minions.

Duke. A grievous fault! Say, woman, did'st thou so?

Adr. No, my good lord; myself, he, and my sister
To-day did dine together—so befall my soul,
As that is false, he burdens me withal.

Luc. Ne'er may I look on day, nor sleep on night,
But she doth tell your highness simple truth!

Angelo. O perjured woman! they are both forsworn;
In this the madman justly chargeth them.
My lord, in truth, thus far I witness with him,
That he dined not at home, but was locked out.

Duke. Why, what an intricate impeach is this!
I think you all have drank of Circe's cup.
If here you housed him, here he would have been.
You say he dined at home; the goldsmith here
Denies that saying—Sirrah, what say you?

Dro. of Eph. Sir, he dined with her there, at the Porcupine.

Lesbia. He did, and from my finger snatch'd that ring.

Ant. of Eph. 'Tis true, my liege, this ring I had of her.

Duke. Saw'st thou him enter at the abbey here?

Lesbia. As sure, my liege, as I do see your grace.

Duke. This is most strange! go, call the abbess hither. [*Exit one to the* ABBESS.

Ægeon. Most mighty Duke, vouchsafe me speak a word!

Haply I see a friend will save my life,
And pay the sum that may deliver me.

Duke. Speak freely, Syracusan, what thou wilt.

Ægeon. Is not your name, sir, called Antipholis?
And is not that, your bondman, Dromio?

Ant. of Eph. True, reverend hapless man, we are so call'd.

Ægeon. I am sure that both of ye remember me.

Ant. of Eph. Remember you!

Ægeon. Why look you strange on me? you know me well.

Ant. of Eph. I never saw you in my life till now.

Ægeon. Oh, grief hath changed me since you saw me last!
And careful hours, with Time's deforming hand,
Have written strange defeatures in my face.
But tell me yet—dost thou not know my voice?

Ant. of Eph. Neither.

Ægeon. Not know my voice? O, time's extremity!
Hast thou so crack'd and splitted my poor tongue
In seven short years, that here my only son
Knows not my feeble key of untuned cares?
Though now this grained face of mine be hid
In sap-consuming winter's drizzled snow,
And all the conduits of my blood froze up,
Yet hath my night of life some memory,

My wasting lamp, some fading glimmer left,
All these old witnesses—I cannot err—
Tell me, thou art my son, Antipholis.
Ant. of Eph. I never saw my father in my life.
Ægeon. But seven years since, in Syracusa, boy,
Thou know'st we parted—but, perhaps, my son,
Thou sham'st t' acknowledge me in misery?
Ant. of Eph. The Duke, and all that know me in the city,
Can witness with me that it is not so.
I ne'er saw Syracusa in my life.
Duke. I tell thee, Syracusan, twenty years
Have I been patron to Antipholis,
During which time, he ne'er saw Syracusa.
I see thy age and dangers make thee dote.

Enter ABBESS, *with* ANTIPHOLIS OF SYRACUSE *and* DROMIO OF SYRACUSE, *from the Priory.*

Abbess. Most mighty Duke, behold a man much wrong'd!
Adr. I see two husbands, or my eyes deceive me.
Duke. One of these men is genius to the other!
But of the two, which is the natural man,
And which the spirit? who deciphers them?
Ant. of Syr. Ægeon art thou not?
O, my dear father! who hath bound him thus?
Abbess. Whoever bound him, I will loose his bonds,
And gain a husband by his liberty.
Speak, old Ægeon, if thou be'st the man,
That had'st a wife once call'd Æmilia,
Who bore thee, at a burden, two fair sons;
O! if thou be'st the same Ægeon, speak,
And speak unto the same Æmilia!
Ægeon. Æmilia! O, support thyself, my soul!
Till I, once more, have caught within my arms
Their long-lost happiness!
Æmilia. Thou art Ægeon, then? I do not dream—

My husband! take, take the reviving heart,
Spotless and pure as when it first was thine,
Which, from the cloister of religious solitude,
No voice but thine could ever have recall'd.

Ant. of Syr. If I not interrupt such sacred feelings,
Thus let me bend, and mingle tears of rapture.
O raise, my father, raise your reverend hands,
And bless your truant son!

Ægeon. My dearest boy!
This is too much—O, curb thy joys a moment,
And have compassion on thy father's weakness!
But, if my feeble brain deceives me not,
One anxious question yet remains to ask;
Heart of my heart, resolve me; where's that son
Who floated with thee on the fatal raft?

Æmilia. By men of Epidamnum, he and I,
And the twin, Dromio, all were taken up,
But, by and by, rude fishermen of Corinth,
By force, took Dromio and my son from them,
And me they left with those of Epidamnum.
What then became of them I cannot tell;
I, to this fortune which you see me in.

Ant. of Eph. And he, reserved to share the happier hours
Of his dear parents; whom, till now, unknown,
He greets with nature's best and fondest feelings.
Another tie my fortune yet allots,
And thus I claim it!

Ant. of Syr. Welcome, dearest brother!
[*They embrace.*

Both Dro. Welcome, dearest brother!
[*They embrace.*

Ant. of Syr. Ne'er may we feel a separation more!

Duke. Why, here begins his morning story right.
These plainly are the parents to these children,
Who thus amazingly are met together.

Æmilia. Most gracious Duke!

Duke. One moment's pause, and all your griefs shall end.—
Antipholis, thou camest from Corinth first?
Ant. of Syr. Not I, my lord; I came from Syracuse.
Duke. Stay, stand apart—I know not which is which.
Ant. of Eph. I came from Corinth, my most gracious lord.
Dro. of Eph. And I with him.
Ant. of Eph. Brought to this town by that right famous warrior,
Duke Menaphon, your most renowned uncle.
Angelo. That is the bracelet, sir, you had of me.
Ant. of Syr. I think it be, sir; I deny it not.
Ant. of Eph. And you, sir, for the same arrested me.
Adr. I sent you money, sir, to be your bail,
By Dromio, but I think he brought it not.
Dro. of Eph. No, none by me.
Ant. of Syr. This purse of ducats I received for you,
And Dromio, my man, did bring them me:
I see we still did meet each other's man,
And, thereupon, these errors all arose.
Dro. of Eph. You see, brother, these wise folks can't blame us in these matters.
Dro. of Syr. Really, brother, I think not.
Ant. of Eph. These ducats pawn'd for my father, here.
Ant. of Syr. It shall not be—I will procure his life
To make some small amends for leaving him,
Alone and friendless.
Adr. Which of you two did dine with me to-day?
Ant. of Syr. I, gentle mistress.
Adr. Are you not my husband?
Ant. of Eph. No; I say nay to that.
Ant. of Syr. And so do I—yet she did call me so;

And this fair gentlewoman, her sister here,
Did call me brother—What I told you then,
I hope I shall have leisure to make good;
And, that the heart which beats alone for you,
May, now the mist of error is dispersed,
Which made thee fearful for thy virgin fame,
Obtain a gentle hearing.

Luc. Should I find thee
Worthy and constant, as my mind suggests,
The general joy that smiles around shall not
Be damp'd by any vain reserve of mine.

Abbess. Renowned Duke, vouchsafe to take the pains
To go with us into the abbey here,
And hear, at large, discoursed all our fortunes;
And all that are assembled in this place,
That by this sympathised one day's errors
Have suffer'd wrong, go, keep us company,
And you shall have full satisfaction.
The Duke, my husband, and my children both,
And you, the calendars of their nativity,
Go to a gossip's feast; go all with me;
After so long grief, such festivity!

Duke. With all my heart, I'll gossip at this feast,
And be a cheerful witness of the blessings,
Your pious faith, and virtuous resignation,
Have drawn upon you from relenting Heaven!

Ægeon. Come, and partake
The joys that gild the evening of our days.

Æmilia. Joys past the reach of hope!—our lesson this
That misery past endears our present bliss;
Wherein we read with wonder and delight,
This sacred truth, "Whatever is, is right."

[*Exeunt omnes.*

THE END.

LINCOLN

ROMEO AND JULIET

JULIET.— I MUST HEAR FROM THEE
EVERY DAY I'TH HOUR.
ACT III. ROMEO &c.

Painted by Howard. Published by Longman & Cº March 1810. Engraved by C.Heath.

ROMEO AND JULIET;

A TRAGEDY,

IN FIVE ACTS;

By WILLIAM SHAKSPEARE.

AS PERFORMED AT THE THEATRES ROYAL,

DRURY LANE AND COVENT GARDEN.

PRINTED UNDER THE AUTHORITY OF THE MANAGERS

FROM THE PROMPT BOOK.

WITH REMARKS

BY MRS INCHBALD.

LONDON:

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REMARKS.

The fable of this admired tragedy, however romantic it may appear, is founded on real events, which took place in Verona, at the beginning of the fourteenth century.

Mr Malone says, that "Breval, in his travels, on a strict inquiry into the histories of Verona, found, that Shakspeare had varied very little from the truth, either in the names, characters, or other circumstances of this play."

Such an extraordinary and affecting story as that of Romeo and Juliet soon became the subject of poems, novels, and other literary works all over Italy, and from thence found its way into other countries.

A poem, from this little Italian history, by Mr Arthur Brooke, is supposed to have been the production from whence Shakspeare formed the present drama.

The following title, according to the fashion of those distant days, was affixed to that poem:—

"The tragical History of Romeus and Juliet, containing a rare Example of true Constancie: with the subtill Councels and Practices of an old Fryer, and their ill Event."

Shakspeare has produced, from this "Tragical History," one of his most admirable plays: Yet, had the subject fallen to Otway's pen, though he would have treated it less excellently, he would have rendered it more affecting.

"Romeo and Juliet" is called a pathetic tragedy, but it is not so in reality. It charms the understanding, and delights the imagination, without melting, though it touches, the heart.

The reason that an auditor or reader cannot feel a powerful sympathy in the sorrows of these fervent lovers is, because they have witnessed the growth of their passion from its birth to its maturity, and do not honour it with that warmth of sentiment as if they had conceived it to have been of longer duration; fixed by time, and rendered more tender by familiarity.

The ardour of the youthful pair, like the fervency of children, gives high amusement, without much anxiety that their wishes should be accomplished—they have been so suddenly enamoured of each other, that it seems matter of doubt whether they would not as quickly have fallen in love a second time, or as soon have become languid through satiety, if all obstacles to their bliss had been removed. Shakspeare has shown himself versed in the passion of love beyond other dramatists, by giving it this wild, vehement, yet childish tendency.

The illustrious author of this drama well knew, that the passion of love, in the young, is seldom constant, as poets describe it, but fickle as violent.

his just knowledge of the human heart, then, he has given, in the original play, a less stable character to this soft passion than is even here described; for, in the original, Romeo commences the tragedy with sighing for Rosaline, and ends it by dying for Juliet. Such was Shakspeare's respect for the consistency of a lover.

The play is certainly made much more interesting by the alteration, which omits all mention of the beloved, and then forsaken, Rosaline; yet surely, by the exclusion of that circumstance, an incident but too natural, is lost.

As Shakspeare found those hasty, inconsiderate, lovers, unable in themselves to protect his drama, he provided ample means of support in the additional characters. In these he has combined the most varied excellence;—the mirthful elegance of Mercutio, the comic humour of the Nurse, the sage reasoning of the Friar, together with a whole group of no less natural, though less prominent, persons.

The events which he caused to arise from his plot, the numerous and important occurrences that are perpetually diversifying the scene, and aiding the effect of the characters and fable, united with them, have drawn from his great commentator the declaration, that "this play is one of the most pleasing of our author's performances."

But, with all the genuine merit of this play, it seldom attracts an elegant audience. The company, that frequent the side-boxes, will not come to a tragedy, unless to weep in torrents—and "Romeo and

Juliet" will not draw even a copious shower of tears.

Garrick altered the play to its present state, and himself performed Romeo, but with no impressive talents. Mrs Cibber's Juliet was held superior. Love, in Garrick's description, never seemed more than a fabulous sensation.

It is said, in the "Roscius Anglicanus," that James Howard, Esq. made alterations in this drama previous to Garrick's; and that, being of a compassionate disposition, he preserved the lives of both Romeo and Juliet, and ended the play happily. It is also added, that when Sir William Davenant was manager of the theatre, he had the original and the altered play alternately performed for several nights together; thus consulting the different tastes of the auditors for joy or for sorrow.

The Italian author, who first related the sad story on which this drama has been founded, gives the following account of the punishment inflicted on those persons, who acted as accomplices in the unfortunate death of these lovers.

"Juliet's female attendant (Shakspeare's Nurse) was banished for concealing the marriage.

"The apothecary, for selling the poison, was tortured, condemned, and hanged.

"Friar Laurence was permitted to retire to a hermitage, near Verona, where he ended his days in penitence; while Romeo's servant was set at liberty, because he had only acted in obedience to his master's orders."

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

	DRURY LANE.	COVENT GARDEN.
THE PRINCE OF VERONA	*Mr I. Wallack.*	*Mr Claremont.*
PARIS	*Mr Crooke.*	*Mr Hamerton.*
MONTAGUE	*Mr Maddocks.*	*Mr Cresweil.*
CAPULET	*Mr Powell.*	*Mr Egerton.*
ROMEO	*Mr Rae.*	*Mr Conway.*
MERCUTIO	*Mr Elliston.*	*Mr Jones.*
BENVOLIO	*Mr Holland.*	*Mr Jefferies.*
TYBALT	*Mr De Camp.*	*Mr Barrymore.*
FRIAR LAURENCE	*Mr R. Phillips.*	*Mr Murray.*
FRIAR JOHN	*Mr Cooke.*	*Mr Howell.*
APOTHECARY	*Mr I. West.*	*Mr Treby.*
PAGE	*Miss Carr.*	*Master Chapman.*
BALTHASAR	*Mr Ray.*	*Mr Duruset.*
ABRAM	*Mr Wallack.*	*Mr Sarjant.*
SAMSON	*Mr Chatterley.*	*Mr Atkins.*
GREGORY.	*Mr Evans.*	*Mr Crumpton.*
PETER	*Mr Penley.*	*Mr Simmons.*
LADY CAPULET	*Miss Tidswell.*	*Mrs Renaud.*
JULIET	*Mrs Bartley.*	*Miss O'Neill.*
NURSE	*Mrs Sparks.*	*Mrs Davenport.*

Gentlemen, friends to Montague, and to Capulet—Maskers—Choristers, and Assistants, at Juliet's Funeral—Officers and Guards, attendant on the Prince.

SCENE—Once, in the fifth Act, at MANTUA,*—and in, or near,* VERONA, *during the rest of the Play.*

ROMEO AND JULIET.

ACT THE FIRST.

SCENE I.

A Street.

Enter GREGORY *and* SAMSON.

Sam. Gregory, o' my word, we'll not carry coals.

Gre. No; for then should we be colliers.

Sam. Gregory, I strike quickly, being moved.

Gre. But thou art not quickly moved to strike.

Sam. A dog of the house of Montague moves me.

Gre. Draw thy tool then; for here comes two of the house of the Montagues.

Sam. My naked weapon is out: Quarrel; I will back thee: But let us take the law of our sides: Let them begin.

Gre. I will frown, as I pass by; and let them take it as they list.

Sam. Nay, as they dare. I will bite my thumb at them; which is a disgrace to them, if they bear it.

Enter ABRAM *and* BALTHASAR.

Bal. Do you bite your thumb at us, sir?
Sam. I do bite my thumb, sir.
Bal. Do you bite your thumb at us, sir?
Sam. Is the law on our side, if I say—ay?
Gre. No.
Sam. No, sir, I do not bite my thumb at you, sir: but I bite my thumb, sir.
Gre. Do you quarrel, sir?
Bal. Quarrel, sir? no, sir.
Sam. If you do, sir, I am for you; I serve as good a man as you.
Bal. No better, sir.
Sam. Well, sir.
Gre. Say—better; here comes one of my master's kinsmen.
Sam. Yes, better, sir.
Bal. You lie.
Sam. Draw, if you be men.—Gregory, remember thy swashing blow. [*They fight.*

Enter BENVOLIO.

Ben. Part, fools; put up your swords; you know not what you do. [*Beats down their weapons.*

Enter TYBALT, *with his sword drawn.*

Tyb. What, art thou drawn among these heartless hinds?
Turn thee, Benvolio; look upon thy death.
Ben. I do but keep the peace; put up thy sword;
Or manage it, to part these men with me.
Tyb. What, drawn, and talk of peace? I hate the word
As I hate hell, all Montagues, and thee:
Have at thee, coward. [*They fight.*

[CAPULETS *and* MONTAGUES *without.*]

Montagues. Down with the Capulets!
Capulets. Down with the Montagues!
[*Bell rings.*

[CAPULET *without.*]

Cap. Give me my sword! Old Montague is come,
And flourishes his blade in spite of me.

Enter MONTAGUE *and his Friends, and* CAPULET *with his Friends, all armed.*

Mon. Thou villain, Capulet! [*They all fight.*

Enter the PRINCE *and his Attendants.*

Prince. Rebellious subjects, enemies to peace,
Profaners of this neighbour-stained steel,
On pain of torture, from those bloody hands
Throw your mistemper'd weapons to the ground,
And hear the sentence of your moved Prince.—
Three civil broils, bred of an airy word,
By you, old Capulet, and Montague,
Have thrice disturb'd the quiet of our town:
If ever you affright our streets again,
Your lives shall pay the forfeit of the peace.—
For this time, all the rest depart away:
You, Capulet, shall go along with me;
And, Montague, come you this afternoon,
To know our further pleasure in this case.
Once more, on pain of death, all men depart.
[*Exeunt all but* MONTAGUE *and* BENVOLIO.

Mon. Who set this ancient quarrel new abroach?
Speak, nephew, were you by, when it began?
Ben. Here were the servants of our adversary,
And yours, close fighting, ere I did approach:
I drew to part them; in the instant came
The fiery Tybalt, with his sword prepared;
Which, as he breathed defiance to my ears,

He swung about his head, and cut the winds:
While we were interchanging thrusts and blows,
Came more and more, and fought on part and part,
'Till the prince came.

Mon. O, where is Romeo? Saw you him to-day?—
Right glad I am, he was not at this brawl.

Ben. My lord, an hour before the worship'd sun,
Peer'd forth the golden window of the east,
A troubled mind drave me to walk abroad;
Where,—underneath the grove of sycamore,
That westward rooteth from the city's side,—
So early walking did I see your son:
Towards him I made; but he was 'ware of me,
And stole into the covert of the wood:
I, measuring his affections by my own,—
That most are busied when they're most alone,—
Pursued my humour, not pursuing his,
And gladly shunn'd who gladly fled from me.

Mon. Many a morning hath he there been seen,
With tears augmenting the fresh morning's dew;
But, all so soon as the all-cheering sun,
Should in the furthest east begin to draw
The shady curtains from Aurora's bed,
Away from light steals home my heavy son,
And private in his chamber pens himself;
Shuts up his windows, locks fair daylight out,
And makes himself an artificial night:
Black and portentous must this humour prove,
Unless good counsel may the cause remove.

Ben. My noble uncle, do you know the cause?

Mon. I neither know it, nor can learn it of him.

Ben. Have you importuned him by any means?

Mon. Both by myself and many other friends:
But he, his own affections' counsellor,
Is to himself—I will not say, how true—
But to himself so secret and so close,
So far from sounding and discovery,
As is the bud bit with an envious worm,

Ere he can spread his sweet leaves to the air,
Or dedicate his beauty to the sun.
Ben. So please you, sir, Mercutio and myself
Are most near to him;—be it that our years,
Births, fortunes, studies, inclinations,
Measure the rule of his, I know not; but
Friendship still loves to sort him with his like;—
We will attempt upon his privacy:
And could we learn from whence his sorrows grow,
We would as willingly give cure as knowledge.
Mon. 'Twill bind us to you: Good Benvolio, go.
Ben. We'll know his grievance, or be much denied.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

Another Street.

Enter CAPULET, PARIS, *and* PETER.

Cap. And Montague is bound, as well as I,
In penalty alike; and 'tis not hard, I think,
For men so old as we to keep the peace.
Par. Of honourable reck'ning are you both;
And pity 'tis, you lived at odds so long.—
But now, my lord, what say you to my suit?
Cap. But saying o'er what I have said before:
My child is yet a stranger in the world,
She hath not seen the change of eighteen years;
Let two more summers wither in their pride,
Ere we may think her ripe to be a wife.
Par. Younger than she are happy mothers made.
Cap. And too soon marr'd are those so early made.
The earth hath swallow'd all my hopes but her:
But woo her, gentle Paris, get her heart;
An she agree, within her scope of choice

Lies my consent, so woo her, gentle Paris.—
This night I hold an old accustom'd feast,
Whereto I have invited many a friend,
Such as I love; and you, among the rest.—
Go, sirrah, trudge about [*Gives* PETER *a paper.*
Through fair Verona; find those persons out,
Whose names are written there, and to them say,
My house and welcome on their pleasures stay.—
Once more, most welcome, Count; go in with me.
Exeunt.

SCENE III.

A Wood near Verona.

ROMEO *passes through the Wood.*

Enter MERCUTIO *and* BENVOLIO.

Mer. See, where he steals.—Told I you not, Benvolio,
That we should find this melancholy Cupid
Lock'd in some gloomy covert under key
Of cautionary silence, with his arms
Threaded like these cross boughs, in sorrow's knot!

Re-enter ROMEO.

Ben. Good-morrow, cousin.
Rom. Is the day so young?
Ben. But new struck nine.
Rom. Ah me! sad hours seem long.
Mer. Pr'ythee, what sadness lengthens Romeo's hours?
Rom. Not having that, which, having, makes them short.

Ben. In love, me seems!
Alas, that love, so gentle in his view,
Should be so tyrannous and rough in proof!
Rom. Where shall we dine?—O me!—Cousin Benvolio,
What was the fray this morning with the Capulets?
Yet tell me not; for I have heard it all.
Here's much to do with hate; but more with love:—
Love, heavy lightness! serious vanity!
Mis-shapen chaos of well-seeming forms!—
This love feel I! but such my froward fate,
That there I love, where most I ought to hate.
Dost thou not laugh, my friend?—O, Juliet, Juliet!
Ben. No, coz, I rather weep.
Rom. Good heart, at what?
Ben. At thy good heart's oppression.
Mer. Tell me, in sadness, who she is you love.
Rom. In sadness then, I love a woman.
Mer. I aim'd so near, when I supposed you loved.
Rom. A right good marksman!—And she's fair I love;
But knows not of my love: 'twas through my eyes
The shaft empierced my heart; chance gave the wound
Which time can never heal: no star befriends me;
To each sad night succeeds a dismal morrow;
And still 'tis hopeless love, and endless sorrow.
Mer. Be ruled by me; forget to think of her.
Rom. O, teach me how I should forget to think!
Mer. By giving liberty unto thine eyes:
Take thou some new infection to thy heart,
And the rank poison of the old will die:
Examine other beauties.
Rom. He that is strucken blind, cannot forget
The precious treasure of his eyesight lost:
Show me a mistress that is passing fair;—
What doth her beauty serve, but as a note

Remembering me, who past that passing fair?
Farewell; thou canst not teach me to forget.
Mer. I warrant thee; if thou'lt but stay to hear.
To-night there is an ancient splendid feast
Kept by old Capulet, our enemy,
Where all the beauties of Verona meet.
Rom. At Capulet's?
Mer. At Capulet's, my friend:
Go there; and, with an unattainted eye,
Compare her face with some that I shall show,
And I will make thee think thy swan a crow.
Rom. When the devout religion of mine eyes
Maintains such falsehood, then turn tears to fires,
And burn the heretics! All-seeing Phœbus
Ne'er saw her match, since first his course began.
Mer. Tut, tut, you saw her fair, none else being by,
Herself pois'd with herself; but let be weigh'd
Your lady-love against some other fair,
And she will show scant well.
Rom. I will along, Mercutio.
Mer. 'Tis well: Look to behold at this high feast
Earth-treading stars, that make dim heaven's lights:
Hear all, see all, try all; and like her most,
That most shall merit thee.
Rom. My mind is changed:—
I will not go to-night.
Mer. Why, may one ask?
Rom. I dreamt a dream to-night.
Mer. Ha! ha! a dream?
O, then, I see, Queen Mab hath been with you.
She is the fairies' midwife; and she comes,
In shape no bigger than an agate-stone
On the fore-finger of an alderman,
Drawn with a team of little atomies
Athwart men's noses, as they lie asleep:
Her waggon-spokes made of long spinners' legs;
The cover, of the wings of grasshoppers;

The traces, of the smallest spider's web;
The collars, of the moonshine's wat'ry beams:
Her whip, of cricket's bone; the lash, of film:
Her waggoner, a small grey-coated gnat,
Not half so big as a round little worm
Prick'd from the lazy finger of a maid:
Her chariot is an empty hazel nut,
Made by the joiner squirrel, or old grub,
Time out of mind the fairies' coach-makers:—
And in this state she gallops night by night
Through lovers' brains, and then they dream of love:
On courtiers' knees, that dream on court'sies straight:
O'er doctors' fingers, who straight dream on fees:
O'er ladies' lips, who straight on kisses dream:
Sometimes she gallops o'er a lawyer's nose,
And then dreams he of smelling out a suit:
And sometimes comes she with a tithe-pig's tail,
Tickling a parson as he lies asleep,
Then dreams he of another benefice:
Sometimes she driveth o'er a soldier's neck,
And then dreams he of cutting foreign throats,
Of breaches, ambuscadoes, Spanish blades,
Of healths five fathom deep; and then anon
Drums in his ears; at which he starts and wakes;
And, being thus frighted, swears a prayer or two,
And sleeps again. This is that very Mab—

Rom. Peace, peace;
Thou talk'st of nothing.

Mer. True, I talk of dreams;
Which are the children of an idle brain,
Begot of nothing but vain fantasy;
Which is as thin of substance as the air,
And more unconstant than the wind.

Ben. This wind, you talk of, blows us from ourselves;
And we shall come too late.

Rom. I fear too early; for my mind misgives

Some consequence, yet hanging in the stars,
From this night's revels.—Lead, my gallant friends.—
[*Exeunt* BENVOLIO *and* MERCUTIO.
Let come what may, once more I will behold
My Juliet's eyes; drink deeper of affliction:
I'll watch the time; and, mask'd from observation,
Make known my sufferings, but conceal my name:
Though hate and discord 'twixt our sires increase,
Let in our hearts dwell love and endless peace.
[*Exit.*

SCENE IV.

A Room in Capulet's House.

Enter LADY CAPULET, *meeting the Nurse.*

La. Cap. Nurse, where's my daughter? call her forth to me.

Nurse. Now, by my faith,
I bade her come.—What, lamb! what, lady-bird!—
Heaven forbid! where's this girl?—What, Juliet!

Enter JULIET.

Jul. How now, who calls?

Nurse. Your mother.

Jul. Madam, I am here.
What is your will?

La. Cap. This is the matter:—Nurse, give leave awhile;
We must talk in secret.—Nurse, come back again;
I have remember'd me, thou shalt hear our counsel.
Thou know'st, my daughter's of a pretty age.

Nurse. 'Faith, I can tell her age unto an hour.

La. Cap. She's not eighteen.
Nurse. I'll lay eighteen of my teeth,—
And yet, to my teen be it spoken, I've but eight,—
She's not eighteen: How long is it now
To Lammas-tide?
La. Cap. A fortnight and odd days.
Nurse. Even or odd, of all days in the year
Come Lammas-eve at night, shall she be eighteen.
Susan and she—Heaven rest all christian souls!—
Were of an age.—Well, Susan is in Heaven;
She was too good for me.—But, as I said,
On Lammas-eve at night shall she be eighteen;
That shall she, marry: I remember it well;
'Tis since the earthquake now just fifteen years:
And she was wean'd,—I never shall forget it,—
Of all the days of the year, upon that day:
For I had then laid wormwood to my breast,
Sitting in the sun under the dove-house wall;—
My lord and you were then at Mantua;—
Nay, I do bear a brain:—But, as I said,
When it did taste the wormwood on the nipple
Of the breast, and felt it bitter, pretty fool!
To see it tetchy, and fall out with the breast.
Shake, quoth the dove-house: 'twas no need I trow,
To bid me trudge:—
And since that time it is now fifteen years;
For then she could stand alone; nay, by the rood,
She could have run and waddled all about;
For, even the day before, she broke her brow:
And then my husband—heaven be with his soul!
'A was a merry man;—took up the child:
Yea, quoth he, *dost thou fall upon thy face?*
Thou wilt fall backward, when thou hast more wit;
Wilt thou not, Jule?—and by my holy dam,
The pretty wench left crying, and said—*Ay.*
To see now how a jest shall come about!
I warrant, an I should live a thousand years,
I never should forget:—*Wilt thou not, Jule?* quoth
he:

And, pretty fool! it stinted, and said—*Ay.*
Jul. And stint thou too, I pray thee, nurse, say I.
Nurse. Peace, I have done. Heaven mark thee to its grace!
Thou wast the prettiest babe that e'er I nursed:
An I might live to see thee married once,
I have my wish.
La. Cap. And that same marriage is the very theme
I came to talk of.—Tell me, daughter Juliet,
How stands your disposition to be married?
Jul. It is an honour that I dream not of.
Nurse. An honour! Were not I thine only nurse,
I'd say, thou hadst suck'd wisdom from thy teat.
La. Cap. Well, think of marriage now; younger than you,
Here in Verona, ladies of esteem,
Are made already mothers: by my count,
I was your mother much upon these years
That you are now a maid. Thus then, in brief:—
The valiant Paris seeks you for his love.
Nurse. A man, young lady,—lady, such a man
As all the world—Why, he's a man of wax.
La. Cap. Verona's summer hath not such a flower.
Nurse. Nay, he's a flower; in faith, a very flower.
La. Cap. What say you? Can you like of Paris' love?
Jul. I'll look to like, if looking liking move:
But no more deep will I endart my eye,
Than your consent gives strength to make it fly.

Enter PETER.

Pet. Madam, the guests are come, and brave ones, all in masks. You are call'd; my young lady ask'd for; the nurse cursed in the pantry; supper almost ready to be served up; and every thing in extremity. I must hence to wait.
La. Cap. We follow thee. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE V.

A Hall in CAPULET'S *House.*

CAPULET, *with the* PRINCE, PARIS, TYBALT, *and other Gentlemen and Ladies, masked.*—SAMSON *and* GREGORY *waiting,—discovered.*

Enter JULIET, LADY CAPULET, *and* NURSE.

Cap. Gentlemen, welcome! Ladies that have their feet
Unplagued with corns, will have a bout with you:—
Ah ah, my mistresses! which of you all
Will now deny to dance? She that makes dainty, she
I'll swear hath corns: Am I come near you now?—

Enter PETER, *showing in* MERCUTIO, ROMEO, *and* BENVOLIO.

You're welcome, gentlemen.—I've seen the day,
That I have worn a visor; and could tell
A whispering tale in a fair lady's ear,
Such as would please:—'tis gone, 'tis gone, 'tis gone.—
More light, ye knaves; and turn the tables up,
And quench the fire; the room is grown too hot.
[*Music.*

Rom. Cousin Benvolio, do you mark that lady
Which doth enrich the hand of yonder gentleman?

Ben. I do.

Rom. O, she doth teach the torches to burn bright!
Her beauty hangs upon the cheek of night,

Like a rich jewel in an Ethiop's ear.
The measure done, I'll wait her to her place,
And, touching hers, make happy my rude hand.
Be still, be still, my fluttering heart!

Tyb. This, by his voice, should be a Montague,
Come hither, cover'd with an antique face,
To fleer and scorn at our solemnity:
Now, by the stock and honour of my race,
To strike him dead I hold it not a sin.

Cap. Why, how now, kinsman? wherefore storm you thus?

Tyb. Uncle, this is a Montague, our foe!
A villain, that is hither come in spite,
To scorn and flout at our solemnity.

Cap. Young Romeo, is't?

Tyb. That villain Romeo.

Cap. Content thee, gentle coz; let him alone;
He bears him like a courtly gentleman:
And, to say truth, Verona brags of him,
To be a virtuous and well-govern'd youth:
I would not for the wealth of all this town,
Here in my house, do him disparagement:
Therefore be patient, take no note of him.

Tyb. It fits when such a villain is a guest:
I'll not endure him.

Cap. He shall be endured:
Am I the master here, or you? Go to:
Be quiet, cousin, or I'll make you quiet.

Tyb. Patience perforce with wilful choler meeting,
Makes my flesh tremble in their difference.
I will withdraw; but this intrusion shall,
Now seeming sweet, convert to bitter gall.

[*Exit* TYBALT.

[*Dance.*]

Rom. If I profane with my unworthy hand [*To* JUL.
This holy shrine, the gentle fine is this.

[*Kisses her hand.*

Jul. Good pilgrim, you do wrong your hand too much;
For palm to palm is holy palmers' kiss.
Rom. Have not saints lips, and holy palmers too?
Jul. Ay, pilgrim, lips that they must use in prayer.
Rom. Thus, then, dear saint, let lips put up their prayer. [*Salutes her.*
Nurse. Madam, your mother craves a word with you.
Mer. What is her mother?
Nurse. Marry, bachelor,
Her mother is the lady of the house,
And a good lady, and a wise and virtuous.
I nursed her daughter; heiress to Lord Capulet:
I tell you, he that can lay hold on her,
Shall have the chinks.
Mer. Is she a Capulet?
Ben. Come, Romeo, let's be gone: the sport is over.
Rom. Ay, so I fear; the more is my mishap. [*Going.*
Cap. Nay, gentlemen, prepare not to be gone;
We have a trifling foolish banquet towards.—
Is it e'en so? Why, then I thank you all;
I thank you, honest gentlemen; good night.—
More torches here!—Come on; and let's to supper.
[*Exeunt* CAPULET, LADY CAPULET, PRINCE, PARIS, *Gentlemen, Ladies,* SAMSON, *and* GREGORY.
Jul. Come hither, nurse:—What is yon gentleman? [*Exit* BENVOLIO.
Nurse. The son and heir of old Tiberio.
Jul. What's he that now is going out of door? [*Exit* MERCUTIO.
Nurse. That, as I think, is young Mercutio.
Jul. What's he that follows there, that would not dance? [*Exit* ROMEO.

Nurse. I know not.
Jul. Go, ask his name.— [*Exit* NURSE.
If he be married,
My grave is like to be my wedding bed.

Re-enter NURSE.

Nurse. His name is Romeo, and a Montague;
The only son of your great enemy.
Jul. My only love sprung from my only hate!
Too early seen unknown, and known too late!
Nurse. What's this? what's this?
Jul. A rhyme I learn'd e'en now
Of one I talk'd withal. [CAPULET *without.*
Cap. Why, Juliet!
Nurse. Anon, anon.—
Come, let's away; the strangers all are gone.
[*Exeunt.*

ACT THE SECOND.

SCENE I.

An open Place, adjoining CAPULET'S *Garden.*

Enter MERCUTIO *and* BENVOLIO, *who pass on,—and* ROMEO, *following them.*

Rom. Can I go forward, when my heart is here?
Turn back, dull earth, and find thy centre out.
[*Exit.*

Re-enter BENVOLIO *and* MERCUTIO.

Ben. Romeo! my cousin Romeo!

Mer. He is wise;
And, on my life, hath stolen him home to bed.
Ben. He ran this way, and leap'd this orchard wall:
Call, good Mercutio.
Mer. Nay, I'll conjure too.—
Why, Romeo! humours! madman! passion! lover!
Appear thou in the likeness of a sigh,
Speak but one rhyme, and I am satisfied;
Cry but—*Ah me!* couple but—*love* and *dove*;
Speak to my gossip Venus one fair word,
One nickname for her purblind son and heir:
I conjure thee, by thy mistress's bright eyes,
By her high forehead, and her scarlet lip,
By her fine foot, straight leg, and quivering thigh,
That in thy likeness thou appear to us.
Ben. An if he hear thee, thou wilt anger him.
Mer. This cannot anger him: My invocation
Is fair and honest; and in his mistress' name
I conjure, only to raise up him.
Ben. Come, he hath hid himself among those trees,
To be consorted with the humorous night:
Blind is his love, and best befits the dark.
Mer. Romeo, good night:—I'll to my truckle-bed,
This field-bed is too cold for me to sleep:
Come, shall we go?
Ben. Go, then; for 'tis in vain
To seek him here, that means not to be found.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

CAPULET'S *Garden.*

Enter ROMEO.

Rom. He jests at scars that never felt a wound.
[JULIET *appears at a Balcony, and sits down.*

But, soft! What light thro' yonder window breaks!
It is the east, and Juliet is the sun!
Arise, fair sun, and kill the envious moon,
Who is already sick and pale with grief,
That thou, her maid, art far more fair than she.—
She speaks, yet she says nothing: What of that?
Her eye discourses: I will answer it.—
I am too bold.—O, were those eyes in heaven,
They would through the airy region stream so bright,
That birds would sing, and think it were the morn.—
See, how she leans her cheek upon her hand!
Oh, that I were a glove upon that hand,
That I might touch that cheek!

Jul. Ah me!

Rom. She speaks, she speaks!
O, speak again, bright angel! for thou art
As glorious to this sight, being o'er my head,
As is a winged messenger of heaven
To the up-turned wond'ring eyes of mortals,
When he bestrides the lazy-pacing clouds,
And sails upon the bosom of the air.

Jul. O, Romeo, Romeo! wherefore art thou Romeo?
Deny thy father, and refuse thy name:
Or, if thou wilt not, be but sworn my love,
And I'll no longer be a Capulet.

Rom. Shall I hear more, or shall I speak at this?

Jul. 'Tis but thy name, that is my enemy:—
What's in a name? That which we call a rose,
By any other name would smell as sweet;
So Romeo would, were he not Romeo call'd,
Retain that dear perfection which he owes,
Without that title:—Romeo, quit thy name;
And for that name, which is no part of thee,
Take all myself.

Rom. I take thee at thy word: [JULIET *starts up*
Call me but love, I will forswear my name,
And never more be Romeo.

Jul. What man art thou, that, thus bescreen'd in night,
So stumblest on my counsel?
Rom. I know not how to tell thee who I am:
My name, dear saint, is hateful to myself,
Because it is an enemy to thee.
Jul. My ears have not yet drunk a hundred words
Of that tongue's uttering, yet I know the sound:
Art thou not Romeo, and a Montague?
Rom. Neither, fair saint, if either thee displease.
Jul. How cam'st thou hither?—tell me,—and for what?
The orchard walls are high, and hard to climb;
And the place, death,—considering who thou art,—
If any of my kinsmen find thee here.
Rom. With love's light wings did I o'er-perch these walls;
For stony limits cannot hold love out:
And what love can do, that dares love attempt:
Therefore thy kinsmen are no stop to me.
Jul. If they do see thee, they will murder thee.
Rom. Alack! there lies more peril in thine eye,
Than twenty of their swords: look thou but sweet,
And I am proof against their enmity.
Jul. I would not, for the world, they saw thee here.
By whose direction found'st thou out this place?
Rom. By love, who first did prompt me to inquire;
He lent me counsel, and I lent him eyes.
I am no pilot; yet, wert thou as far
As that vast shore wash'd with the furthest sea,
I would adventure for such merchandise.
Jul. Thou know'st, the mask of night is on my face;
Else would a maiden blush bepaint my cheek,
For that which thou hast heard me speak to-night.
Fain would I dwell on form; fain, fain deny
What I have spoke:—But farewell compliment!

Dost thou love me? I know, thou wilt say,—Ay;
And I will take thy word: yet, if thou swear'st,
Thou may'st prove false; at lovers' perjuries,
They say, Jove laughs. O gentle Romeo,
If thou dost love, pronounce it faithfully:
Or, if thou think'st I am too quickly won,
I'll frown, and be perverse, and say thee nay,
So thou wilt woo: but else, not for the world.
In truth, fair Montague, I am too fond;
And therefore thou may'st think my 'haviour light:
But trust me, gentleman, I'll prove more true
Than those that have more cunning to be strange.
I should have been more strange, I must confess,
But that thou overheard'st, ere I was 'ware,
My true love's passion; therefore pardon me,
And not impute this yielding to light love,
Which the dark night has so discovered.

Rom. Lady, by yonder blessed moon, I vow—

Jul. O swear not by the moon, the inconstant moon,
That monthly changes in her circled orb;
Lest that thy love prove likewise variable.

Rom. What shall I swear by?

Jul. Do not swear at all;
Or, if thou wilt, swear by thy gracious self,
Which is the god of my idolatry,
And I'll believe thee.

Rom. If my true heart's love——

Jul. Well, do not swear: although I joy in thee,
I have no joy of this contract to-night;
It is too rash, too unadvis'd, too sudden,
Too like the lightning, which doth cease to be,
Ere one can say,—It lightens. Sweet, good night!
This bud of love, by summer's ripening breath,
May prove a beauteous flower when next we meet.
Good night, good night!——as sweet repose and rest
Come to thy heart, as that within my breast!

Rom. O, wilt thou leave me so unsatisfied?

Jul. What satisfaction canst thou have to-night?
Rom. The exchange of thy love's faithful vow for mine.
Jul. I gave thee mine, before thou didst request it:
And yet I would it were to give again.
Rom. Would'st thou withdraw it? for what purpose, love?
Jul. But to be frank, and give it thee again.
My bounty is as boundless as the sea,
My love as deep; the more I give to thee,
The more I have; for both are infinite.—
I hear some noise within.—Dear love, adieu!
[*Nurse within.*
Nurse. Madam!
Jul. Anon, good nurse!——Sweet Montague be true.—
Stay but a little, I will come again. [*Exit* JULIET.
Rom. O blessed, blessed night! I am aferad,
Being in night, all this is but a dream,
Too flattering-sweet to be substantial.

Re-enter JULIET.

Jul. Three words, dear Romeo, and good night, indeed.
If that thy bent of love be honourable,
Thy purpose marriage, send me word to-morrow,
By one that I'll procure to come to thee,
Where, and what time, thou wilt perform the rite;
And all my fortunes at thy foot I'll lay,
And follow thee, my love, throughout the world.
Nurse. [*Within.*] Madam,—
Jul. I come, anon:——But, if thou mean'st not well,
I do beseech thee,—
Nurse. [*Within.*] Madam,—
Jul. By and by, I come:—
To cease thy suit, and leave me to my grief.—
To-morrow will I send.

Rom. So thrive my soul,—
Jul. A thousand times good night!
[*Exit* JULIET.
Rom. A thousand times the worse, to want thy light. [*Exit* ROMEO.

Re-enter JULIET.

Jul. Hist! Romeo, hist!—Oh, for a falconer's voice,
To lure this tassel-gentle back again!
Bondage is hoarse, and may not speak aloud;
Else would I tear the cave where Echo lies,
And make her airy tongue more hoarse than mine
With repetition of my Romeo's name.

ROMEO *entering.*

Rom. It is my love that calls upon my name:—
How silver-sweet sound lovers' tongues by night,
Like softest musick to attending ears!
Jul. Romeo!
Rom. My sweet!
Jul. At what o'clock to-morrow
Shall I send to thee?
Rom. At the hour of nine.
Jul. I will not fail: 'tis twenty years 'till then.—
I have forgot why I did call thee back.
Rom. Let me stand here till thou remember it.
Jul. I shall forget, to have thee still stand there,
Rememb'ring how I love thy company.
Rom. And I'll still stay, to have thee still forget,
Forgetting any other home but this.
Jul. 'Tis almost morning; I would have thee gone;
And yet no further than a wanton's bird;
Who lets it hop a little from her hand,
And with a silk thread plucks it back again,
So loving-jealous of its liberty.
Rom. I would, I were thy bird.
Jul. Sweet, so would I:

Yet I should kill thee with much cherishing.—
Good night, good night! Parting is such sweet sorrow,
That I shall say—Good night, 'till it be morrow.
[*Exit* JULIET.

Rom. Sleep dwell upon thine eyes, peace in thy breast!—
Would I were sleep and peace, so sweet to rest!
Hence will I to my ghostly father's cell;
His help to crave, and my dear hap to tell. [*Exit.*

SCENE III.

The Cloisters of a Convent.

Enter Friar LAURENCE *with a Basket.*

Lau. The grey-ey'd morn smiles on the frowning night,
Check'ring the eastern clouds with streaks of light:
Now, ere the sun advance his burning eye,
The day to cheer, and night's dank dew to dry,
I must up-fill this osier cage of ours,
With baleful weeds, and precious-juiced flowers.
O, mickle is the powerful grace that lies
In plants, herbs, stones, and their true qualities;
For nought so vile that on the earth doth live,
But to the earth some special good doth give:
Nor aught so good, but, strain'd from that fair use,
Revolts to vice, and stumbles on abuse:
Virtue itself turns vice, being misapplied;
And vice sometimes by action dignified.
Within the infant rind of this small flower
Poison hath residence, and med'cine power:

For this, being smelt, with that sense cheers each part;
Being tasted, slays all senses with the heart.
Two such opposed foes encamp them still
In man, as well as herbs; Grace and rude Will;
And, where the worser is predominant,
Full soon the canker death eats up that plant.

[ROMEO *without.*

Rom. Good morrow, father!

Lau. *Benedicite!*—
What early tongue so sweet saluteth me?

Enter ROMEO.

Young son, it argues a distemper'd head,
So soon to bid good-morrow to thy pillow:
Care keeps his watch in every old man's eye,
And where care lodges sleep will never bide;
But, where with unstuft brain unbruised youth
Doth couch his limbs, there golden sleep resides:
Therefore thy earliness assureth me,
Thou art up-rous'd by some distemp'rature.
What is the matter, son?

Rom. I tell thee, ere thou ask it me again.
I have been feasting with mine enemy;
Where, to the heart's core, one hath wounded me,
That's by me wounded; both our remedies
Within thy help and holy physick lie.

Lau. Be plain, good son, and homely in thy drift.

Rom. Then plainly know, my heart's dear love is set
On Juliet, Capulet's fair daughter:
As mine on hers, so hers is set on mine:
But when, and where, and how,
We met, we woo'd, and made exchange of vows,
I'll tell thee as we pass: but this I beg,
That thou consent to marry us to-day.

Lau. Holy saint Francis!—
But, tell me, son, and call thy reason home,

Is not this love the offspring of thy folly,
Bred from thy wantonness and thoughtless brain?
Be heedful, youth, and see thou stop betimes;
Lest that thy rash ungovernable passions,
O'erleaping duty and each due regard,
Hurry thee on, through short-liv'd, dear-bought pleasures,
To cureless woes and lasting penitence.

Rom. I pray thee, chide me not: She whom I love,
Doth give me grace for grace, and love for love:
Do thou, with heaven, smile upon our union;
Do not withhold thy benediction from us,
But make two hearts, by holy marriage, one.

Lau. Well, come, my pupil; go along with me:
In one respect, I'll give thee my assistance;
For this alliance may so happy prove,
To turn your household rancour to pure love.

Rom. O, let us hence; love stands on sudden haste.

Lau. Wisely, and slow: They stumble that run fast. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.

A Street.

Enter BENVOLIO *and* MERCUTIO.

Mer. Where the devil should this Romeo be? Came he not home to-night?

Ben. Not to his father's; I spoke with his man.

Mer. Why, that same pale hard-hearted wench, that Juliet, torments him so, that he will sure run mad.

Ben. Tybalt, the kinsman to old Capulet,
Hath sent a letter to his father's house.

Mer. A challenge, on my life.

Ben. Romeo will answer it.

Mer. Alas, poor Romeo, he is already dead! stabb'd with a white wench's black eye; run through the ear with a love-song; the very pin of his heart cleft with the blind bow-boy's but-shaft!—And is he a man to encounter Tybalt?

Ben. Why, what is Tybalt?

Mer. O, he's the courageous captain of compliments: he fights, as you sing prick-song; keeps time, distance, and proportion; rests me his minim rest,—one, two, and the third in your bosom: the very butcher of a silk button, a duellist, a duellist; a gentleman of the very first house,—of the first and second cause: Ah, the immortal passado! the punto reverso! the hay!——

Ben. The what?

Mer. The plague of such antick, lisping, affected fantásticoes, these new tuners of accents!——*Ma foi,* a very good blade!—a very tall man!—a very fine wench!—Why, is not this a lamentable thing, grandsire, that we should be thus afflicted with these strange flies, these fashion-mongers, these *pardonnez-moi's?*

Ben. Here comes Romeo.

Mer. Without his roe, like a dried herring. O flesh, flesh, how art thou fishified! Now is he for the numbers that Petrarch flow'd in: Laura, to his lady, was but a kitchen-wench; marry, she had a better love to berhyme her: Dido, a dowdy; Cleopatra, a gipsey; Helen and Hero, hildings and harlots; Thisbe, a grey eye or so, but not to the purpose.—

Enter ROMEO.

Signior Romeo, *bonjour!* there's a French salutation for you.

Rom. Good morrow to you both.

Mer. You gave us the counterfeit fairly last night.

Rom. What counterfeit did I give you?

Mer. The slip, sir, the slip: Can you not conceive?

Rom. Pardon, good Mercutio, my business was great; and, in such a case as mine, a man may strain courtesy.

Enter NURSE *and* PETER.

Ben. A sail! a sail!

Mer. Two, two; a shirt, and a smock.

Nurse. Peter!

Pet. Anon?

Nurse. My fan, Peter,

Mer. Do, good Peter, to hide her face.

Nurse. 'Give ye good morrow, gentlemen.

Mer. 'Give ye good den, fair gentlewoman.

Nurse. Gentlemen, can any of you tell me where I may find the young Romeo?

Rom. I am the youngest of that name, for 'fault of a worse.

Nurse. You say well. If you be he, sir, I desire some confidence with you.

Ben. She will indite him to supper presently.

Mer. A bawd, a bawd, a bawd!—So ho!

Rom. What hast thou found?

Mer. No hare, sir; but a bawd.—Romeo, will you come to your father's? We'll to dinner, thither.

Rom. I will follow you.

Mer. Farewell, ancient lady.—Peter, my fan.—Farewell, lady.

[*Exeunt* MERCUTIO *and* BENVOLIO.

Nurse. I pray you, sir, what saucy merchant was this, that was so full of his roguery?

Rom. A gentleman, nurse, that loves to hear himself talk; and will speak more in a minute, than he will stand to in a month.

Nurse. An 'a speak any thing against me, I'll take

him down, an 'a were lustier than he is, and twenty such jacks: and, if I cannot, I'll find those that shall. Scurvy knave! I am none of his flirt-gills. And thou must stand by too, and suffer every knave to use me at his pleasure.

Pet. I saw no man use you at his pleasure; if I had, my weapon should quickly have been out, I warrant you: I dare draw as soon as another man, if I see occasion, in a good quarrel, and the law on my side.

Nurse. Now, afore heaven, I am so vex'd that every part about me quivers. Scurvy knave!—'Pray you, sir, a word:—And, as I told you, my young lady bid me inquire you out. What she bade me say, I will keep to myself: But first let me tell ye, if ye should lead her into a fool's paradise, as they say, it were a very gross kind of behaviour, as they say: for the gentlewoman is young; and, therefore, if you should deal double with her, truly, it were an ill thing to be offer'd to any gentlewoman.

Rom. Commend me to thy lady and mistress. I protest unto thee,—

Nurse. Good heart! and, i'faith, I will tell her as much:—Lord, lord! she will be a joyful woman.

Rom. What wilt thou tell her, nurse? Thou dost not mark me.

Nurse. I will tell her, sir,—that you do protest; which, as I take it, is a very gentleman-like offer.

Rom. Bid her devise some means to come to shrift This afternoon;
And there she shall, at friar Laurence' cell,
Be shriv'd, and married.—Here is for thy pains.

Nurse. No truly, sir; not a penny.

Rom. Go to; I say, you shall.

Nurse. This afternoon, sir? Well, she shall be there.

Rom. And stay, good nurse, behind the abbey wall: Within this hour my man shall be with thee,

And bring thee cords made like a tackled stair;
Which to the high top-gallant of my joy
Must be my convoy in the secret night.
Farewell! Be trusty, and I'll quit thy pains.

Nurse. Well, sir, my mistress is the sweetest lady, —Lord, lord! when 'twas a little prating thing,— O,—there's a nobleman in town, one Paris, that would fain lay knife aboard: but she, good soul, had as lieve see a toad, a very toad, as see him. I anger her sometimes, and tell her that Paris is the properer man: but, I'll warrant you, when I say so, she looks as pale as any clout in the varsal world.

Rom. Commend me to thy lady. [*Exit* ROMEO.

Nurse. Ay,—a thousand times.—Peter!

Pet. Anon.?

Nurse. Peter, take my fan, and go before. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE V.

JULIET'S *Chamber.*

Enter JULIET.

Jul. The clock struck nine, when I did send the nurse;
In half an hour she promis'd to return.
Perchance, she cannot meet him:—that's not so.—
O, she is lame! love's heralds should be thoughts,
Which ten times faster glide than the sun's beams,
Driving back shadows over low'ring hills:
Therefore do nimble-pinion'd doves draw Love,
And therefore hath the wind-swift Cupid wings.
Now is the sun upon the highmost hill
Of this day's journey; and from nine 'till twelve
Is three long hours,—yet she is not come.

Had she affections, and warm youthful blood,
She'd be as swift in motion as a ball;
My words would bandy her to my sweet love,
And his to me.—

Enter NURSE.

O heaven! she comes.—O honey nurse, what news?
Hast thou met him?
Now, good sweet nurse,—
O lord, why look'st thou sad?

Nurse. I am a-weary, let me rest a while:—
[*Sits down.*
Fy, how my bones ache! What a jaunt have I had!

Jul. Nay, come, I pray thee, speak:—Good, good nurse, speak.

Is thy news good or bad? answer to that;
Say either, and I'll stay the circumstance:
Let me be satisfied, Is't good, or bad?

Nurse. Well, you have made a simple choice: you know not how to choose a man.—Go thy ways, wench, serve heaven!—What, have you din'd at home?

Jul. No, no:—But
What says he of our marriage? what of that?

Nurse. Lord, how my head aches! what a head have I?
It beats as it would fall in twenty pieces.
My back o' t'other side,—O my back, my back!—
Beshrew your heart, for sending me about,
To catch my death with jaunting up and down!

Jul. I'faith, I'm sorry that thou art not well.
Sweet, sweet, sweet nurse, tell me, What says my love?

Nurse Your love says, like an honest gentleman,
And a courteous, and a kind, and a handsome,
And, I warrant, a virtuous—Where's your mother?

Jul. Where is my mother?—Why, she is within;
Where should she be? How oddly thou repliest!

Your love says, like an honest gentleman,—
Where is your mother?
Nurse. O, our lady dear!
Are you so hot? Marry, come up! I trow;
Is this the poultice for my aching bones?
Henceforward do your messages yourself.
Jul. Here's such a coil!—Come, what says Romeo?
Nurse. Have you got leave to go to shrift to-day?
Jul. I have.
Nurse. Then hie you hence to friar Laurence' cell;
There stays a husband to make you a wife:
Now comes the wanton blood up in your cheeks.—
Hie you to church; I must another way,
To fetch a ladder, by the which your love
Must climb a bird's nest soon, when it is dark.—
Go; I'll to dinner: hie you to the cell.
Jul. Hie to high fortune! Honest nurse, farewell.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE VI.

The Cloisters of a Convent.

Enter Friar LAURENCE *and* ROMEO.

Lau. So smile the heavens upon this holy act,
That after-hours with sorrow chide us not!
Rom. Amen, amen! But come what sorrow can,
It cannot countervail the exchange of joy
That one short minute gives me in her sight:
Do thou but close our hands with holy words,
Then love-devouring death do what he dare;—
It is enough, I may but call her mine.
Lau. These violent delights have violent ends,
And in their triumph die; like fire and powder,

Which, as they kiss, consume. The sweetest honey
Is loathsome in its own deliciousness,
And in the taste confounds the appetite:
Therefore, love moderately. Here comes the lady.—
[*Exit* ROMEO.

O, so light a foot
Will ne'er wear out the everlasting flint!
A lover may bestride the gossamers
That idle in the wanton summer air,
And yet not fall; so light is vanity.

Enter ROMEO *and* JULIET.

Jul. Good-even to my ghostly confessor.
Lau. Romeo shall thank thee, daughter, for us both.
Rom. Ah, Juliet, if the measure of thy joy
Be heap'd like mine, and that thy skill be more
To blazon it, then sweeten with thy breath
This neighbour air, and let rich music's tongue
Unfold the imagin'd happiness that both
Receive in either by this dear encounter.
Jul. Conceit, more rich in matter than in words,
Brags of his substance, not of ornament:
They are but beggars that can count their worth;
But my true love is grown to such excess,
I cannot sum up half my sum of wealth.
Fri. Come, come with me;
For, by your leaves, you shall not stay alone,
'Till holy church incorporate two in one. [*Exeunt.*

ACT THE THIRD.

SCENE I.

A Street.

Enter MERCUTIO *and* BENVOLIO.

Ben. I pray thee, good Mercutio, let's retire;
The day is hot, the Capulets abroad;
And, if we meet, we shall not 'scape a brawl.

Mer. Thou art like one of those fellows that, when he enters the confines of a tavern, claps me his sword upon the table, and says—Heaven send me no need of thee!—and, by the operation of a second cup, draws it on the drawer, when, indeed, there is no need.

Ben. Am I like such a fellow?

Mer. Come, come, thou art as hot a Jack in thy mood as any in Italy; an there were two such, we should have none shortly; for one would kill the other. Thou! why, thou wilt quarrel with a man that hath a hair more, or a hair less, on his head, than thou hast: Thou wilt quarrel with a man for cracking nuts, having no other reason, but because thou hast hazel eyes: Thou hast quarrell'd with a man for coughing in the street, because he hath waken'd thy dog that hath lain asleep in the sun. Didst thou not fall out with a tailor for wearing his new doublet before Easter? with another for tying his new shoes with old riband? And yet thou wilt tutor me from quarrelling

Ben. An I were so apt to quarrel as thou art, any man should buy the fee-simple of my life for an hour and quarter.—By my head, here come the Capulets.

Enter TYBALT *and two Gentlemen.*

Mer. By my heel, I care not.

Tyb. Be near at hand, I will speak to them.

[*Exeunt the two Gentlemen.*

Gentlemen, good den: a word with one of you.

Mer. And but one word with one of us? Couple it with something; make it a word and a blow.

Tyb. You shall find me apt enough to that, sir; if you will give me occasion.

Mer. Could you not take some occasion, without giving?

Tyb. Mercutio, thou consort'st with Romeo,——

Mer. Consort! What, dost thou make us minstrels? If thou make minstrels of us, look to hear nothing but discords: here's my fiddle-stick; here's that shall make you dance. 'Zounds, consort!

Ben. We talk here in the public haunt of men:
Either withdraw into some private place,
Or reason coolly of your grievances,
Or else depart; here all eyes gaze on us.

Mer. Men's eyes were made to look, and let them gaze;
I will not budge for no man's pleasure, I.

Tyb. Well, peace be with you, sirs! Here comes my man.

Mer. But, I'll be hang'd, sir, if he wear your livery.

Enter ROMEO.

Tyb. Romeo, the hate I bear thee, can afford
No better term than this,—Thou art a villain.

Rom. Tybalt, the reason that I have to love thee,
Doth much excuse the appertaining rage
To such a greeting:—Villain, I am none;
Therefore farewell: I see, thou know'st me not.

Tyb. Boy, this shall not excuse the injuries
That thou hast done me; therefore turn and draw.

Rom. I do protest I never injured thee;
But love thee better than thou canst devise;
And so, good Capulet,—which name I tender
As dearly as my own,—be satisfied. [*Exit* TYBALT.

Mer. O calm! dishonourable! vile submission!—
A la stoccata carries it away.—
Tybalt—you rat-catcher,— [*Draws.*

Enter TYBALT.

Tyb. What would'st thou have with me?

Mer. Good king of cats, nothing but one of your nine lives, that I mean to make bold withal: Will you pluck your sword out of his pilcher by the ears? Make haste; lest mine be about your ears, ere it be out.

Tyb. I am for you, sir.— [*Draws.*

Rom. Gentle Mercutio, put thy rapier up.

Mer. Come, sir, your passado.
[MERCUTIO *and* TYBALT *fight.*

Rom. Draw, Benvolio:—Beat down their weapons:—
Gentlemen!—For shame, forbear this outrage:—
Hold, Tybalt,—good Mercutio,——
[*Exit* TYBALT, *having wounded* MERCUTIO.

Mer. I am hurt:—
A plague o' both your houses!—I am sped:—
Is he gone, and hath nothing?

Ben. What, art thou hurt?

Mer. Ay, ay, a scratch, a scratch; marry, 'tis enough:—Go, fetch a surgeon.

Rom. Courage, man; the hurt cannot be much.

Mer. No, 'tis not so deep as a well, nor so wide as a church-door; but, 'tis enough, 'twill serve; I am pepper'd, I warrant, for this world.—A plague o' both your houses!—What! a dog, a rat, a mouse, a cat, to scratch a man to death! a braggart, a rogue,

a villain, that fights by the book of arithmetic! Why, the devil, came you between us? I was hurt under your arm.

Rom. I thought all for the best.

Mer. Help me into some house, Benvolio, or I shall faint.—A plague o' both your houses!—They have made worms' meat of me: I have it, and soundly too. Ask for me to-morrow, and you shall find me a grave man.—A plague o' both of your houses!

[*Exeunt* MERCUTIO *and* BENVOLIO.

Rom. This gentleman, the prince's near ally,
My very friend, hath got his mortal hurt
In my behalf; my reputation stain'd
With Tybalt's slander;——O, sweet Juliet,
Thy beauty hath made me effeminate,
And in my temper soften'd valour's steel.

Enter BENVOLIO.

Ben. O Romeo, Romeo, brave Mercutio's dead;
That gallant spirit hath aspired the clouds,
Which too untimely here did scorn the earth.—
Here comes the furious Tybalt back again.

Rom. Alive! in triumph! and Mercutio slain!—
Away to heaven, respective lenity,
And fire-eyed fury be my conduct now!—

Enter TYBALT.

Now, Tybalt, take the *Villain* back again,
That late thou gav'st me; for Mercutio's soul
Is but a little way above our heads,
And thou, or I, must keep him company.

Tyb. Thou, wretched boy, that didst consort him here,
Shalt with him hence.

Rom. This shall determine that.

[*They fight*—TYBALT *falls, and dies.*

Ben. Romeo, away! begone!—
The citizens are up, and Tybalt slain:—

Stand not amazed :—The prince will doom thee death,
If thou art taken :—Hence !—begone !—away !
Rom. O ! I am fortune's fool ! [*Exit* ROMEO.

Enter the Prince, MONTAGUE, CAPULET, *and Attendants.*

Prince. Where are the vile beginners of this fray ?
Ben. O, noble prince, I can discover all
The unlucky manage of this fatal quarrel :
There lies the man, slain by young Romeo,
That slew thy kinsman brave Mercutio.
Cap. Unhappy sight ! alas, the blood is spill'd
Of my dear kinsman !—Now, as thou art a prince,
For blood of ours, shed blood of Montague.
Prince. Benvolio, who began this bloody fray ?
Ben. Tybalt here slain :
Romeo bespake him fair, bade him bethink
How nice the quarrel was, and urged withal
Your high displeasure :—All this—utter'd
With gentle breath, calm looks, knees humbly bow'd,—
Could not make truce with the unruly spleen
Of Tybalt deaf to peace, but that he tilts
With piercing steel at bold Mercutio's breast ;
Who, all as hot, turns deadly point to point,
And, with a martial scorn, with one hand beats
Cold death aside, and with the other sends
It back to Tybalt ; whose dexterity
Retorts it :—Romeo he cries aloud,
Hold, friends ! friends, part ! and, swifter than his tongue,
His agile arm beats down their fatal points,
And 'twixt them rushes ; underneath whose arm
An envious thrust from Tybalt hit the life
Of stout Mercutio, and then Tybalt fled :
But by and by comes back to Romeo,
Who had but newly entertain'd revenge,
And to't they go like lightning ; for, ere I

Could draw to part them, was stout Tybalt slain;
And, as he fell, did Romeo turn to fly:—
This is the truth, or let Benvolio suffer.
Cap. He is a kinsman to the Montague;
Affection makes him false; he speaks not true.
I beg for justice: Justice, gracious prince!
Romeo slew Tybalt; Romeo must not live.
Prince. Romeo slew him, he slew Mercutio;
Who now the price of his dear blood hath paid.
Mon. Romeo but took the forfeit life of Tybalt.
Prince. And we for that offence do banish him.
I have an int'rest in your heady brawls;
My blood doth flow from brave Mercutio's wounds:
But I'll amerce you with so strong a fine,
That you shall all repent my loss in him.—
I will be deaf to pleading and excuses;
Nor tears, nor prayers, shall purchase our repeal;
Therefore use none: Let Romeo be gone;
Else, when he's found, that hour is his last.
Bear hence this body:—You, attend our will:—
Mercy but murders, pardoning those that kill.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

A Room in Capulet's House.

Enter JULIET.

Jul. Gallop apace, you fiery-footed steeds,
To Phœbus' mansion; such a waggoner
As Phæton, would whip you to the west,
And bring in cloudy night immediately.—
Spread thy close curtain, love-performing night,

That the runaway's eyes may wink; and Romeo
Leap to these arms, untalk'd of and unseen:—
Come night!—Come Romeo! come, thou day in night!
For thou wilt lie upon the wings of night,
Whiter than new snow on a raven's back.—
Give me my Romeo, night!—and, when he dies,
Take him and cut him out in little stars;
And he will make the face of heaven so fine,
That all the world will be in love with night,
And pay no worship to the garish sun.—
O, I have bought the mansion of a love,
But not possess'd it. So tedious is this day,
As is the night before some festival
To an impatient child, that hath new robes,
And may not wear them.—O, here comes my nurse,
And she brings news; and every tongue that speaks
But Romeo's name, speaks heavenly eloquence.—

Enter Nurse.

Now, nurse, what news?—
Why dost thou wring thy hands?
Nurse. Ah, well-a-day! he's dead, he's dead, he's dead!
We are undone, lady, we are undone!—
Alack the day! he's gone, he's kill'd, he's dead!
Jul. Can heaven be so envious?
Nurse. Romeo can;
Though heaven cannot.—O Romeo! Romeo!
Jul. What devil art thou, that dost torment me thus?
This torture should be roar'd in dismal hell.
Hath Romeo slain himself? Say thou but—ay,
And that bare little word shall poison more
Than the death-darting eye of cockatrice.
Nurse. I saw the wound, I saw it with mine eyes,
Here on his manly breast.—A piteous corse!
A bloody, piteous corse! pale, pale as ashes!
I swooned at the sight.

Jul. O break, my heart!—poor bankrupt, break at once!
To prison, eyes! ne'er look on liberty!
Vile earth, to earth resign; end, motion, here;
And thou, and Romeo, press one heavy bier!
Nurse. O Tybalt, Tybalt, the best friend I had,
That ever I should live to see thee dead!
Jul. What storm is this, that blows so contrary?
Is Romeo slaughter'd? and is Tybalt dead?
Nurse. Tybalt is dead, and Romeo banished!
Jul. Banished!—is Romeo banished?
Nurse. Romeo, that kill'd him, he is banished.
Jul. O, heaven!—did Romeo's hand shed Tybalt's blood?
Nurse. It did, it did: alas, the day! it did.
Jul. O, nature, what hadst thou to do in hell,
When thou didst bower the spirit of a fiend
In mortal paradise of such sweet flesh?—
O, that deceit should dwell
In such a gorgeous palace!
Nurse. There is no trust,
No faith, no honesty in men; all perjured:
Shame come to Romeo!
Jul. Blister'd be thy tongue,
For such a wish! He was not born to shame:
Upon his brow shame is ashamed to sit;
For 'tis a throne where honour may be crown'd
Sole monarch of the universal earth.
O, what a wretch was I to chide him so!
Nurse. Will you speak well of him that kill'd your cousin?
Jul. Shall I speak ill of him that is my husband?—
Ah, poor my lord, what tongue shall smooth thy name,
When I, thy three hours wife, have mangled it?—
Back, foolish tears, back to your native spring!
Your tributary drops belong to woe,
Which you, mistaking, offer up to joy.
My husband lives, whom Tybalt would have slain;

And Tybalt's dead, that would have slain my husband:
All this is comfort: Wherefore weep I then?
Some word there was, far worse than Tybalt's death,
That murder'd me: I would forget it fain;
But, O! it presses to my memory,
Like damned guilty deeds to sinners' minds:
Tybalt is dead, and Romeo—banished;
That—*banished*, that one word—*banished*,
Hath slain ten thousand Tybalts: In that word,
Is father, mother, Tybalt, Romeo, Juliet,
All slain, all dead!—
Where is my father, and my mother, nurse?

Nurse. Weeping and wailing over Tybalt's corse:
Will you go to them? I will bring you thither.

Jul. Wash they his wounds with tears? My eyes shall flow,
When theirs are dry for Romeo's banishment.

Nurse. Hie to your chamber: I'll find Romeo
To comfort you:—He shall be here anon:
I'll to him; he is hid at Laurence' cell.

Jul. O find him: Give this ring to my true lord,
And bid him come to take his last farewell. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

The Cloisters of a Convent.

Enter Friar LAURENCE.

Lau. Romeo, come forth; come forth, thou fearful man;
Affliction is enamour'd of thy parts,
And thou art wedded to calamity.

Enter ROMEO.

Rom. Father, what news? what is the prince's doom?
What sorrow craves acquaintance at my hand,
That I yet know not?
Lau. Too familiar
Is my dear son with such sour company:
I bring thee tidings of the prince's doom.
Rom. What less than death can be the prince's doom?
Lau. A gentler judgment vanish'd from his lips;
Not body's death, but body's banishment.
Rom. Ha! banishment?—Be merciful; say—death;
For exile hath more terror in his look,
Much more than death: Do not say—banishment;
'Tis death mis-term'd: calling death—banishment,
Thou cutt'st my head off with a golden axe,
And smil'st upon the stroke that murders me.
Lau. O deadly sin! O rude unthankfulness!
Thy fault our law calls death; but the kind prince,
Taking thy part, hath push'd aside the law,
And turn'd that black word death to banishment:
This is dear mercy, and thou see'st it not.
Rom 'Tis torture, and not mercy: heaven is here,
Where Juliet lives. There's more felicity
In carrion flies, than Romeo: they may seize
On the white wonder of dear Juliet's hand,
And steal immortal blessings from her lips;
But Romeo may not; he is banished.—
O father, hast thou no strong poison mix'd,
No sharp-ground knife, no sudden means of death,
But banishment, to torture me withal?
Lau. Fond madman, hear me speak:
I'll give thee armour to keep off that word,
Adversity's sweet milk, philosophy,
To comfort thee, though thou art banished.
Rom. Yet banished?—Hang up philosophy!

Unless philosophy can make a Juliet,
It helps not, it prevails not;—talk no more.
Lau. Let me dispute with thee of thy estate.
Rom. Thou canst not speak of what thou dost not feel;
Wert thou as young as I, Juliet thy love,
An hour but married, Tybalt murdered,
Doting like me, and like me banished,
Then might'st thou speak, then might'st thou tear thy hair,
And fall upon the ground, as I do now,
Taking the measure of an unmade grave.
[*Throws himself on the ground.*
[*One knocks without.*]
Lau. Arise, one knocks:—Good Romeo, hide thyself.—
[*Knocking again.*]
Who's there?—Romeo, arise;
Thou wilt be taken.—Stay awhile.—Stand up:
Run to my study.—
[*Knocking again.*]
By and by.—Heaven's will,
What wilfulness is this!—
[*Knocking again.*]
I come, I come.
Who knocks so hard? Whence come you? What's your will?
[*Nurse without.*]
Nurse. Let me come in, and you shall know my errand:
I come from lady Juliet.
Lau. Welcome then.

Enter NURSE.

Nurse. O holy father,—O, tell me, holy friar,
Where is my lady's lord? where's Romeo?
Lau. There on the ground, with his own tears made drunk.

Nurse. O, he is even in my mistress' case,
Just in her case.—O, Juliet, Juliet!
Rom. [*Starts up.*] Speak'st thou of Juliet?—How is it with her,
Since I have stain'd the childhood of your joy
With blood?—
Where is she? how does she? what says she?
Nurse. O, she says nothing, sir; but weeps and weeps;
And now falls on her bed; and then starts up,
And Tybalt cries; and then on Romeo calls,
And then falls down again.
Rom. As if that name,
Shot from the deadly level of a gun,
Did murder her. O, tell me, friar, tell me,
In what vile part of this anatomy
Doth my name lodge? tell me, that I may sack
The hateful mansion. [*Drawing his sword.*
Lau. Hold thy desperate hand:
Art thou a man? thy form cries out thou art;
Thy tears are womanish: thy wild acts denote
The unreasonable fury of a beast.
Thou hast amazed me: by my holy order,
I thought thy disposition better temper'd.
Hast thou slain Tybalt? Wilt thou slay thyself?
And slay thy lady too, that lives in thee?
What, rouse thee, man! thy Juliet is alive:
Go, get thee to thy love, as was decreed;
Ascend her chamber; hence, and comfort her:
But, look, thou stay not 'till the watch be set;
For then thou canst not pass to Mantua:
Where thou shalt live, 'till we can find a time
To blaze your marriage, reconcile your friends,
Beg pardon of the prince, and call thee back
With twenty hundred thousand times more joy
Than thou went'st forth in lamentation.—
Go before, nurse: commend me to thy lady;
And bid her hasten all the house to rest:
Romeo is coming.

Nurse. O lord, I could have staid here all the night,
To hear good counsel: O, what learning is!—
My lord, I'll tell my lady, you will come.
Rom. Do so; and bid my sweet prepare to chide.
Nurse. Here, sir,—a ring she bid me give you, sir:—
Hie you, make haste; for it grows very late.
[*Exit Nurse.*
Rom. How well my comfort is revived by this!
Lau. Sojourn in Mantua: I'll find out your man;
And he shall signify, from time to time,
Every good hap to you, that chances here.
Give me thy hand; 'tis late: Farewell; good night.
Rom. But that a joy past joy calls out on me,
It were a grief so soon to part with thee. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.

A Room in CAPULET'S *House.*

Enter PARIS, CAPULET, *and* LADY CAPULET.

Cap. Things have fallen out, sir, so unluckily,
That we have had no time to move our daughter:
Look you, she loved her kinsman Tybalt dearly,
And so did I:—Well, we were born to die.—
'Tis very late; she'll not come down to-night.
Par. These times of grief afford no time to woo:
Madam, good night; commend me to your daughter.
Cap. Sir Paris, I will make a desperate tender
Of my child's love: I think, she will be ruled
In all respects by me; nay more, I doubt it not.
But, soft; what day? Well, Wednesday is too soon;
On Thursday, let it be, you shall be married.
We'll keep no great ado;—a friend or two;—

For, hark you, Tybalt being slain so late,
It may be thought we held him carelessly,
Being our kinsman, if we revel much:
Therefore we'll have some half a dozen friends,
And there's an end. But what say you to Thursday?

Par. My lord, I would that Thursday were to-morrow!

Cap. Well, get you gone: On Thursday be it then.—
Go you to Juliet, ere you go to bed;
Prepare her, wife, against this wedding day.—
[*Exit* LADY CAPULET.
Farewell, my lord.—Light to my chamber, ho!—
Good night. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE V.

CAPULET'S *Garden.*

Enter ROMEO *and* JULIET.

Jul. Wilt thou be gone? It is not yet near day:
It was the nightingale, and not the lark,
That pierced the fearful hollow of thine ear;
Nightly she sings on yon pomegranate tree:
Believe me, love, it was the nightingale.

Rom. It was the lark, the herald of the morn,
No nightingale. Look, love, what envious streaks
Do lace the severing clouds in yonder east:
Night's candles are burnt out, and jocund day
Stands tip-toe on the misty mountain tops;
I must be gone and live, or stay and die.

Jul. Yon light is not day-light, I know it well:
It is some meteor that the sun exhales,
To be to thee this night a torch-bearer,
And light thee on thy way to Mantua:
Then stay a while, thou shalt not go so soon.

Rom. Let me be ta'en, let me be put to death;
I am content, if thou wilt have it so.
I'll say, yon grey is not the morning's eye,
'Tis but the pale reflex of Cynthia's brow:
I'll say, 'tis not the lark, whose notes do beat
The vaulty heaven so high above our heads:
Come, death, and welcome! Juliet wills it so.—
What says my love? let's talk, it is not day.

Jul. It is, it is; hie hence, away, be gone;
It is the lark that sings so out of tune,
Straining harsh discords, and unpleasing sharps.
O, now be gone; more light and light it grows.

Rom. More light and light?—more dark and dark our woes.
Farewell, my love: one kiss, and I'll be gone.

Enter NURSE.

Nurse. Madam.

Jul. Nurse?

Nurse. Your lady mother's coming to your chamber:
The day is broke; be wary, look about.

[*Exit* NURSE.

Jul. Art thou gone so?—Love! lord! ah, husband! friend!—
I must hear from thee every day i' the hour;
For in love's hours there are many days.
O! by this count I shall be much in years,
Ere I again behold my Romeo.

Rom. Farewell! I will omit no opportunity
That may convey my greetings to thee, love.

Jul. O, think'st thou, we shall ever meet again?

Rom. I doubt it not; and all these woes shall serve
For sweet discourses in our time to come.

Jul. O heaven! I have an ill-divining soul:
Methinks, I see thee, now thou'rt parting from me,
As one dead in the bottom of a tomb:
Either my eye-sight fails, or thou look'st pale.

Rom. And trust me, love, in my eye so do you:
Dry sorrow drinks our blood.—Adieu! Juliet, farewell!—
My life!—
Jul. My love!
Rom. My soul, adieu! [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VI.

JULIET'S *Chamber.*

Enter JULIET.

Jul. O fortune, fortune! all men call thee fickle:
If thou art fickle, what dost thou with him
That is renown'd for faith? Be fickle, fortune:
For then, I hope, thou wilt not keep him long,
But send him back.

LADY CAPULET *without.*

La. Cap. Ho, daughter! are you up?
Jul. Who is't that calls? Is it my lady mother?—
What unaccustom'd cause procures her hither?

Enter LADY CAPULET.

La. Cap. Why, how now, Juliet?
Jul. Madam, I'm not well.
La. Cap. Evermore weeping for your cousin's death?
What, wilt thou wash him from his grave with tears?
Jul. Yet let me weep for such a loss as mine.
La. Cap. I come to bring thee joyful tidings, girl.
Jul. And joy comes well in such a needful time:
What are they, I beseech your ladyship?
La. Cap. Well, well, thou hast a careful father, child;

One, who, to put thee from thy heaviness,
Hath sorted out a sudden day of joy,
That thou expect'st not, nor I look'd not for.
Jul. Madam, in happy time, what day is that?
La. Cap. Marry, my child, early next Thursday morn,
The gallant, young, and noble gentleman,
The county Paris, at Saint Peter's church,
Shall happily make thee a joyful bride.
Jul. I wonder at this haste; that I must wed,
Ere he, that must be husband, comes to woo.
I pray you, tell my lord and father, madam,
I cannot marry yet.
La. Cap. Here comes your father; tell him so yourself,
And see how he will take it at your hands.

Enter CAPULET *and* NURSE.

Cap. How now? a conduit, girl? what, still in tears;
Evermore showering?—Why, how now, wife?
Have you deliver'd to her our decree?
La. Cap. Ay, sir; but she will none, she gives you thanks.
I would, the fool were married to her grave.
Cap. Soft, take me with you, take me with you, wife.
How! will she none? doth she not give us thanks?
Is she not proud? doth she not count her bless'd,
Unworthy as she is, that we have wrought
So worthy a gentleman to be her bridegroom?
Jul. Proud can I never be of what I hate;
But thankful even for hate, that is meant love.
Cap. Thank me no thankings;
But settle your fine joints, 'gainst Thursday next,
To go with Paris to Saint Peter's church,
Or I will drag thee on a hurdle thither.

La. Cap. Fy, daughter, fy! What, Juliet, are you mad?

Jul. Good father, I beseech you, on my knees,
Hear me with patience but to speak a word.

Cap. Hang thee, young baggage! disobedient wretch!—
I tell thee what, get thee to church o' Thursday,
Or never after look me in the face:
Speak not, reply not, do not answer me.—
[JULIET *rises.*
Wife, we scarce thought us bless'd,
That heaven had left us but this only child;
But now, I see, this one is one too much,
And that we have a curse in having her:
Out on her, hilding!—

Nurse. Heaven bless her!—
You are to blame, my lord, to rate her so.

Cap. And why, my lady wisdom? Hold your tongue,
Good prudence: Smatter with your gossips, go.

Nurse. I speak no treason.

Cap. Peace, you mumbling fool!
Utter your gravity o'er a gossip's bowl;
For here we need it not.

La. Cap. You are too hot.

Cap. Good wife, it makes me mad: Day, night, late, early,
At home, abroad, alone, in company,
Waking, or sleeping, still my care hath been
To have her match'd: and having now provided
A gentleman of princely parentage,
Of fair demesnes, youthful and nobly train'd,
Proportion'd as one's heart would wish a man,—
And then to have a wretched puling fool,
A whining mammet, in her fortunes tender,
To answer—*I'll not wed,—I cannot love,*
I am too young;—I pray you, pardon me;—
But, an you will not wed,—Look to't, think on't,—

I do not use to jest:—Thursday is near:
An you be mine, I'll give you to my friend;
An you be not, hang, beg, starve, die i'the streets;
For by my soul, I'll ne'er acknowledge thee.
[*Exit* CAPULET.

Jul. Is there no pity sitting in the clouds,
That sees into the bottom of my grief?—
[*Kneels.*] O, sweet my mother, cast me not away!
Delay this marriage for a month, a week;
Or, if you do not, make the bridal bed
In that dim monument where Tybalt lies.

La. Cap. Talk not to me; for I'll not speak a word:
Do as thou wilt; for I have done with thee.
[*Exit* LADY CAPULET.

Jul. O, heaven!—O, nurse, how shall this be prevented?
Alack, alack, that heaven should practise stratagems
Upon so soft a subject as myself!

Nurse. Rise:—'Faith, here it is:
Romeo is banish'd: all the world to nothing,
That he dares ne'er come back to challenge you;
Or, if he do, it needs must be by stealth:
Then, since the case so stands, I think it best
You married with the count.

Jul. Speakest thou from thy heart?

Nurse. From my soul too;
Or else beshrew them both.

Jul. Amen!

Nurse. What? what?

Jul. Well, thou hast comforted me marvellous much.
Go in, and tell my lady, I am gone,
Having displeased my father, to Laurence' cell,
To make confession, and to be absolved.

Nurse. Marry, I will: and this is wisely done.
[*Exit* NURSE.

Jul. O, most wicked fiend!
Is it more sin—to wish me thus forsworn,

Or to dispraise my lord with that same tongue
Which she hath praised him with above compare
So many thousand times?—Go, counsellor;
Thou and my bosom henceforth shall be twain.—
I'll to the friar, to know his remedy:
If all else fail, myself have power to die. [*Exit.*

ACT THE FOURTH.

SCENE I.

The Cloisters of a Convent.

Enter FRIAR LAURENCE *and* PARIS.

Lau. On Thursday, sir? the time is very short.
Par. My father Capulet will have it so;
And I am nothing slow, to slack his haste.
Lau. You say, you do not know the lady's mind:—
Uneven is the course; I like it not.
Par. Immoderately she weeps for Tybalt's death,
And therefore have I little talk'd of love;
For Venus smiles not in a house of tears.
Now, sir, her father counts it dangerous,
That she doth give her sorrow so much sway:
And, in his wisdom, hastes our marriage,
To stop the inundation of her tears:
Now do you know the reason of this haste.
Lau. [*Aside.*] I would I knew not why it should be slow'd.—
Look, sir, here comes the lady tow'rds my cell.

Enter JULIET.

Par. Welcome, my love, my lady, and my wife.
Jul. That may be, sir, when I may be a wife.
Par. That may be, must be, love, on Thursday next.
Jul. What must be, shall be.
Par. Come you to make confession to this father?
Jul. To answer that, were to confess to you.—
Are you at leisure, holy father, now?—
Or shall I come to you at evening mass?
Lau. My leisure serves me, pensive daughter, now.—
My lord, we must entreat the time alone.
Par. Heaven shield, I should disturb devotion!
Juliet, farewell. [*Exit* PARIS.
Jul. Go, shut the door; and, when thou hast done so,
Come weep with me,—past hope, past cure, past help!
Lau. O, Juliet, I already know thy grief.
Jul. Tell me not, friar, that thou know'st my grief,
Unless thou tell me how I may prevent it:
If, in thy wisdom, thou canst give no help,
Do thou but call my resolution wise,
And with this steel I'll help it presently.
Heaven join'd my heart and Romeo's, thou our hands;
And, ere this hand, by thee to Romeo seal'd,
Shall be the label to another deed,
Or my true heart with treacherous revolt
Give to another, this shall slay them both:
[*Draws a Dagger.*
Therefore, out of thy long-experienced time,
Give me some present counsel; or, behold,
'Twixt my extremes and me this bloody dagger
Shall play the umpire.
Lau. Hold, daughter; I do spy a kind of hope,
Which craves as desperate an execution
As that is desperate which we would prevent.

If, rather than to marry county Paris,
Thou hast the strength of will to slay thyself;
Then, it is likely, thou wilt undertake
A thing like death, to free thee from this marriage.
Jul. O, bid me leap, rather than marry Paris,
From off the battlements of yonder tower;
Or chain me to some steepy mountain's top,
Where roaring bears and savage lions roam;
Or shut me nightly in a charnel-house,
O'er-cover'd quite with dead men's rattling bones,
With reeky shanks, and yellow chapless sculls;
Or bid me go into a new-made grave,
And hide me with a dead man in his shroud;
Things that, to hear them told, have made me tremble;
And I will do it without fear or doubt,
To live an unstain'd wife to my sweet love.
Lau. Hold, Juliet:—Hie thee home; get thee to bed;
Let not thy nurse lie with thee in thy chamber;—
And, when thou art alone, take thou this phial,
And this distilled liquor drink thou off;
When, presently, through all thy veins shall run
A cold and drowsy humour;
No warmth, no breath, shall testify thou liv'st;
The roses in thy lips and cheeks shall fade
To paly ashes; thy eyes' windows fall,
Like death, when he shuts up the day of life:
And in this borrow'd likeness of shrunk death
Thou shalt continue two and forty hours;
And then awake, as from a pleasant sleep.—
Now, when the bridegroom in the morning comes
To rouse thee from thy bed, there art thou dead:
Then as the manner of our country is,
In thy best robes, uncover'd, on the bier
Thou shalt be borne to that same ancient vault,
Where all the kindred of the Capulets lie,—
In the mean time, against thou shalt awake,
Shall Romeo, by my letters, know our drift;

And hither shall he come; and he and I
Will watch thy waking, and that very night
Shall Romeo bear thee hence to Mantua:
If no unconstant toy, nor womanish fear,
Abate thy valour in the acting this.

Jul. Give me, O give me!—tell me not of fear.
[*Gives her the Phial.*

Lau. Hold:—Get you gone; be strong and prosperous
In this resolve: I'll send a friar with speed
To Mantua, with my letters to thy lord.

Jul. Love, give me strength; and strength shall help afford.—
Farewell, dear father. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

A Room in CAPULET'S *House.*

Enter CAPULET, *meeting* LADY CAPULET, *and* NURSE.

Cap. What, is my daughter gone to friar Laurence?

Nurse. Ay, forsooth.

Cap. Well, he may chance to do some good on her:
A peevish self-will'd harlotry it is.

Nurse. See, where she comes from shrift.

Enter JULIET.

Cap. How now, my headstrong? where have you been gadding?

Jul. Where I have learn'd me to repent the sin
Of disobedient opposition
To you, and your behests; and am enjoin'd
By holy Laurence to fall prostrate here,

And beg your pardon :—Pardon, I beseech you :
Henceforward I am ever ruled by you.
Cap. Send for the county ; go, tell him of this :
I'll have this knot knit up to-morrow morning.
Jul. I met the youthful lord at Laurence' cell;
And gave him what becoming love I might,
Not stepping o'er the bounds of modesty.
Cap. This is as't should be :
Now, afore heaven, this reverend holy friar,—
All our whole city is much bound to him.
Jul. Nurse, will you go with me into my closet,
To help me sort such needful ornaments
As you think fit to furnish me to-morrow?
La. Cap. No, not 'till Thursday; there is time enough.
Cap. Go, nurse, go with her :—we'll to church to-morrow. [*Exeunt* JULIET *and* NURSE.
La. Cap. We shall be short in our provision.
Cap. Tush ! all things shall be well.—
Go thou to Juliet, help to deck up her :
I'll not to bed; but walk myself to Paris,
To appoint him 'gainst to-morrow. My heart's light,
Since this same wayward girl is so reclaim'd.
[*Exeunt* CAPULET *and* LADY CAPULET.

SCENE III.

JULIET'S *Chamber.*

Enter JULIET *and* NURSE.

Jul. Ay, those attires are best :—But, gentle nurse,
I pray thee, leave me to myself to-night;
For I have need of many orisons
To move the heavens to smile upon my state;
Which, well thou know'st, is cross and full of sin.

Enter LADY CAPULET.

La. Cap. What, are you busy? Do you need my help?

Jul. No, madam; we have cull'd such necessaries
As are behoveful for our state to-morrow:
So please you, let me now be left alone,
And let the nurse this night sit up with you;
For, I am sure, you have your hands full all,
In this so sudden business.

La. Cap. Then, good night!
Get thee to bed, and rest; for thou hast need.
[*Exeunt* LADY CAPULET *and* NURSE.

Jul. Farewell!—Heaven knows, when we shall meet again.—
I have a faint cold fear thrills through my veins,
That almost freezes up the heat of life:
I'll call them back again to comfort me.
Nurse!—What should she do here?
My dismal scene I needs must act alone.—
[*Takes out the Phial.*
Come, phial.
What if this mixture do not work at all?
Shall I of force be married to the count?
No, no;—this shall forbid it:—[*Draws a Dagger.*]—
Lie thou there.—
What, if it be a poison which the friar
Subtly hath minister'd, to have me dead;
Lest in this marriage he should be dishonour'd,
Because he married me before to Romeo?
I fear, it is: and yet, methinks, it should not;
For he hath still been tried a holy man.—
How, if, when I am laid into the tomb,
I wake before the time that Romeo
Come to redeem me? there's a fearful point!
Shall I not then be stifled in the vault,
To whose foul mouth no healthsome air breathes in?
Or, if I live, is it not very like,

The horrible conceit of death and night,
Together with the terror of the place,—
As in a vault, an ancient receptacle,
Where, for these many hundred years, the bones
Of all my buried ancestors are pack'd;
Where bloody Tybalt, yet but green in earth,
Lies fest'ring in his shroud; where, as they say,
At some hours in the night spirits resort;
Or, if I wake, shall I not be distraught,
Environed with all these hideous fears,
And madly play with my forefathers' joints?
And pluck the mangled Tybalt from his shroud?
And, in this rage, with some great kinsman's bone,
As with a club, dash out my desperate brains?—
O, look! methinks, I see my cousin's ghost
Seeking out Romeo:—Stay, Tybalt, stay!—
Romeo, I come: This do I drink to thee.—
[*Drinks the contents of the Phial.*
O, potent draught, thou hast chill'd me to the heart!—
My head turns round:—my senses fail me.—
O, Romeo! Romeo!—
[*She throws herself on the bed.*

SCENE IV.

A Room in CAPULET'S *House.*

Enter LADY CAPULET *and* NURSE.

La. Cap. Hold, take these keys, and fetch more spices, nurse.

Nurse. They call for dates and quinces in the pastry.

Enter CAPULET.

Cap. Come, stir, stir, stir! the second cock hath crow'd,

The curfew-bell hath rung, 'tis three o'clock:—
Look to the baked meats, good Angelica:
Spare not for cost.

Nurse. Go, go, you cot-quean, go;
Get you to bed; 'faith, you'll be sick to-morrow
For this night's watching. [*Exit* NURSE.

Cap. No, not a whit: What! I have watch'd, ere now,
All night for lesser cause, and ne'er been sick.—
The county will be here with music straight;
For so he said he would.— [*Music without.*
I hear him near.—
Nurse!—Wife,—what, ho!—What, nurse! I say.

Enter NURSE.

Go, waken Juliet; go, and trim her up:—
I'll go and chat with Paris:—Hie, make haste;
Make haste, I say. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE V.

JULIET'S *Chamber.*

JULIET *discovered on the Bed.*

Enter NURSE.

Nurse. Mistress!—What, mistress!—Juliet!—
Fast, I warrant her:—
Why, lamb!—why, lady!—Fy, you slug-a-bed!—
Why, love, I say!—Madam! sweetheart!—why, bride!—
What, not a word?—you take your pennyworths now:
Sleep for a week; for the next night, I warrant,
That you shall rest but little.—Heaven forgive me,—

Marry, and amen,—how sound is she asleep!
I must needs wake her:—Madam, madam, madam!—
Ay, let the county take you in your bed;
He'll fright you up, i'faith.—Will it not be?—
What, dress'd! and in your clothes! and down again!—
I must needs wake you: Lady! lady! lady!—
Alas, alas!—Help! help! my lady's dead!—
O, well-a-day, that ever I was born!—
Ho! my lord! my lady!—

Enter Lady CAPULET.

La. Cap. What noise is here?
Nurse. O lamentable day!
La. Cap. What is the matter?
Nurse. Look!—O, heavy day!
La. Cap. O me! O me!—my child, my only life,
Revive, look up; or I will die with thee.—
Help, help!—call help.

Enter CAPULET.

Cap. For shame, bring Juliet forth; her lord is come.
Nurse. She's dead, she's dead, she's dead,—alack the day!
Cap. Ha! let me see her.—Out, alas! she's cold;
Her blood is settled, and her joints are stiff;
Life and these lips have long been separated:
Death lies on her, like an untimely frost
Upon the sweetest flower of the field.
Accursed time! unfortunate old man!

Enter Friar LAURENCE *and* PARIS.

Lau. Come, is the bride ready to go to church?
Cap. Ready to go, but never to return:
O son, the night before the wedding-day
Death hath embrac'd thy bride:—See, there she lies,
Flower as she was, nipp'd in the bud by him.—
O, Juliet! O, my child, my child!

Par. Have I thought long to see this morning's face,
And doth it give me such a sight as this?
Cap. Most miserable hour, that time ere saw
In lasting labour of his pilgrimage!
But one, poor one, one poor and loving child,
But one thing to enjoy and solace in,
And cruel death hath catch'd it from my sight.
Lan. Your daughter lives in peace and happiness:
Heaven and yourself had part in this fair maid,
Now heaven hath all.—
Come, stick your rosemary on this fair corse;
And, as the custom of our country is,
Convey her where her ancestors lie tomb'd.
The heavens do lower upon you, for some ill;
Move them not more, by crossing their high will.
[*Exeunt.*

ACT THE FIFTH.

SCENE I.

A Church.

Enter the Procession to the Funeral of JULIET.

The Dirge.

CHORUS.

Rise, rise,
Heart-breaking sighs,
The woe-fraught bosom swell;

For sighs alone,
And dismal moan,
Should echo Juliet's knell.

AIR.

She's gone,—the sweetest flow'r of May,
That blooming blest our sight:
Those eyes, which shone like breaking day,
Are set in endless night!—

CHORUS.

Rise, rise! &c.

AIR.

She's gone, she's gone; nor leaves behind
So fair a form, so pure a mind.—
How could'st thou, Death, at once destroy
The lover's hope, the parent's joy?

CHORUS.

Rise, rise! &c.

AIR.

Thou, spotless soul, look down below,
Our unfeign'd sorrow see!—
O, give us strength to bear our woe,
To bear the loss of thee!

CHORUS.

Rise, rise! &c.

[*Exeunt omnes.*

SCENE II.

Mantua.—A Street.

Enter ROMEO.

Rom. If I may trust the flattery of sleep,
My dreams presage some joyful news at hand:
My bosom's lord sits lightly on his throne;
And, all this day, an unaccustom'd spirit
Lifts me above the ground with cheerful thoughts.
I dreamt, my lady came, and found me dead;
And breath'd such life with kisses in my lips,
That I reviv'd, and was an emperor.
Ah me! how sweet is love itself possess'd,
When but love's shadows are so rich in joy!

Enter BALTHASAR.

News from Verona!—Ho now, Balthasar?—
Dost thou not bring me letters from the friar?
How doth my lady? Is my father well?
How fares my Juliet? That I ask again;
For nothing can be ill, if she be well.

Bal. Then she is well, and nothing can be ill;
Her body sleeps in Capulet's monument,
And her immortal part with angels lives:
I saw her carried to her kindred's vault,
And presently took post to tell it you:
O, pardon me for bringing these ill news.

Rom. Is it even so? then I defy you, stars!—

Bal. My lord!

Rom. Thou know'st my lodging: get me ink and paper,
And hire post-horses; I will hence to-night.

Bal. Pardon me, sir, I dare not leave you thus:
Your looks are pale and wild, and do import
Some misadventure.

Rom. Go, thou art deceived;
Leave me, and do the thing I bid thee do.—
Hast thou no letters to me from the friar?
Bal. No, good my lord.
Rom. No matter: Get thee gone; and hire those horses.— [*Exit* BALTHASAR.
Well, Juliet, I will lie with thee to-night.—
Let's see for means.—O, mischief, thou art swift
To enter in the thoughts of desperate men!
I do remember an apothecary,—
And hereabouts he dwells,—whom late I noted
In tatter'd weeds, with overwhelming brows,
Culling of simples; meagre were his looks,
Sharp misery had worn him to the bones:
And in his needy shop a tortoise hung,
An alligator stuff'd, and other skins
Of ill-shaped fishes; and, about his shelves,
A beggarly account of empty boxes,
Green earthen pots, bladders, and musty seeds,
Remnants of packthread, and old cakes of roses,
Were thinly scatter'd, to make up a show.
Noting this penury, to myself I said—
An if a man did need a poison now,
Here lives a caitiff wretch would sell it him.
O, this same thought did but forerun my need!
As I remember, this should be the house:
Being holiday, the beggar's shop is shut.—
What ho! Apothecary.

Enter APOTHECARY.

Apo. Who calls so loud?
Rom. Come hither, man.—I see that thou art poor;
Hold, there is forty ducats: Let me have
A dram of poison; such soon-speeding geer
As will disperse itself through all the veins,
That the life-weary taker may fall dead.
Apo. Such mortal drugs I have; but Mantua's law
Is death, to any he that utters them.

Rom. Art thou so bare, and full of wretchedness,
And fear'st to die? Famine is in thy cheeks,
Need and oppression starveth in thy eyes,
Upon thy back hangs ragged misery:—
The world is not thy friend, nor the world's law:
The world affords no law to make thee rich;
Then be not poor, but break it, and take this.

Apo. My poverty, but not my will consents.

[*Exit* APOTHECARY.

Rom. I pay thy poverty, and not thy will.

Re-enter APOTHECARY.

Apo. Put this in any liquid thing you will,
And drink it off; and, if you had the strength
Of twenty men, it would dispatch you straight.

Rom. There is thy gold; worse poison to men's souls,
Doing more murder in this loathsome world,
Than these poor compounds that thou may'st not sell:
I sell thee poison, thou hast sold me none.
Farewell; buy food, and get thyself in flesh.—

[*Exit* APOTHECARY.

Come, cordial, and not poison; go with me
To Juliet's grave; for there must I use thee. [*Exit.*

SCENE III.

Verona.—The Cloisters of a Convent.

Enter Friar JOHN.

John. Holy Franciscan friar!—Brother, ho!

Enter Friar LAURENCE.

Lau. This same should be the voice of friar John.—
Welcome from Mantua.—What says Romeo?
Or, if his mind be writ, give me his letter.

John. Going to find a barefoot brother out,
One of our order, to associate me,
Here in this city visiting the sick,
And finding him, the searchers of the town,
Suspecting that we both were in a house
Where the infectious pestilence did reign,
Seal'd up the doors, and would not let us forth;
So that my speed to Mantua there was stay'd.

Lau. Who bare my letter then to Romeo?

John. I could not send it;—here it is again;—
Nor get a messenger to bring it thee,
So fearful were they of infection.

Lau. Unhappy fortune! By my brotherhood,
The letter was not nice, but full of charge,
Of dear import; and the neglecting it
May do much danger. Friar John, go hence;
Get me an iron crow, and bring it straight
Unto my cell.

John. Brother, I'll go, and bring it thee.
[*Exit Friar* JOHN.

Lau. Now must I to the monument alone:
Within these three hours will fair Juliet wake;
She will beshrew me much, that Romeo
Hath had no notice of these accidents:
But I will write again to Mantua;
And keep her at my cell 'till Romeo come,—
Poor living corse, closed in a dead man's tomb!
[*Exit.*

SCENE IV.

A Churchyard; in it, the Monument of the Capulets.

Enter PARIS, *and his Page with a Torch and a Basket of Flowers.*

Par. Give me thy torch, boy.—Hence, and stand aloof.—
Yet, put it out; for I would not be seen.
Under yon yew-trees lay thee all along,
Holding thine ear close to the hollow ground;
So shall no foot upon the churchyard tread,
Being loose, unfirm, with digging up of graves,
But thou shalt hear it: Whistle then to me,
As signal that thou hear'st something approach.—
Give me those flowers.—Do as I bid thee; go.

Page. I am almost afraid to stand alone
Here in the churchyard; yet I will adventure.
[*Exit* PAGE.

Par. Sweet flower, with flowers thy bridal bed I strew:
Fair Juliet, that with angels dost remain,
Accept this latest favour at my hands;
Who, living, honour'd thee, and, being dead,
With funeral obsequies adorn thy tomb!—
[*The* PAGE *whistles.*
The boy gives warning, something doth approach.—
What cursed foot wanders this way to-night,
To cross my obsequies?
What, with a torch!—Muffle me, night, awhile.
[*Exit.*

Enter ROMEO, *and* BALTHASAR *with a Torch and an Iron Crow.*

Rom. Give me the wrenching iron.—
Hold: take this letter: Early in the morning
See thou deliver it to my lord and father.
Put out the torch: and, on thy life, I charge thee,
Whate'er thou hear'st or seest, stand all aloof,
And do not interrupt me in my course.
Why I descend into this bed of death,
Is, partly, to behold my lady's face;
But, chiefly, to take thence, from her dead finger,
A precious ring; a ring, that I must use
In dear employment: therefore hence, be gone:—
But, if thou, jealous, dost return to pry
In what I further shall intend to do,
By heaven, I will tear thee joint by joint,
And strew this hungry churchyard with thy limbs:
The time and my intents are savage-wild,
More fierce, and more inexorable far,
Than empty tygers, or the roaring sea.

Bal. I will be gone, sir, and not trouble you.

Rom. So shalt thou win my favour.—Take thou that: [*Gives* BALTHASAR *his Purse.*
Live, and be prosperous; and farewell, good fellow.

Bal. For all this same, I'll hide me near this place;
His looks I fear, and his intents I doubt.
[*Exit* BALTHASAR.

Rom. Thou maw detestable, thou womb of death,
Gorged with the dearest morsel of the earth,
Thus I enforce thy rotten jaws to open,
[*Attempting to break open the Monument.*
And, in despite, I'll cram thee with more food.

Enter PARIS.

Par. Stop thy unhallow'd toil, vile Montague.
Can vengeance be pursued further than death?

Condemned villain, I do apprehend thee;
Obey, and go with me; for thou must die.
Rom. I must, indeed; and therefore came I hither.—
Good, gentle youth, tempt not a desperate man:
Fly hence, and leave me:
By heaven, I love thee better than myself;
For I come hither arm'd against myself.
Par. I do defy thy pity, and thy counsel,
And do attach thee as a felon here.
Rom. Wilt thou provoke me? then have at thee, boy. [*They fight.*—PARIS *falls.*
Par. O, I am slain!—If thou be merciful,
Open the tomb, lay me with Juliet. [*Dies.*
Rom. In faith, I will.—Let me peruse this face:—
Mercutio's kinsman, noble county Paris:
One writ with me in sour misfortune's book!—
I'll bury thee in a triumphant grave;
[*Bursts open the Monument.*
For here lies Juliet.—O, my love, my wife!
Death, that hath suck'd the honey of thy breath,
Hath had no power yet upon thy beauty:
Thou art not conquer'd; beauty's ensign yet
Is crimson in thy lips, and in thy cheeks,
And death's pale flag is not advanced there.—
O, Juliet, why art thou yet so fair?
Here, here
Will I set up my everlasting rest;
And shake the yoke of inauspicious stars
From this world-wearied flesh.—
Come bitter conduct, come unsavoury guide!
[*Takes out the Poison.*
Thou, desperate pilot, now at once run on
The dashing rocks my sea-sick weary bark!—
No more,—here's to my love!—
[*Drinks the Draught,*

Eyes, look your last!
Arms, take your last embrace! and, lips, do you
The doors of breath seal with a righteous kiss!—
[JULIET *wakes.*
Soft!—she breathes, and stirs!
Jul. Where am I? Defend me, powers!
Rom. She speaks, she lives, and we shall still be bless'd!
My kind propitious stars o'erpay me now
For all my sorrows past.—Rise, rise, my Juliet;
And from this cave of death, this house of horror,
Quick let me snatch thee to thy Romeo's arms;
There breathe a vital spirit in thy lips,
And call thee back, my soul, to life and love.
[*Raises her.*
Jul. Bless me, how cold it is!—Who's there?—
Rom. Thy husband;
'Tis thy Romeo, Juliet, raised from despair
To joys unutterable.—Quit, *quit this* place,
And let us fly together.—[*Brings her from the Tomb.*
Jul. Why do you force me so?—I'll ne'er consent;—
My strength may fail me, but my will's unmoved;—
I'll not wed Paris;—Romeo is my husband.
Rom. Romeo is thy husband; I am that Romeo;
Nor all the opposing powers of earth or man
Shall break our bonds, or tear thee from my heart.
Jul. I know that voice: Its magic sweetness wakes
My tranced soul;—I now remember well
Each circumstance.—
O my lord, my husband!—
Dost thou avoid me, Romeo? Let me touch
Thy hand, and taste the cordial of thy lips.—
You fright me:—Speak:—O, let me hear some voice
Besides my own in this drear vault of death,
Or I shall faint.——Support me—
Rom. O, I cannot;

I have no strength; but want thy feeble aid.—
Cruel poison!
Jul. Poison! What means my lord? Thy trembling voice,
Pale lips, and swimming eyes,—Death's in thy face.
Rom. It is indeed,—I struggle with him now:—
The transports that I felt,
To hear thee speak, and see thy opening eyes,
Stopp'd, for a moment, his impetuous course,
And all my mind was happiness and thee:—
But now the poison rushes through my veins:—
I have not time to tell,—
Fate brought me to this place, to take a last,
Last farewell of my love, and with thee die.
Jul. Die?—Was the friar false?
Rom. I know not that.—
I thought thee dead: distracted at the sight,—
O fatal speed!—drank poison,—kiss'd thy lips,
And found within thy arms a precious grave:
But, in that moment,—O!—
Jul. And did I wake for this!
Rom. My powers are blasted:
'Twixt death and love I'm torn, I am distracted:
But death's strongest:—And must I leave thee, Juliet!—
O, cruel, cursed fate! in sight of heaven.—
Jul. Thou ravest: lean on my breast.
Rom. Fathers have flinty hearts, no tears can melt 'em:
Nature pleads in vain:—Children must be wretched.
Jul. O, my breaking heart!
Rom. She is my wife,—our hearts are twined together,—
Capulet, forbear;—Paris, loose your hold;—
Pull not our heart-strings thus:—they crack,—they break,—
O, Juliet! Juliet!— [*Dies.*
Jul. Stay, stay for me, Romeo;

A moment stay; fate marries us in death,
And we are one; no power shall part us.
[*Faints on* ROMEO'S *Body.*

Enter Friar LAURENCE, *with a Lantern and an Iron Crow.*

Lau. Saint Francis be my speed! how oft to-night
Have my old feet stumbled at graves! Who's there?—
Alack, alack! what blood is this which stains
The stony entrance of this sepulchre?
Jul. Who's there?
Lau. Ha! Juliet awake!—and Romeo dead!—
And Paris too!—O, what an unkind hour
Is guilty of this lamentable chance!
Jul. Here he is still, and I will hold him fast;
They shall not tear him from me.
Lau. Patience, lady!
Jul. O, thou cursed friar! Patience!
Talk'st thou of patience to a wretch like me?
Lau. O fatal error!—Rise, thou fair distress'd,
And fly this scene of death.
Jul. Come thou not near me;
Or this dagger shall quit my Romeo's death.
[*Draws a dagger.*
Lau. I wonder not, thy griefs have made thee desp'rate.—
[*Voices without.*]
Follow, follow,—
Lau. What noise without?—Sweet Juliet, let us fly:
A greater power than we can contradict
Hath thwarted our intents: Come, haste away:—
I will dispose thee, most unhappy lady,
Amongst a sisterhood of holy nuns.
[*Voices without.*]
Which way? Which way?
Lau. Stay not to question; for the watch is coming!
Come; go, good Juliet.—I dare not longer stay.
[*Exit Friar* LAURENCE.

Jul. Go, get thee hence; for I will not away.—
What's here? A phial!—Romeo's timeless end.—
O, churl! drink all; and leave no friendly drop
To help me after?—I will kiss thy lips;—
Haply, some poison yet doth hang on them.—
[*Voices without.*]
Lead, boy:—Which way?
Jul. Noise again!—
Then I'll be brief.—O, happy dagger!—
[*Stabs herself.*
This is thy sheath;—there rest, and let me die.
[*Dies.*

Enter BALTHASAR *and the Page guarded,—the Prince, and Attendants with Torches.*

Bal. This is the place, my liege.
Prince. What misadventure is so early up
That calls our person from its morning's rest?

Enter CAPULET, *and Gentlemen.*

Cap. What should it be, that they so shriek abroad?—
The people in the street cry—Romeo;
Some,—Juliet; and some,—Paris: and all run
With open outcry tow'rds our monument.
Prince. What fear is this, which startles in your ears?
Bal. Sovereign, here lies the county Paris slain;—
My master Romeo dead;—and Juliet,
Thought dead before, appears but newly kill'd.
Cap. O me! this sight of death is as a bell,
That warns my old age to a sepulchre.

Enter MONTAGUE, *and Gentlemen.*

Prince. Come, Montague; for thou art early up,
To see thy son and heir now early fallen.
Mon. Alas, my liege, my wife is dead to-night!

The exile of my son hath stopp'd her breath :—
What further woe conspires against my age ?

Prince. Look there, and see.

Mon. O, thou untaught ! what manners is in this,
To press before thy father to a grave !

Prince. Seal up the mouth of outrage for a while,
'Till we can clear these ambiguities,
And know their spring and head : Meantime forbear,
And let mischance be slave to patience.—
Bring forth the parties of suspicion.

Enter Friar LAURENCE.

Lau. I am the greatest.

Prince. Then, say at once what thou dost know in this.

Lau. Let us retire from this dread scene of death,
And I'll unfold the whole : If aught in this
Miscarried by my fault, let my old life
Be sacrificed, some hour before its time,
Unto the rigour of severest law.

Prince. We still have known thee for a holy man.—
Let Romeo's man, and let the boy attend us :
We'll hence, and further scan these sad disasters.—
Well may you mourn, my lords, now wise too late,
These tragic issues of your mutual hate.
From private feuds what dire misfortunes flow !
Whate'er the cause, the sure effect is woe. [*Exeunt.*

THE END.

EDINBURGH :
Printed by James Ballantyne & Co.

THEATRE ROYAL

HAMLET.

HAM. WHAT WOULD YOUR GRACIOUS FIGURE?
ACT III. SCENE IV.

Painted by Howard. Pub. by Longman & C.° 1805. Engraved by [illegible]

HAMLET,

PRINCE OF DENMARK;

A TRAGEDY,

IN FIVE ACTS;

BY WILLIAM SHAKSPEARE.

AS PERFORMED AT THE THEATRES ROYAL,

DRURY LANE AND COVENT GARDEN.

PRINTED UNDER THE AUTHORITY OF THE MANAGERS

FROM THE PROMPT BOOK.

WITH REMARKS

BY MRS INCHBALD.

LONDON:

PRINTED FOR LONGMAN, HURST, REES ORME, AND BROWN, PATERNOSTER ROW.

EDINBURGH:
Printed by James Ballantyne and Co.

REMARKS.

This tragedy is a work of such intellectual magnitude, that every comment which has been written upon it, is too well known to be quoted, either for amusement or instruction; and as the celebrity of a work naturally excites contemplation on its author, this, one of the most popular amongst Shakspeare's plays, leads to a few remarks on the great poet himself.

Though Shakspeare was the son of an alderman, and lived in the little dull town of Stratford upon Avon, it appears he was never one of its inanimate residents.—He was married at the age of seventeen; was the father of a family in his minority; and, before he arrived at twenty-two, was compelled to fly his native place for a trespass on his neighbour's property, and a libel against the man whom he had wronged. The first offence, however, did not amount in criminality much beyond the robbing of an orchard; and his libel came in the shape of a merry ballad.

But, with all just lenity for the nature of those misdeeds, Shakspeare was idle, in his youth, to a degree of depravity, by associating with a party of deer-stealers, and then lampooning the owner of the park where he had committed his depredations.

It often happens, that a young man or young woman becomes dissipated, or profligate, because the persons about them are torpid and gloomy. The worthy alderman, Shakspeare's father, and all the worthy people of the town of Stratford, were, no doubt, tiresome company to a youthful genius like the illustrious bard; and, immured with them, and their stupidity, something more alluring appeared to his awakened fancy, in the adventurous course of vice, than in the drowsy virtue of a sober citizen. But, escaping from home, and led by chance, or design, behind the scenes of a London theatre, he found, amongst the cheerful players, that mirth, enterprize, and probity, could all combine; and he wanted neither taste nor principles to recall his beguiled heart from unwarrantable pursuits, and was, from that time forward, a just observer of every moral duty.

Though Shakspeare's reception by the players at the theatre was merely as a stage attendant, or, at best, as an inferior actor, certain it is—that to no one spot could he have applied,—to no one society of men (not excepting the learned societies) where genius, like his, would have been so admired, so cherished, so improved.*

After many years of honourable industry, during which time applause never inveigled him into vanity, nor the satire of envy into malignity, he returned con-

* The great Locke, and other extraordinary men, are proofs of that general observation—"that the progress of science has frequently met with the greatest obstacles from bodies instituted for its promotion."

tented to pass the remainder of his days in that town, which, it may be supposed, he once quitted in disgust: but he had now seen the world, and he brought back with him choice society in his remembrances and reflections; and thus became independent of the inhabitants of the place for his hours of amusement.

Old age did not force Shakspeare from his busy life, for he was no more than fifty-two when he died; and that event did not occur till some time after his retirement.

But though in the possession of health and strength when he went to his retreat, having seen the world, his birth-place became deaf to him; which, for want of that sight, he had, perhaps, still despised.

Various reasons are assigned, and good ones, why little more is known of this revered poet than the foregoing anecdotes: many other things are reported of him, but scarcely any that do not admit of controversy: even the order in which he has written his plays is a subject of dispute:—but, happily, the most material point concerning him has never admitted of an argument—the high merit of his compositions.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ

	DRURY LANE.	COVENT GARDEN.
CLAUDIUS, KING OF DENMARK	*Mr Powel.*	*Mr Creswell.*
HAMLET	*Mr Elliston.*	*Mr Kemble.*
POLONIUS	*Mr Dowton.*	*Mr Munden.*
LAERTES	*Mr Bartley.*	*Mr Brunton.*
HORATIO	*Mr Holland.*	*Mr Murray.*
ROSENCRANTZ	*Mr Cooke.*	*Mr Klanert.*
GUILDENSTERN	*Mr Fisher.*	*Mr Claremont.*
OSRICK	*Mr Palmer.*	*Mr Farley.*
MARCELLUS	*Mr Dormer.*	*Mr King.*
BERNARDO	*Mr Male.*	*Mr Jeffries.*
FRANCISCO	*Mr Evans.*	*Mr Field.*
FRIAR	*Mr Webb.*	*Mr Hull.*
FIRST ACTOR	*Mr Maddocks.*	*Mr Davenport.*
SECOND ACTOR	*Mr Sparks.*	*Mr Wilde.*
FIRST GRAVEDIGGER	*Mr Wewitzer.*	*Mr Emery.*
SECOND GRAVEDIGGER	*Mr Purser.*	*Mr Simmons.*
FIRST SAILOR	*Mr Chatterley.*	*Mr Atkins.*
SECOND SAILOR		*Mr Truman.*
THE GHOST OF HAMLET'S FATHER	*Mr Raymond.*	*Mr Hargrave.*
GERTRUDE, QUEEN OF DENMARK	*Mrs Powell.*	*Mrs St Leger.*
OPHELIA	*Mrs Mountain.*	*Mrs H. Johnston.*
ACTRESS	*Miss Tidswell.*	*Mrs Humphries.*

LADIES, GENTLEMEN, GUARDS, &c.

SCENE,—Elsinore.

HAMLET.

ACT THE FIRST.

SCENE I.

A Platform before the Palace.

FRANCISCO *on his Post.*—BERNARDO *entering to him.*

Ber. Who's there?
Fran. Nay, answer me: stand and unfold yourself.
Ber. Long live the king!
Fran. Bernardo?
Ber. He.
Fran. You come most carefully upon your hour.
Ber. 'Tis now struck twelve; get thee to bed, Francisco.
Fran. For this relief much thanks: 'tis bitter cold,
And I am sick at heart.
Ber. Have you had quiet guard?
Fran. Not a mouse stirring.
Ber. Well, good night.

If you do meet Horatio and Marcellus,
The rivals of my watch, bid them make haste.
Fran. I think I hear them.—Stand, ho! Who is there?

Enter HORATIO *and* MARCELLUS.

Hor. Friends to this ground.
Mar. And liegemen to the Dane.
Fran. 'Give you good night.
Mar. O, farewell, honest soldier!
Who hath relieved you?
Fran. Bernardo hath my place.
'Give you good night. [*Exit* FRANCISCO.
Mar. Holla! Bernardo!
Ber. Say,
What, is Horatio there?
Hor. A piece of him.
Ber. Welcome, Horatio; welcome, good Marcellus.
Hor. What, has this thing appear'd again to-night?
Ber. I have seen nothing.
Mar. Horatio says, 'tis but our fantasy;
And will not let belief take hold of him,
Touching this dreaded sight, twice seen of us:
Therefore I have entreated him along
With us to watch the minutes of this night;
That, if again this apparition come,
He may approve our eyes, and speak to it.
Hor. Tush! tush! 'twill not appear.
Ber. Come, let us once again assail your ears,
That are so fortified against our story,
What we two nights have seen.
Hor. Well, let us hear Bernardo speak of this.
Ber. Last night of all,
When yon same star, that's westward from the pole,
Had made his course to illume that part of heaven
Where now it burns, Marcellus and myself,
The bell then beating one,— [*Clock strikes one.*

Enter GHOST.

Mar. Peace, break thee off; look, where it comes again!
Ber. In the same figure, like the king that's dead.
Hor. Most like:—It harrows me with fear and wonder.
Ber. It would be spoke to.
Mar. Speak to it, Horatio.
Hor. What art thou, that usurp'st this time of night,
Together with that fair and warlike form
In which the majesty of bury'd Denmark
Did sometimes march? By Heaven, I charge thee, speak.
Mar. It is offended.
Ber. See! it stalks away.
Hor. Stay: speak; speak, I charge thee, speak.
[*Exit* GHOST
Mar. 'Tis gone, and will not answer.
Ber. How now, Horatio? you tremble and look pale:
Is not this something more than fantasy?
What think you of it?
Hor. I might not this believe,
Without the sensible and true avouch
Of mine own eyes.
Mar. Is it not like the King?
Hor. As thou art to thyself:
Such was the very armour he had on,
When he the ambitious Norway combated.
Mar. Thus, twice before, and jump at this dead hour,
With martial stalk hath he gone by our watch.
Hor. In what particular thought to work, I know not;
But, in the gross and scope of mine opinion,
This bodes some strange eruption to our state.

Enter GHOST.

But soft; behold! lo, where it comes again!
I'll cross it, though it blast me.—Stay, illusion!
If thou hast any sound, or use of voice,
Speak to me:
If there be any good thing to be done,
That may to thee do ease, and grace to me,
Speak to me:
If thou art privy to thy country's fate,
Which happily foreknowing may avoid,
O, speak!
Or, if thou hast uphoarded in thy life,
Extorted treasure in the womb of the earth,
For which, they say, you spirits oft walk in death,
Speak of it!— [*Cock crows.* *Exit* GHOST.
Stay, and speak!—
Mar. 'Tis gone!
We do it wrong, being so majestical,
To offer it the show of violence.
Ber. It was about to speak, when the cock crew.
Hor. And then it started, like a guilty thing
Upon a fearful summons. I have heard,
The cock, that is the trumpet to the morn,
Doth with his lofty and shrill-sounding throat
Awake the god of day; and, at his warning,
Whether in sea or fire, in earth or air,
The extravagant and erring spirit hies
To his confine.
But look the morn in russet mantle clad,
Walks o'er the dew of yon high eastward hill:
Break we our watch up; and, by my advice,
Let us impart what we have seen to-night
Unto young Hamlet; for, upon my life,
This spirit, dumb to us, will speak to him.

SCENE II.

The Palace.

Flourish of Trumpets and Drums.

Enter POLONIUS, *the* KING, QUEEN, HAMLET, LAERTES, GENTLEMEN, *and* LADIES.

King. Though yet of Hamlet our dear brother's death
The memory be green; and that it us befitted
To bear our hearts in grief, and our whole kingdom
To be contracted in one brow of woe,
Yet so far hath discretion fought with nature,
That we with wisest sorrow think on him,
Together with remembrance of ourselves:
Therefore our sometime sister, now our queen,
The imperial jointress to this warlike state,
Have we, as 'twere with a defeated joy,
Taken to wife; nor have we herein barr'd
Your better wisdoms, which have freely gone
With this affair along:—For all, our thanks.—
And now, Laertes, what's the news with you?
You told us of some suit: what is't, Laertes?

Laer. My dread lord,
Your leave and favour to return to France;
From whence though willingly I came to Denmark,
To show my duty in your coronation,
Yet, now, I must confess, that duty done,
My thoughts and wishes bend again toward France,
And bow them to your gracious leave and pardon.

King. Have you your father's leave? What says Polonius?

Pol. He hath, my lord, wrung from me my slow leave,

By laboursome petition; and, at last,
Upon his will I seal'd my hard consent:
I do beseech you, give him leave to go.
King. Take thy fair hour, Laertes; time be thine,
And thy best graces; spend it at thy will.
But now, my cousin Hamlet, and my son——
Ham. A little more than kin, and less than kind.
King. How is it that the clouds still hang on you?
Ham. Not so, my lord: I am too much i' the sun.
Queen. Good Hamlet, cast thy nighted colour off,
And let thine eye look like a friend on Denmark.
Do not, for ever, with thy veiled lids,
Seek for thy noble father in the dust:
Thou know'st, 'tis common; all, that live must die,
Passing through nature to eternity.
Ham. Ay, madam, it is common.
Queen. If it be,
Why seems it so particular with thee?
Ham. Seems, madam! nay, it is; I know not seems.
'Tis not alone my inky cloak, good mother,
Nor the dejected 'haviour of my visage,
No, nor the fruitful river in the eye,
Together with all forms, modes, shows of grief,
That can denote me truly: These, indeed, seem;
For they are actions that a man might play;
But I have that within which passeth show;
These, but the trappings and the suits of woe.
King. 'Tis sweet and commendable in your nature, Hamlet,
To give these mourning duties to your father:
But, you must know, your father lost a father;
That father lost, lost his; and the survivor bound
In filial obligation, for some term,
To do obsequious sorrow: But to persevere
In obstinate condolement, is a course
Of impious stubbornness; 'tis unmanly grief:
It shows a will most incorrect to Heaven.

We pray you, throw to earth
This unprevailing woe; and think of us
As of a father: for, let the world take note,
You are the most immediate to our throne,
Our chiefest courtier, cousin, and our son.

Queen. Let not thy mother lose her prayers, Hamlet;
I pray thee, stay with us, go not to Wittenberg.

Ham. I shall in all my best obey you, madam.

King. Why, 'tis a loving and a fair reply;
Be as ourself in Denmark.—Madam, come;
This gentle and unforced accord of Hamlet
Sits smiling to my heart: in grace whereof
No jocund health that Denmark drinks to-day,
But the great cannon to the clouds shall tell,
Re-speaking earthly thunder.

[*Flourish of Trumpets and Drums. Exeunt all but* HAMLET.

Ham. Oh, that this too, too solid flesh would melt,
Thaw, and resolve itself into a dew!
Or that the Everlasting had not fix'd
His cannon 'gainst self-slaughter! O God! O God!
How weary, stale, flat, and unprofitable,
Seem to me all the uses of this world!
Fie on't! Oh fie! 'tis an unweeded garden,
That grows to seed; things rank and gross in nature,
Possess it merely.—That it should come to this!—
But two months dead!—nay, not so much, not two:
So excellent a king; that was, to this,
Hyperion to a satyr: so loving to my mother,
That he might not beteem the winds of heaven
Visit her face too roughly.—Heaven and earth!
Must I remember? Why, she would hang on him,
As if increase of appetite had grown
By what it fed on: And yet, within a month,—
Let me not think on't!—Frailty, thy name is woman!—

A little month; or ere those shoes were old,
With which she followed my poor father's body,
Like Niobe, all tears,—
She married with my uncle,
My father's brother:—but no more like my father
Than I to Hercules.—
It is not, nor it cannot come to, good;
But break my heart; for I must hold my tongue!

Enter HORATIO, MARCELLUS, *and* BERNARDO.

Hor. Hail to your lordship!
Ham. I am glad to see you well:
Horatio,—or I do forget myself.
Hor. The same, my lord, and your poor servant ever.
Ham. Sir, my good friend; I'll change that name with you.
And what make you from Wittenberg, Horatio?—
Marcellus?
Mar. My good lord,—
Ham. I am very glad to see you—Good even, sir.—
But what, in faith, make you from Wittenberg?
Hor. A truant disposition, good my lord.
Ham. I would not hear your enemy say so;
Nor shall you do my ear that violence,
To make it truster of your own report
Against yourself; I know you are no truant.
But, what is your affair in Elsinore?
We'll teach you to drink deep ere you depart.
Hor. My lord, I came to see your father's funeral.
Ham. I pray thee, do not mock me, fellow student:
I think it was to see my mother's wedding.
Hor. Indeed, my lord, it follow'd hard upon.
Ham. Thrift, thrift, Horatio! the funeral baked meats
Did coldly furnish forth the marriage tables.—
Would I had met my dearest foe in heaven,

Or ever I had seen that day, Horatio!—
My father,—methinks, I see my father.
Hor. Where,
My lord?
Ham. In my mind's eye, Horatio.
Ham. I saw him once, he was a goodly king.
Ham. He was a man, take him for all in all,—
I shall not look upon his like again.
Hor. My lord, I think I saw him yesternight.
Ham. Saw? who?
Hor. My lord, the king your father.
Ham. The king my father!
Hor. Season your admiration for a while
With an attent ear, till I may deliver,
Upon the witness of these gentlemen,
This marvel to you.
Ham. For Heaven's love, let me hear!
Hor. Two nights together had these gentlemen,
Marcellus and Bernardo, on their watch,
In the dead waste and middle of the night,
Been thus encounter'd: A figure, like your father,
Armed at point, exactly, cap-a-pé,
Appears before them, and, with solemn march,
Goes slow and stately by them: thrice he walk'd
By their oppress'd and fear-surprised eyes
Within his truncheon's length; whilst they distill'd
Almost to jelly with the act of fear,
Stand dumb, and speak not to him. This to me
In dreadful secrecy impart they did;
And I with them, the third night, kept the watch:
Where, as they had deliver'd, both in time,
Form of the thing, each word made true and good,
The apparition comes.
Ham. But where was this?
Mar. My lord, upon the platform where we watch'd
Ham. Did you not speak to it?
Hor. My lord, I did:
But answer made it none: yet once, methought,

It lifted up its head, and did address
Itself to motion, like as it would speak:
But even then, the morning cock crew loud;
And at the sound it shrunk in haste away,
And vanish'd from our sight.

Ham. 'Tis very strange.

Hor. As I do live, my honour'd lord, 'tis true;
And we did think it writ down in our duty,
To let you know of it.

Ham. Indeed, indeed, sirs, but this troubles me.
Hold you the watch to-night?

Mar. We do, my lord.

Ham. Arm'd say you?

Mar. Arm'd, my lord.

Ham. From top to toe?—

Mar. My lord, from head to foot.

Ham. Then saw you not
His face?

Hor. O, yes, my lord; he wore his beaver up.

Ham. What, look'd he frowningly?

Hor. A countenance more
In sorrow than in anger.

Ham. Pale or red?

Hor. Nay, very pale.

Ham. And fix'd his eyes upon you?

Hor. Most constantly.

Ham. I would I had been there.

Hor. It would have much amazed you.

Ham. Very like,
Very like:—Stay'd it long?

Hor. While one with moderate haste might tell a hundred.

Mar. Longer, longer.

Hor. Not when I saw it.

Ham. His beard was grizzled? no?—

Hor. It was, as I have seen it in his life,
A sable silver'd.

Ham. I'll watch to-night; perchance 'twill walk again.

Hor. I warrant you it will.

Ham. If it assume my noble father's person,
I'll speak to it, though hell itself should gape,
And bid me hold my peace. I pray you all,
If you have hitherto conceal'd this sight,
Let it be tenable in your silence still;
And whatsoever else shall hap to-night,
Give it an understanding, but no tongue;
I will requite your loves: so, fare you well.—
[*Exeunt* BERNARDO *and* MARCELLUS.
Upon the platform, 'twixt eleven and twelve,
I'll visit you.

Hor. Our duty to your honour.

Ham. Your loves, as mine to you: farewell.
[*Exit* HORATIO.
My father's spirit!—in arms!—all is not well;
I doubt some foul play: 'would the night were come!
Till then sit still, my soul: foul deeds will rise,
Though all the earth o'erwhelm them, to men's eyes.
[*Exit.*

SCENE III.

An Apartment in POLONIUS' *House.*

Enter OPHELIA *and* LAERTES.

Laer. My necessaries are embark'd; farewell:
And, sister, as the winds give benefit,
'Pray let me hear from you.

Oph. Do you doubt that?

Laer. For Hamlet, and the trifling of his favour,
Hold it a fashion, and a toy in blood;
He may not, as unvalued persons do,
Carve for himself; for on his choice depends

The safety and the health of this whole state;
Then weigh what loss your honour may sustain,
If with too credent ear you list his songs;
Fear it, Ophelia; fear it, my dear sister;
And keep you in the rear of your affection,
Out of the shot and danger of desire:
The chariest maid is prodigal enough,
If she unmask her beauty to the moon.

Oph. I shall the effect of this good lesson keep
As watchman to my heart; but, good my brother,
Do not, as some ungracious pastors do,
Show me the steep and thorny way to Heaven;
Whilst, like a reckless libertine,
Himself the primrose path of dalliance treads,
And recks not his own rede.

Laer. O, fear me not.
I stay too long:—But here my father comes.

Enter POLONIUS.

Pol. Yet here, Laertes! aboard, aboard, for shame;
The wind sits in the shoulder of your sail,
And you are staid for.

Laer. Most humbly I do take my leave, my lord.
Farewell, Ophelia; and remember well
What I have said to you.

Oph. 'Tis in my memory lock'd,
And you yourself shall keep the key of it.

Laer. Farewell. [*Exit* LAERTES.

Pol. What is't, Ophelia, he hath said to you?

Oph. So please you, something touching the Lord Hamlet.

Pol. Marry, well bethought:
'Tis told to me he hath very oft of late
Given private time to you; and you yourself
Have of your audience been most free and bounteous;
If it be so, (as so 'tis put on me,
And that in way of caution,) I must tell you,

You do not understand yourself so clearly,
As it behoves my daughter, and your honour.
What is between you? give me up the truth.
Oph. He hath, my lord, of late made many tenders
Of his affection to me.
Pol. Affection? puh! you speak like a green girl,
Unsifted in such perilous circumstance.
Do you believe his tenders, as you call them?
Oph. I do not know, my lord, what I should think.
Pol. Marry, I'll teach you: think yourself a baby;
That you have ta'en these tenders for true pay,
Which are not sterling. Tender yourself more dearly,
Or you'll tender me a fool.
Oph. My lord, he hath importuned me with love,
In honourable fashion.
Pol. Ay, fashion you may call it; go to, go to.
Oph. And hath given countenance to his speech, my lord,
With almost all the holy vows of Heaven.
Pol. Ay, springes to catch woodcocks. I do know,
When the blood burns, how prodigal the soul
Lends the tongue vows.
This is for all,—
I would not, in plain terms, from this time forth,
Have you so slander any moment's leisure,
As to give words or talk with the Lord Hamlet.
Look to't, I charge you; come your ways.
Oph. I shall obey, my lord. *Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.

The Platform.

Enter HAMLET, HORATIO, *and* MARCELLUS.

Ham. The air bites shrewdly; it is very cold.
Hor. It is a nipping and an eager air.
Ham. What hour now?

Hor. I think it lacks of twelve.

Mar. No, it is struck.

Hor. I heard it not; it then draws near the season,
Wherein the spirit held his wont to walk.

[*Flourish of music, and ordnance shot off within.*
What does this mean, my lord?

Ham. The king doth wake to-night, and takes his rouse;
And, as he drains his draught of Rhenish down,
The kettle-drum and trumpet thus bray out
The triumph of his pledge.

Hor. Is it a custom?

Ham. Ay, marry, is't:
But to my mind,—though I am native here
And to the manner born,—it is a custom
More honour'd in the breach than the observance.

Enter GHOST.

Hor. Look, my lord, it comes!

Ham. Angels and ministers of grace defend us!—
Be thou a spirit of health, or goblin damn'd,
Bring with thee airs from Heaven, or blasts from hell,
Be thy intents wicked or charitable,
Thou com'st in such a questionable shape,
That I will speak to thee: I'll call thee Hamlet,
King, father,—Royal Dane, O answer me!
Let me not burst in ignorance! but tell,
Why thy canonized bones, hearsed in death,
Have burst their cerements! why the sepulchre,
Wherein we saw thee quietly in-urn'd,
Hath oped his ponderous and marble jaws
To cast thee up again! What may this mean,
That thou, dead corse, again, in complete steel,
Revisit'st thus the glimpses of the moon,
Making night hideous; and us fools of nature
So horridly to shake our disposition,
With thoughts beyond the reaches of our souls?
Say, why is this? wherefore? what should we do?

Hor. It beckons you to go with it,
As if it some impartment did desire
To you alone.
Mar. Look, with what courteous action
It waves you to a more removed ground:
But do not go with it.
Hor. No, by no means.
Ham. It will not speak; then I will follow it.
Hor. Do not, my lord.
Ham. Why? what should be the fear?
I do not set my life at a pin's fee;
And, for my soul, what can it do to that,
Being a thing immortal as itself?
It waves me forth again—I'll follow it.
Hor. What, if it tempt you toward the flood, my lord,
Or to the dreadful summit of the cliff,
And there assume some other horrible form,
And draw you into madness?
Ham. It waves me still——
Go on, I'll follow thee.
Mar. You shall not go, my lord.
Ham. Hold off your hands.
Hor. Be ruled, you shall not go.
Ham. My fate cries out,
And makes each petty artery in this body
As hardy as the Nemean lion's nerve.——
Still am I call'd—unhand me, gentlemen;——
By Heaven, I'll make a ghost of him that lets me!——
[*Breaking from them.*
I say, away:—Go on,—I'll follow thee.
[*Exeunt* GHOST *and* HAMLET—HORATIO *and* MARCELLUS.

SCENE V.

A remote Part of the Platform.

Enter GHOST *and* HAMLET.

Ham. Whither wilt thou lead me? speak, I'll go no further.

Ghost. Mark me.

Ham. I will.

Ghost. My hour is almost come,
When I to sulphurous and tormenting flames
Must render up myself.

Ham. Alas, poor ghost!

Ghost. Pity me not, but lend thy serious hearing
To what I shall unfold.

Ham. Speak, I am bound to hear.

Ghost. So art thou to revenge, when thou shalt hear.

Ham What?

Ghost. I am thy father's spirit:
Doom'd for a certain term, to walk the night;
And, for the day, confined to fast in fires,
Till the foul crimes, done in my days of nature,
Are burn'd and purged away. But that I am forbid
To tell the secrets of my prison-house,
I could a tale unfold, whose lightest word
Would harrow up thy soul, freeze thy young blood,
Make thy two eyes, like stars, start from their spheres,
Thy knotted and combined locks to part,
And each particular hair to stand on end,
Like quills upon the fretful porcupine:
But this eternal blazon must not be
To ears of flesh and blood.—List, list, O list!—
If thou didst ever thy dear father love,—

Ham. O Heaven!

Ghost. Revenge his foul and most unnatural murder.

Ham. Murder!
Ghost. Murder most foul, as in the best it is:
But this most foul, strange, and unnatural.
Ham. Haste me to know it, that I, with wings as swift
As meditation, or the thoughts of love,
May sweep to my revenge.
Ghost. I find thee apt.—
Now, Hamlet, hear:
'Tis given out, that, sleeping in my orchard,
A serpent stung me; so the whole ear of Denmark
Is by a forged process of my death
Rankly abused: But know, thou noble youth,
The serpent, that did sting thy father's life,
Now wears his crown.
Ham. O, my prophetic soul! my uncle?
Ghost. Ay, that incestuous, that adulterate beast,
With witchcraft of his wit, with traitorous gifts,
Won to his shameful lust
The will of my most seeming virtuous queen:
O, Hamlet, what a falling-off was there!
From me whose love was of that dignity,
That it went hand and hand even with the vow
I made to her in marriage; and to decline
Upon a wretch whose natural gifts were poor
To those of mine!——
But, soft! methinks I scent the morning air;
Brief let me be — Sleeping within my orchard,
My custom always in the afternoon,
Upon my secure hour thy uncle stole,
With juice of cursed hebenon in a phial,
And in the porches of mine ears did pour
The leperous distilment; whose effect
Holds such an enmity with blood of man,
That swift as quicksilver, it courses through
The natural gates and alley of the body;
And with a sudden vigour, it doth posset
And curd

The thin and wholesome blood; so did it mine.
Thus was I, sleeping, by a brother's hand,
Of life, of crown, of queen, at once dispatch'd;
Cut off even in the blossoms of my sin:
No reckoning made, but sent to my account
With all my imperfections on my head.
Ham. O, horrible! O, horrible! most horrible!
Ghost. If thou hast nature in thee, bear it not;
Let not the royal bed of Denmark be
A couch for luxury and damned incest.
But howsoever thou pursuest this act,
Taint not thy mind, nor let thy soul contrive
Against thy mother aught; leave her to Heaven,
And to those thorns that in her bosom lodge,
To prick and sting her. Fare thee well at once!
The glow-worm shows the matin to be near,
And 'gins to pale his uneffectual fire.—
Adieu, adieu, adieu! remember me.
[*The* GHOST *vanishes.*
Ham. Hold, hold, my heart;
And you, my sinews, grow not instant old,
But bear me stiffly up!—Remember thee?
Ay, thou poor ghost, while memory holds a seat
In this distracted globe. Remember thee?
Yea, from the table of my memory
I'll wipe away all forms, all pressures past;
And thy commandment, all alone, shall live
Within the book and volume of my brain,
Unmixed with baser matter: yes, by Heaven.
Hor. (*Within.*) My lord, my lord,—
Mar. (*Within.*) Lord Hamlet,—
Hor. (*Within.*) Heaven secure him!
Ham. So be it.
Hor. (*Within.*) Hillo, ho, ho, my lord!
Ham. Hillo, ho, ho, boy! come, bird, come.

Enter HORATIO *and* MARCELLUS

Mar. How is't, my noble lord?

Hor. What news, my lord?
Ham. O, wonderful!
Hor. Good my lord, tell it.
Ham. No;
You will reveal it.
Hor. Not I, my lord, by Heaven.
Mar. Nor I, my lord.
Ham. How say you then; would heart of man once think it?——
But you'll be secret,—
Hor. Ay, by Heaven, my lord.
Ham. There's ne'er a villain, dwelling in all Denmark,
But he's an arrant knave.
Hor. There needs no ghost, my lord, come from the grave,
To tell us this.
Ham. Why right; you are in the right;
And so, without more circumstance at all,
I hold it fit, that we shake hands, and part:
You, as your business and desire shall point you,—
For every man hath business and desire,
Such as it is,—and, for my own poor part,
I will go pray.
Hor. These are but wild and whirling words, my lord.
Ham. I am sorry they offend you, heartily.
Hor. There's no offence, my lord.
Ham. Yes, by St Patrick, but there is, Horatio,
And much offence too. Touching this vision here,—
It is an honest ghost, that let me tell you:
For your desire to know what is between us,
O'ermaster it as you may. And now, good friends,
As you are friends, scholars, and soldiers,
Give me one poor request.
Hor. What is't, my lord?——
We will.

Ham. Never make known what you have seen to-night.

Hor. & Mar. My lord, we will not.

Ham. Nay, but swear it.

Hor. Propose the oath, my lord.

Ham. Never to speak of this that you have seen,
Swear by my sword.

Ghost. (*Beneath.*) Swear.

Hor. O day and night, but this is wond'rous strange!

Ham. And therefore, as a stranger give it welcome.
There are more things in heaven and earth, Horatio,
Than are dreamt of in your philosophy.
But come:—
Here, as before,—Never,—so help you mercy!
How strange or odd soe'er I bear myself,
As I, perchance, hereafter shall think meet
To put an antic disposition on,—
That you, at such times seeing me, never shall
(With arms encumber'd thus, or this head-shake,
Or by pronouncing of some doubtful phrase,
As, *Well, well, we know*;—or, *We could, and if we would*;—or, *If we list to speak*;—or, *There be, an if they might*;—
Or such ambiguous giving out,) denote
That you know aught of me:—this do you swear,
So grace and mercy at your most need help you!

Ghost. (*Beneath.*) Swear.

Ham. Rest, rest, perturbed spirit!—So, gentlemen,
With all my love I do commend me to you;
And what so poor a man as Hamlet is
May do, to express his love and friending to you,
Heaven willing, shall not lack. Let us go in together:
And still your fingers on your lips, I pray.
The time is out of joint—O cursed spight,
That ever I was born to set it right! [*Exeunt.*

ACT THE SECOND.

SCENE I.

An Apartment in POLONIUS' *House.*

Enter POLONIUS, *meeting* OPHELIA.

Pol. How now, Ophelia? what is the matter?
Oph. O, my lord, my lord, I have been so affrighted!
Pol. With what, in the name of Heaven?
Oph. My lord, as I was sewing in my closet,
Lord Hamlet,—with his doublet all unbraced,
No hat upon his head, his stockings foul'd,
Ungarter'd, and down-gyved to his ankle,
Pale as his shirt, his knees knocking each other,—
He comes before me.
Pol. Mad for thy love?
Oph. My lord, I do not know;
But, truly, I do fear it.
Pol. What said he?
Oph. He took me by the wrist, and held me hard;
Then goes he to the length of all his arm,
And, with his other hand thus o'er his brow,
He falls to such perusal of my face,
As he would draw it. Long staid he so;
At last,—a little shaking of mine arm,
And thrice his head thus waving up and down,—
He raised a sigh so piteous and profound,
As it did seem to shatter all his bulk,
And end his being: That done, he lets me go;
And, with his head over his shoulder turn'd,
He seem'd to find his way without his eyes;
For out o' doors he went without their helps,
And, to the last, bended their light on me.

Pol. Come, go with me; I will go seek the King.
This is the very ecstacy of love.
What, have you given him any hard words of late?
Oph. No, my lord; but as you did command,
I did repel his letters, and denied
His access to me.
Pol. That hath made him mad.
Come, go we to the King:
This must be known; which, being kept close, might move
More grief to hide, than hate to utter love. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

The Palace.

Enter KING, QUEEN, ROSENCRANTZ, GUILDENSTERN, BERNARDO, *and* FRANCISCO.

King. Welcome, dear Rosencrantz, and Guildenstern!
Moreover that we much did long to see you,
The need, we have to use you, did provoke
Our hasty sending. Something have you heard,
Of Hamlet's transformation:
What it should be,
More than his father's death, that thus hath put him
So much from the understanding of himself,
I cannot dream of: I entreat you both,
That you vouchsafe your rest here in our court
Some little time: so by your companies
To draw him on to pleasures; and to gather,
Whether aught, to us unknown, afflicts him thus,
That, open'd, lies within our remedy.
Queen. Good gentlemen, he hath much talk'd of you;
And, sure I am, two men there are not living

To whom he more adheres. If it will please you
So to expend your time with us a while,
Your visitation shall receive such thanks
As fits a king's remembrance.

Ros. Both your majesties
Might, by the sovereign power you have of us,
Put your dread pleasures more into command
Than to entreaty.

Guil. But we both obey;
And here give up ourselves, in the full bent,
To lay our service freely at your feet.

King. Thanks, Rosencrantz, and gentle Guildenstern.

Queen. I do beseech you instantly to visit
My too much changed son.—Go some of you,
And bring these gentlemen where Hamlet is.

[*Exeunt* GUILDENSTERN, ROSENCRANTZ, FRANCISCO, *and* BERNARDO.

Enter POLONIUS.

Pol. I now do think, (or else this brain of mine
Hunts not the train of policy so sure
As it hath used to do,) that I have found
The very cause of Hamlet's lunacy.

King. O, speak of that; that I do long to hear.

Pol. My liege, and madam, to expostulate
What majesty should be, what duty is,
Why day is day, night night, and time is time,
Where nothing but to waste night, day, and time:
Therefore—since brevity is the soul of wit,
And tediousness the limbs and outward flourishes,
I will be brief: Your noble son is mad:
Mad call I it; for to define true madness,
What is't, but to be nothing else but mad?
But let that go.

Queen. More matter, with less art.

Pol. Madam, I swear, I use no art at all.—
That he is mad, 'tis true; 'tis true, 'tis pity:

And pity 'tis, 'tis true:—A foolish figure;
But farewell it; for I will use no art:—
Mad let us grant him then: and now remains,
That we find out the cause of this effect;
Or, rather say, the cause of this defect;
For this effect, defective, comes by cause:
Thus it remains, and the remainder thus.
Perpend,—
I have a daughter; have, while she is mine;
Who, in her duty and obedience, mark,
Hath given me this: Now gather and surmise.
[Reads.] *To the celestial, and my soul's idol, the most beautified Ophelia.*—
That's an ill phrase, a vile phrase; *beautified* is a vile phrase; but you shall hear:—Thus
[Reads.] *In her excellent white bosom, these, &c.*

Queen. Came this from Hamlet to her?

Pol. Good madam, stay a while; I will be faithful.—

[Reads.] *Doubt thou, the stars are fire;*
Doubt, that the sun doth move;
Doubt truth to be a liar;
But never doubt I love.

O dear Ophelia, I am ill at these numbers; I have not art to reckon my groans: but, that I love thee best, O most best, believe it. Adieu.

Thine evermore, most dear lady, whilst this machine is to him, Hamlet.

This, in obedience, hath my daughter shown me;
And, more above, hath his solicitings,
As they fell out by time, by means, and place,
All given to mine ear.

King. But how has she
Received his love?

Pol. What do you think of me?

King. As of a man faithful and honourable.

Pol. I would fain prove so. But what might you think,

When I had seen this hot love on the wing,
(As I perceived it, I must tell you that,
Before my daughter told me,) what might you,
Or my dear majesty, your queen here, think,
If I had play'd the desk, or table-book;
Or look'd upon this love with idle sight?
What might you think? No, I went round to work,
And my young mistress thus I did bespeak;
Lord Hamlet is a prince; out of thy sphere;
This must not be: and then I precepts gave her,
That she should lock herself from his resort,
Admit no messengers, receive no tokens;
Which done, she took the fruits of my advice;
And he, repelled, (a short tale to make,)
Fell into a sadness:
Thence into a weakness;
Thence to a lightness; and by this declension,
Into the madness wherein now he raves,
And all we mourn for.

King. Do you think 'tis this?

Queen. It may be, very likely.

Pol. Hath there been such a time, (I'd fain know that,)
That I have positively said, *'Tis so,*
When it proved otherwise?

King. Not that I know.

Pol. Take this from this, if this be otherwise.
[*Pointing to his head and shoulder.*
If circumstances lead me, I will find
Where truth is hid, though it were hid indeed
Within the centre.

King. How may we try it further?

Pol. You know, sometimes he walks for hours together,
Here in the lobby.

Queen. So he does indeed.

Pol. At such a time I'll loose my daughter to him;
Mark the encounter: If he love her not,

And be not from his reason fallen thereon,
Let me be no assistant for a state,
But keep a farm and carters.

King. We will try it.

Queen. But look, where sadly the poor wretch comes reading.

Pol. Away, I do beceech you, both away;
I'll board him presently. [*Exeunt* QUEEN *and* KING.

Enter HAMLET, *reading.*

How does my good Lord Hamlet?

Ham. Excellent well.

Pol. Do you know me, my lord?

Ham. Excellent well; you are a fishmonger.

Pol. Not I, my lord.

Ham. Then I would you were so honest a man.

Pol. Honest, my lord?

Ham. Ay, sir; to be honest, as this world goes, is to be one man pick'd out of ten thousand.

Pol. That's very true, my lord.

Ham. For if the sun breed maggots in a dead dog, being a god, kissing carrion,—Have you a daughter?

Pol. I have, my lord.

Ham. Let her not walk i' the sun: conception is a blessing; but, as your daughter may conceive,—friend, look to't.

Pol. Still harping on my daughter:—yet he knew me not at first; he said, I was a fishmonger. I'll speak to him again.—What do you read, my lord?

Ham. Words, words, words.

Pol. What is the matter, my lord?

Ham. Between who?

Pol. I mean the matter that you read, my lord.

Ham. Slanders, sir: for the satirical rogue says here, that old men have grey beards; that their faces are wrinkled; their eyes purging thick amber, and plum-tree gum; and that they have a plentiful lack of wit, together with most weak hams: All which,

sir, though I most powerfully and potently believe, yet I hold it not honesty to have it thus set down; for yourself, sir, shall grow old as I am, if, like a crab, you could go backward.

Pol. Though this be madness, yet there's method in't.
Will you walk out of the air, my lord?

Ham. Into my grave.

Pol. Indeed, that's out o' the air.—How pregnant sometimes his replies are! a happiness that often madness hits on, which reason and sanity could not so prosperously be deliver'd of. I will leave him, and suddenly contrive the means of meeting between him and my daughter.—My honourable lord, I will most humbly take my leave of you.

Ham. You cannot, sir, take from me any thing that I will more willingly part withal; except my life, except my life, except my life.

Pol. Fare you well, my lord.

Ham. These tedious old fools!

Enter ROSENCRANTZ *and* GUILDENSTERN.

Pol. You go to seek the Lord Hamlet; there he is.

Ros. Heaven save you, sir! [*Exit* POLONIUS.

Guil. My honour'd lord!—

Ros. My most dear lord!—

Ham. My excellent good friends! How dost thou, Guildenstern? Ah, Rosencrantz! Good lads, how do ye both? What news?

Ros. None, my lord; but that the world's grown honest.

Ham. Then is dooms-day near; but your news is not true.—In the beaten way of friendship, what make you at Elsinore?

Ros. To visit you, my lord; no other occasion.

Ham. Beggar that I am, I am even poor in thanks; but I thank you.—Were you not sent for? Is it your

own inclining? Is it a free visitation? Come, come; deal justly with me: come, nay, speak.

Guil. What should we say, my lord?

Ham. Any thing,—but to the purpose. You were sent for: and there is a kind of confession in your looks, which your modesties have not craft enough to colour: I know the good King and Queen have sent for you.

Ros. To what end, my lord?

Ham. That you must teach me. But let me conjure you, by the rights of our fellowship, by the consonancy of our youth, by the obligation of our ever-preserved love, and by what more dear a better proposer could charge you withal, be even and direct with me, whether you were sent for, or no?

Ros. What say you? [*To* GUILDENSTERN.

Ham. Nay, then I have an eye of you.—If you love me, hold not off.

Guil. My lord, we were sent for.

Ham. I will tell you why; so shall my anticipation prevent your discovery, and your secrecy to the King and Queen moult no feather. I have of late, (but wherefore I know not,) lost all my mirth, foregone all custom of exercise; and, indeed, it goes so heavily with my disposition, that this goodly frame, the earth, seems to me a sterile promontory; this most excellent canopy, the air,—look you, this brave o'erhanging firmament, this majestical roof fretted with golden fire,—why, it appears no other thing to me than a foul and pestilent congregation of vapours.—What a piece of work is man! How noble in reason! how infinite in faculties! in form and moving, how express and admirable! in action, how like an angel! in apprehension, how like a god! the beauty of the world! the paragon of animals! And yet, to me, what is this quintessence of dust? Man delights not me,—nor woman neither; though, by your smiling, you seem to say so.

Ros. My lord, there was no such stuff in my thoughts.

Ham. Why did you laugh then, when I said, *Man delights not me?*

Ros. To think, my lord, if you delight not in man, what lenten entertainment the players shall receive from you: we coted them on the way; and hither are they coming, to offer you service.

Ham. He that plays the King shall be welcome; his majesty shall have tribute of me; the adventurous knight shall use his foil and target; the lover shall not sigh gratis; the humorous man shall end his part in peace; and the lady shall say her mind freely, or the blank verse shall halt for't.——What players are they?

Ros. Even those you were wont to take such delight in, the tragedians of the city.

Ham. How chances it they travel? Their residence, both in reputation and profit, was better both ways. Do they hold the same estimation they did when I was in the city? Are they so followed?

Ros. No, indeed, they are not.

Ham. It is not very strange: for my uncle is King of Denmark: and those that would make mouths at him while my father lived, give twenty, forty, fifty, a hundred ducats a-piece for his picture in little.—There is something in this more than natural, if philosophy could find it out. [*A trumpet sounds.*

Guil. There are the players.

Ham. Gentlemen, you are welcome to Elsinore: your hands: you are welcome:—but my uncle-father and aunt-mother are deceived.

Guil. In what, my dear lord?

Ham. I am but mad north-north west; when the wind is southerly, I know a hawk from a hand-saw.

Pol. [*Within.*] Well be with you, gentlemen!

Ros. Hark you, Guildenstern, and Rosencrantz,

—that great baby, you see there, is not yet out of his swaddling-clouts.

Ros. Happily he's the second time come to them; for, they say, an old man is twice a child.

Ham. I will prophesy, he comes to tell me of the players; mark it.—You say right, sir: o' Monday morning: 'twas then, indeed.

Enter POLONIUS.

Pol. My lord, I have news to tell you.

Ham. My lord, I have news to tell you. When Roscius was an actor in Rome,——

Pol. The actors are come hither, my lord.

Ham. Buz, buz!

Pol. Upon my honour.

Ham. *Then came each actor on his ass,—*

Pol. The best actors in the world, either for tragedy, comedy, history, pastoral, pastoral-comical, historical-pastoral, tragical-historical, tragical-comical-historical-pastoral, scene-individable, or poem unlimited: Seneca cannot be too heavy, nor Plautus too light: For the law of writ, and the liberty, these are the only men.

Ham. *O, Jephtha, Judge of Israel,*—what a treasure hadst thou!

Pol. What a treasure had he, my lord?

Ham. Why,——*One fair daughter, and no more, The which he loved passing well.*

Pol. Still on my daughter.

Ham. Am I not i' the right, old Jephtha?

Pol. If you call me Jephtha, my lord, I have a daughter that I love passing well.

Ham. Nay, that follows not.

Pol. What follows then, my lord?

Ham. Why, *As by lot, God wot,*——and then, you know, *It came to pass, as most like it was,*—The first row of the pious chanson will show you more; for look where my abridgment comes.

Enter FIRST ACTOR, ACTRESS, *and* SECOND ACTOR.

You are welcome, masters; welcome, all :—O, old friend! Why, thy face is valanced since I saw thee last: Comest thou to beard me in Denmark?—— What! my young lady and mistress! By-'r-lady, your ladyship is nearer heaven than when I saw you last, by the altitude of a chopine.—You are all welcome. We'll e'en to't like French falconers, fly at any thing we see: We'll have a speech straight :— Come, give us a taste of your quality: come, a passionate speech.

1 *Act.* What speech, my lord?

Ham. I heard thee speak me a speech once,—but it was never acted: or if it was, not above once: for the play, I remember, pleased not the million; 'twas caviare to the general: but it was an excellent play; well digested in the scenes, set down with as much modesty as cunning. One speech in it I chiefly loved: 'twas Æneas' tale to Dido; and thereabout of it especially, where he speaks of Priam's slaughter: If it live in your memory, begin at this line;

The rugged Pyrrhus, like the Hyrcanian beast,—
'Tis not so: it begins with Pyrrhus.
The rugged Pyrrhus,—he whose sable arms,
Black as his purpose, did the night resemble,
Old grandsire Priam seeks.

Pol. 'Fore Heaven, my lord, well spoken; with good accent, and good discretion.

Ham. So;—proceed you.

1 Act. *Anon, he finds him*
Striking too short at Greeks; his antique sword,
Rebellious to his arm, lies where it falls,
Repugnant to command: Unequal match'd,
Pyrrhus at Priam drives; in rage, strikes wide;
But with the whiff and wind of his fell sword,
The unnerved father falls.
But, as we often see, against some storm,

A silence in the heavens, the rack stand still,
The bold winds speechless, and the orb below
As hush as death: anon, the dreadful thunder
Doth rend the region; So, after Pyrrhus' pause,
A roused vengeance sets him new a-work;
And never did the Cyclops' hammers fall
On Mars's armour, forged for proof eterne,
With less remorse than Pyrrhus' bleeding sword
Now falls on Priam.
Out, out, thou strumpet, Fortune!

Pol. This is too long.

Ham. It shall to the barber's with your beard.—Say on: Come to Hecuba.

1 Act. *But who, ah woe! had seen the mobled queen,*

Ham. The mobled queen!

Pol. That's good; mobled queen is good.

1 Act. *Run barefoot up and down, threatning the flames;*
A clout upon that head,
Where late the diadem stood: and, for a robe,
A blanket, in the alarm of fear caught up:
Who this had seen, with tongue in venom steep'd,
'Gainst fortune's state would treason have pronounced.

Pol. Look, whether he has not turn'd his colour, and has tears in's eyes.—Pr'ythee, no more.

Ham. 'Tis well: I'll have thee speak out the rest of this soon.—Good my lord, will you see the players well bestow'd? do you hear, let them be well used; for they are the abstracts and brief chronicles of the time: After your death you were better have a bad epitaph, than their ill report while you live.

Pol. My lord, I will use them according to their desert.

Ham. Much better. Use every man after his desert, and who shall 'scape whipping? Use them after your own honour and dignity: the less they deserve, the more merit is in your bounty. Take them in.

Pol. Come, sir.

Ham. Follow him, friends: we'll hear a play to-night.—Old friend,—

[*Exeunt* POLONIUS, SECOND ACTOR, *and* ACTRESS.

My good friends, I'll leave you till night: you are welcome to Elsinore.—

[*Exeunt* ROSENCRANTZ *and* GUILDENSTERN.

Can you play the murder of Gonzago?

1 *Act.* Ay, my lord.

Ham. We'll have it to-night. You could, for a need, study a speech of some dozen or sixteen lines, which I would set down, and insert in't? could you not?

1 *Act.* Ay, my lord.

Ham. Very well.—Follow that lord; and look you mock him not.— [*Exit* FIRST ACTOR.

—I have heard,
That guilty creatures, sitting at a play,
Have by the very cunning of the scene
Been struck so to the soul, that presently
They have proclaim'd their malefactions:
For murder, though it have no tongue, will speak
With most miraculous organ. I'll have these players
Play something like the murder of my father,
Before mine uncle: I'll observe his looks;
I'll tent him to the quick: if he do blench,
I know my course. The spirit, that I have seen,
May be a devil: and the devil hath power
To assume a pleasing shape; yea, and, perhaps,
Out of my weakness, and my melancholy,
As he is very potent with such spirits,
Abuses me, to damn me: I'll have grounds
More relative than this; the play's the thing,
Wherein I'll catch the conscience of the King.

[*Exit.*

ACT THE THIRD.

SCENE I.

A Theatre in the Palace.

Enter POLONIUS, KING, QUEEN, OPHELIA, ROSENCRANTZ, *and* GUILDENSTERN.

King. And can you by no drift of conference
Get from him, why he puts on this confusion?
Ros. He does confess he feels himself distracted;
But from what cause he will by no means speak.
Guil. Nor do we find him forward to be sounded;
But, with a crafty madness, keeps aloof,
When we would bring him on to some confession
Of his true state.
Queen. Did you assay him
To any pastime?
Ros. Madam, it so fell out, that certain players
We o'er-raught on the way: of these we told him;
And there did seem in him a kind of joy
To hear of it: They are about the court;
And, as I think, they have already order
This night to play before him.
Pol. 'Tis most true:
And he beseech'd me to entreat your majesties,
To hear and see the matter.
King. With all my heart; and it doth much content me
To hear him so inclined.
Good gentlemen, give him a further edge,
And drive his purpose on to these delights.

Ros. We shall, my lord.

[*Exeunt* GUILDENSTERN *and* ROSENCRANTZ.

King. Sweet Gertrude, leave us too:
For we have closely sent for Hamlet hither;
That he, as 'twere by accident, may here
Affront Ophelia:
Her father, and myself (lawful espials,)
Will so bestow ourselves, that, seeing, unseen,
We may of their encounter frankly judge;
And gather by him, as he is behaved,
If't be the affliction of his love, or no,
That thus he suffers for.

Queen. I shall obey you:——
And, for my part, Ophelia, I do wish,
That your good beauties be the happy cause
Of Hamlet's wildness; so shall I hope your virtues
Will bring him to his wonted way again,
To both your honours.

Oph. Madam, I wish it may. [*Exit* QUEEN.

Pol. Ophelia, walk you here:—
Read on this book;
That show of such an exercise may colour
Your loneliness.—We are oft to blame in this,—
'Tis too much proved!—that with devotion's visage,
And pious action, we do sugar o'er
The devil himself.

King. O, 'tis too true.—How smart
A lash that speech doth give my conscience!

Pol. I hear him coming; let's withdraw, my lord.

[*Exeunt* KING *and* POLONIUS.

Enter HAMLET.

Ham. To be, or not to be, that is the question:—
Whether 'tis nobler in the mind, to suffer
The slings and arrows of outrageous fortune,
Or to take arms against a sea of troubles,
And, by opposing, end them?—To die?—to sleep,—
No more; and, by a sleep, to say we end

The heart-ache, and the thousand natural shocks
That flesh is heir to,—'tis a consummation
Devoutly to be wished. To die,—to sleep;——
To sleep!—perchance, to dream:—Ay, there's the rub;
For in that sleep of death what dreams may come,
When we have shuffled off this mortal coil,
Must give us pause: There's the respect
That makes calamity of so long life:
For who would bear the whips and scorns of time,
The oppressor's wrong, the proud man's contumely,
The pangs of despised love, the law's delay,
The insolence of office, and the spurns
That patient merit of the unworthy takes,
When he himself might his quietus make
With a bare bodkin? who would fardels bear,
To groan and sweat under a weary life;
But that the dread of something after death,—
The undiscover'd country, from whose bourn
No traveller returns,—puzzles the will,
And makes us rather bear those ills we have,
Than fly to others that we know not of?
Thus conscience does make cowards of us all;
And thus the native hue of resolution
Is sicklied o'er with the pale cast of thought;
And enterprizes of great pith and moment,
With this regard, their currents turn awry,
And lose the name of action.——Soft you, now!
[*Seeing* OPHELIA.
The fair Ophelia:—Nymph, in thy orisons
Be all my sins remember'd!

Oph. Good my lord,
How does your honour for this many a day?

Ham. I humbly thank you; well.

Oph. My lord, I have remembrances of yours,
That I have longed long to re-deliver;
I pray you, now receive them.

Ham. No, not I;
I never gave you aught.
Oph. My honour'd lord, you know right well, you did;
And, with them, words of so sweet breath composed,
As made the things more rich; their perfume lost,
Take these again; for to the noble mind
Rich gifts wax poor, when givers prove unkind.
There, my lord.
Ham. Ha, ha! are you honest?
Oph. My lord!
Ham. Are you fair?
Oph. What means your lordship?
Ham. That if you be honest and fair, your honesty should admit no discourse to your beauty.
Oph. Could beauty, my lord, have better commerce than with honesty?
Ham. Ay, truly; for the power of beauty will sooner transform honesty from what it is to a bawd, than the force of honesty can translate beauty into his likeness: this was some time a paradox, but now the time gives it proof. I did love you once.
Oph. Indeed, my lord, you made me believe so.
Ham. You should not have believed me; for virtue cannot so inoculate our old stock, but we shall relish of it: I loved you not.
Oph. I was the more deceived.
Ham. Get thee to a nunnery: Why wouldst thou be a breeder of sinners? I am myself indifferent honest; but yet I could accuse me of such things, that it were better my mother had not borne me: I am very proud, revengeful, ambitious; with more offences at my beck, than I have thoughts to put them in, imagination to give them shape, or time to act them in: What should such fellows as I do crawling between earth and heaven? We are arrant knaves, all; believe none of us: Go thy ways to a nunnery. —Where's your father?

Oph. At home, my lord.

Ham. Let the doors be shut upon him, that he may play the fool no where but in's own house.—Farewell.

Oph. O help him, you sweet Heavens!

Ham. If thou dost marry, I'll give thee this plague for thy dowry. Be thou as chaste as ice, as pure as snow, thou shalt not escape calumny. Get thee to a nunnery. Or, if thou wilt needs marry, marry a fool; for wise men know well enough what monsters you make of them. To a nunnery, go.

Oph. Heavenly powers, restore him!

Ham. I have heard of your paintings too, well enough; Heaven hath given you one face, and you make yourselves another; you jig, you amble, and you lisp; you nickname Heaven's creatures, and make your wantonness your ignorance: Go to; I'll no more of't; it hath made me mad. I say, we will have no more marriages: those that are married already, all but one, shall live; the rest shall keep as they are. To a nunnery, go. [*Exit* HAMLET.

Oph. O, what a noble mind is here o'erthrown!
The expectancy and rose of the fair state,
The glass of fashion, and the mould of form,
The observed of all observers, quite, quite down!
And I, of ladies most deject and wretched,
That suck'd the honey of his music vows,
Now see that noble and most sovereign reason,
Like sweet bells jangled, out of tune and harsh.
O, woe is me!
To have seen what I have seen, see what I see!
[*Exit* OPHELIA.

Enter KING *and* POLONIUS.

King. Love! his affections do not that way tend;
Nor what he spake, though it lack'd form a little,
Was not like madness. There's something in his soul,

O'er which his melancholy sits on brood.
He shall with speed to England,
For the demand of our neglected tribute:
Haply, the seas, and countries different,
With variable objects, shall expel
This something settled matter in his heart;
Whereon his brain's still-beating puts him thus
From fashion of himself. What think you on't?

Pol. It shall do well: But yet do I believe,
The origin and commencement of his grief
Sprung from neglected love.
My lord, do as you please;
But, if you hold it fit, after the play,
Let his queen mother all alone entreat him
To show his grief; let her be round with him;
And I'll be placed, so please you, in the ear
Of all their conferences: if she find him not,
To England send him; or confine him, where
Your wisdom best shall think.

King. It shall be so:
Madness in great ones must not unwatch'd go.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

Enter the First ACTOR *and* HAMLET.

Ham. Speak the speech, I pray you, as I pronounced it to you, trippingly on the tongue; but, if you mouthe it, as many of our players do, I had as lief the town-crier spoke my lines. Nor do not saw the air too much with your hand, thus; but use all gently: for in the very torrent, tempest, and (as I may say,) whirlwind of your passion, you must acquire and beget a temperance, that may give it smoothness. O, it offends me to the soul, to hear a robustious periwig-pated fellow tear a passion to tatters, to very rags, to split the ears of the groundlings; who, for the most part, are capable of nothing but inexplicable dumb shows and noise: I would have

such a fellow whipp'd for o'erdoing Termagant; it out-herods Herod: 'Pray you, avoid it.

1 *Act.* I warrant your honour.

Ham. Be not too tame neither, but let your own discretion be your tutor; suit the action to the word, the word to the action; with this special observance, that you o'erstep not the modesty of nature: For any thing so overdone is from the purpose of playing, whose end, both at the first, and now, was, and is, to hold, as 'twere, the mirror up to nature; to show virtue her own feature, scorn her own image, and the very age and body of the time his form and pressure. Now this, overdone, or come tardy off, though it make the unskilful laugh, cannot but make the judicious grieve; the censure of which one must, in your allowance, o'erweigh a whole theatre of others.—O, there be players that I have seen play,—and heard others praise, and that highly,—not to speak it profanely,—that neither having the accent of christian, nor the gait of christian, pagan, nor man, have so strutted, and bellow'd, that I have thought some of Nature's journeymen had made men, and not made them well, they imitated humanity so abominably.

1 *Act.* I hope we have reformed that indifferently with us.

Ham. O, reform it altogether. And let those, that play your clowns, speak no more than is set down for them: for there be of them, that will themselves laugh, to set on some quantity of barren spectators to laugh too; though in the mean time, some necessary question of the play be then to be considered: that's villainous; and shows a most pitiful ambition in the fool that uses it. Go, make you ready.—

[*Exit* 1*st* ACTOR.

Horatio!—

Enter HORATIO.

Hor. Here, sweet lord, at your service.

Ham. Horatio, thou art e'en as just a man
As e'er my conversation coped withal.
Hor. O, my dear lord——
Ham. Nay, do not think I flatter:
For what advancement may I hope from thee,
That no revenue hast, but thy good spirits,
To feed and clothe thee? Should the poor be flatter'd?
No, let the candied tongue lick absurd pomp,
And crook the pregnant hinges of the knee,
Where thrift may follow fawning. Dost thou hear?
Since my dear soul was mistress of her choice,
And could of men distinguish, her election
Hath seal'd thee for herself; for thou hast been
As one, in suffering all, that suffers nothing:
A man, that fortune's buffets and rewards
Has ta'en with equal thanks; and bless'd are those,
Whose blood and judgment are so well co-mingled,
That they are not a pipe for fortune's finger
To sound what stop she please: Give me that man
That is not passion's slave, and I will wear him
In my heart's core, ay, in my heart of heart,
As I do thee.—Something too much of this.—
There is a play to-night before the king;
One scene of it comes near the circumstance,
Which I have told thee of my father's death.
I pr'ythee, when thou see'st that act a-foot,
Even with the very comment of thy soul
Observe my uncle: if his occulted guilt
Do not itself unkennel in one speech,
It is a damned ghost that we have seen;
And my imaginations are as foul
As Vulcan's stithy: Give him heedful note:
For I mine eyes will rivet to his face;
And, after, we will both our judgments join
In censure of his seeming.
Hor. Well, my lord.—
[*Flourish of Trumpets and Drums.*

Ham. They are coming to the play; I must be idle: Get you a place.

A Grand March.

Enter POLONIUS, KING, QUEEN, OPHELIA, ROSENCRANTZ, GUILDENSTERN, OSRICK, MARCELLUS, BERNARDO, FRANCISCO, GENTLEMEN, *and* LADIES.

King. How fares our cousin Hamlet?

Ham. Excellent, i' faith; of the camelion's dish; I eat the air, promise-cramm'd: you cannot feed capons so.

King. I have nothing with this answer, Hamlet; these words are not mine.

Ham. No, nor mine now.—My lord,—you play'd once in the university, you say?

Pol. That did I, my lord; and was accounted a good actor.

Ham. And what did you enact?

Pol. I did enact Julius Cæsar: I was kill'd i' the capitol; Brutus kill'd me.

Ham. It was a brute part of him, to kill so capital a calf there.—Be the players ready?

Ros. Ay, my lord; they stay upon your patience.

[*Bell rings, and the Curtain rises for the Play.*

Queen. Come hither, my dear Hamlet, sit by me.

Ham. No, good mother, here's metal more attractive.

Pol. O ho! do you mark that?

Ham. Lady, shall I lie in your lap?

Oph. You are merry, my lord.

[*Lying down at* OPHELIA'S *feet.*

Ham. O! your only jig-maker. What should a man do, but be merry? for, look you, how cheerfully my mother looks, and my father died within these two hours.

Oph. Nay, 'tis two months, my lord.

Ham. So long? Nay, then let the devil wear black, for I'll have a suit of sables. Die two months ago, and not forgotten yet? Then there's hope, a great man's memory may outlive his life half a year: But, by'r-lady, he must build churches then.

Oph. What means the play, my lord?

Ham. Miching mallecho: it means mischief.

Oph. But what is the argument of the play?

Enter Second ACTOR *as the Prologue.*

Ham. We shall know by this fellow.

2 Act. *For us and for our tragedy,*
Here stooping to your clemency,
We beg your hearing patiently.
[*Exit Second* ACTOR.

Ham. Is this a prologue, or the posy of a ring?

Oph. 'Tis brief, my lord.

Ham. As woman's love.

Enter the ACTRESS, *and First* ACTOR, *as a Duchess and Duke.*

1 Act. *Full thirty times hath Phœbus' cart gone round*
Neptune's salt wash, and Tellus' orbed ground,
Since love our hearts, and Hymen did our hands
Unite commutual in most sacred bands.

Actress. *So many journies may the sun and moon*
Make us again count o'er, ere love be done!
But, woe is me! you are so sick of late,
So far from cheer, and from your former state,
That I distrust you. Yet, though I distrust,
Discomfort you, my lord, it nothing must;
For women fear too much, even as they love:
Now, what my love is, proof hath made you know;
And as my love is sized, my fear is so.

1 Act. *'Faith, I must leave thee, love, and shortly too;*
My operant powers their functions leave to do:

And thou shalt live in this fair world behind,
Honour'd, beloved,—and, haply, one as kind
For husband shalt thou——

Actress. *O, confound the rest!*
Such love must needs be treason in my breast:
In second husband let me be accurst!
None wed the second, but who kill'd the first.

Ham. That's wormwood.

1 Act. *I do believe you think what now you speak:*
But, what we do determine, oft we break.
What to ourselves in passion we propose,
The passion ending, doth the purpose lose:
So think thou wilt no second husband wed;
But die thy thoughts, when thy first lord is dead.

Actress. *Nor earth to give me food, nor heaven light,*
Sport and repose lock from me, day and night;
Both here and hence, pursue me lasting strife,
If, once a widow, ever I be wife!

1 Act. *'Tis deeply sworn.*

Ham. If she should break it now,—

1 Act. *Sweet, leave me here awhile;*
My spirits grow dull, and fain I would beguile
The tedious day with sleep.

[He sits down, and sleeps.

Actress. *Sleep rock thy brain;*
And never come mischance between us twain!

[*Exit* Actress.

Ham. Madam, how like you this play?

Queen. The lady doth protest too much, methinks.

Ham. O, but she'll keep her word.

King. Have you heard the argument? Is there no offence in't?

Ham. No, no, they do but jest, poison in jest; no offence i' the world.

King. What do you call the play?

Ham. The Mouse-trap. Marry, how? Tropically.

This play is the image of a murder done in Vienna: Gonzago is the duke's name; his wife, Baptista. You shall see anon, 'tis a knavish piece of work: But what of that? Your majesty and we that have free souls, it touches us not: Let the gall'd jade wince, our withers are unwrung.—

Enter Second ACTOR, as LUCIANUS.

This is one Lucianus, nephew to the duke.

Oph. You are as good as a chorus, my lord.

Ham. I could interpret between you and your love, if I could see the puppets dallying.

Begin, murderer,—leave thy damnable faces, and begin:

Come: The croaking raven
Doth bellow for revenge.

2 Act. *Thoughts black, hands apt, drugs fit, and time agreeing;*
Confederate season, else no creature seeing;
Thou mixture rank, of midnight weeds collected,
With Hecat's ban thrice blasted, thrice infected,
Thy natural magic, and dire property,
On wholesome life usurp immediately.

[*Pours the Poison into his Ear.—Exit.*

Ham. He poisons him i' the garden for his estate. His name's Gonzago; the story is extant, and written in very choice Italian: You shall see anon, how the murderer gets the love of Gonzago's wife.

King. Giveme some light:—away!

Pol. Lights, lights, lights!

[*Exeunt all but* HAMLET *and* HORATIO.

Ham. Why, let the strucken deer go weep,
The heart ungalled play;
For some must watch, while some must sleep;
Thus runs the world away.—

O, good Horatio, I'll take the ghost's word for a thousand pound. Didst perceive?

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Hor. Very well, my lord.

Ham. Upon the talk of the poisoning?—

Hor. I did very well note him.

Ham. Ah, ha!—Come, some music; come, the recorders. [*Exit* HORATIO.

Enter GUILDENSTERN *and* ROSENCRANTZ.

Guil. Good my lord, vouchsafe me a word with you.

Ham. Sir, a whole history.

Guil. The king, sir—

Ham. Ay, sir, what of him?

Guil. Is, in his retirement, marvellous distemper'd.

Ham. With drink, sir?

Guil. No, my lord, with choler.

Ham. Your wisdom should show itself richer, to signify this to the doctor; for, for me to put him to his purgation would, perhaps, plunge him into more choler.

Guil. Good my lord, put your discourse into some frame, and start not so wildly from my affair.

Ham. I am tame, sir:—pronounce.

Guil. The queen, your mother, in most great affliction of spirit, hath sent me to you.

Ham. You are welcome.

Guil. Nay, good my lord, this courtesy is not of the right breed. If it shall please you to make me a wholesome answer, I will do your mother's commandment: if not, your pardon, and my return, shall be the end of my business.

Ham. Sir, I cannot.

Guil. What, my lord?

Ham. Make you a wholesome answer; my wit's diseased: But, sir, such answer as I can make, you shall command; or rather, as you say, my mother: therefore, no more, but to the matter: my mother, you say——

Ros. Then, thus she says: Your behaviour hath struck her into amazement and admiration.

Ham. O wonderful son that can so astonish a mother!—but is there no sequel at the heels of this mother's admiration? impart.

Ros. She desires to speak with you in her closet ere you go to bed.

Ham. We shall obey, were she ten times our mother.—Have you any further trade with us?

Ros. My lord, you did once love me.

Ham. And do still, by these pickers and stealers.

Ros. Good my lord, what is your cause of distemper? You do, surely, bar the door upon your own liberty, if you deny your griefs to your friend.

Ham. Sir, I lack advancement.

Ros. How can that be, when you have the voice of the king himself for your succession in Denmark?

Ham. Ay, sir; but, "while the grass grows—" The proverb is something musty.

Enter HORATIO *and two* MUSICIANS, *with Recorders.*

Oh, the recorders,—let me see one. [*Takes a recorder.*] So withdraw with you.—

[*Exeunt* HORATIO *and* MUSICIANS.

Why do you go about to recover the wind of me, as if you would drive me into a toil?

Guil. O, my lord, if my duty be too bold, my love is too unmannerly.

Ham. I do not well understand that.—Will you play upon this pipe?

Guil. My lord, I cannot.

Ham. I pray you.

Guil. Believe me, I cannot.

Ham. I do beseech you.

Ros. I know no touch of it, my lord.

Ham. 'Tis as easy as lying: govern these ventages with your fingers and thumb, give it breath with your

mouth, and it will discourse most eloquent music. Look you, these are the stops.

Guil. But these cannot I command to any utterance of harmony; I have not the skill.

Ham. Why, look you now, how unworthy a thing you make of me! you would play upon me: you would seem to know my stops; you would pluck out the heart of my mystery; you would sound me from my lowest note to the top of my compass: and there is much music, excellent voice, in this little organ; yet cannot you make it speak. 'Sdeath, do you think I am easier to be play'd on than a pipe? Call me what instrument you will, though you can fret me, you cannot play upon me.

Enter POLONIUS.

Pol. My lord, the queen would speak with you, and presently.

Ham. Do you see yonder cloud, that's almost in shape of a camel?

Pol. By the mass, and 'tis like a camel, indeed.

Ham. Methinks, it is like a weasel.

Pol. It is back'd like a weasel.

Ham. Or, like a whale.

Pol. Very like a whale.

Ham. Then will I come to my mother by and by. ——They fool me to the top of my bent.—I will come by and by.

Pol. I will say so.

Ham. By and by is easily said. [*Exit* POLONIUS. Leave me, friends.

[*Exeunt* ROSENCRANTZ *and* GUILDENSTERN.

'Tis now the very witching time of night,
When churchyards yawn, and hell itself breathes out
Contagion to this world: Now could I drink hot blood,

And do such business as the better day
Would quake to look on. Soft; now to my mother——
O, heart, lose not thy nature; let not ever
The soul of Nero enter this firm bosom:
Let me be cruel, not unnatural:
I will speak daggers to her, but use none.
[*Exit* HAMLET.

SCENE III.

A Room in the Palace.

Enter the KING, ROSENCRANTZ, *and* GUILDENSTERN.

King. I like him not; nor stands it safe with us,
To let his madness range. Therefore prepare you:
I your commission will forthwith dispatch,
And he to England shall along with you:
Arm you, I pray you, to this speedy voyage;
For we will fetters put upon this fear,
Which now goes too free-footed.
Ros. We will haste us.
[*Exeunt* GUILDENSTERN *and* ROSENCRANTZ.

Enter POLONIUS.

Pol. My lord, he's going to his mother's closet;
Behind the arras I'll convey myself,
To hear the process: I'll warrant she'll tax him home:
And, as you said, and wisely was it said,
'Tis meet, that some more audience than a mother,
Since nature makes them partial, should o'erhear
The speech of vantage. Fare you well, my liege;
I'll call upon you ere you go to bed,
And tell you what I know.
King. Thanks, dear my lord.
[*Exeunt* KING *and* POLONIUS.

SCENE IV.

The QUEEN's *Closet.*

Enter QUEEN *and* POLONIUS.

Pol. He will come straight. Look, you lay home to him:
Tell him his pranks have been too broad to bear with;
And that your grace has screen'd and stood between
Much heat and him.—I'll sconce me even here.—
'Pray you, be round with him.
Queen. I'll warrant you;
Fear me not:—Withdraw, I hear him coming.
[POLONIUS *conceals himself behind the arras.*

Enter HAMLET.

Ham. Now, mother, what's the matter?
Queen. Hamlet, thou hast thy father much offended.
Ham. Mother, you have my father much offended.
Queen. Come, come, you answer with an idle tongue.
Ham. Go, go, you question with a wicked tongue.
Queen. Why, how now, Hamlet?
Ham. What's the matter now?
Queen. Have you forgot me?
Ham. No, by the rood, not so:
You are the queen, your husband's brother's wife:
And—'would it were not so!—you are my mother.
Queen. Nay, then I'll set those to you that can speak.
Ham. Come, come, and sit you down: you shall not budge;

You go not, till I set you up a glass
Where you may see the inmost part of you.
Queen. What wilt thou do? Thou wilt not murder me?
Help, help, ho!
Pol. [*Behind.*] What, ho! help!
Ham. How now? a rat?
Dead, for a ducat, dead.
[HAMLET *draws, and makes a pass through the arras.*
Pol. [*Behind.*] O, O, O!—
[POLONIUS *falls, and dies.*
Queen. O me, what hast thou done?
Ham. Nay, I know not:——
Is it the king?
Queen. O, what a rash and bloody deed is this!
Ham. A bloody deed?—almost as bad, good mother,
As kill a king, and marry with his brother.
Queen. As kill a king!—
Ham. Ay, lady, 'twas my word.—
[*Lifts up the arras, and sees* POLONIUS.
Thou wretched, rash, intruding fool, farewell!
I took thee for thy better.—
Leave wringing of your hands: Peace; sit you down,
And let me wring your heart: for so I shall,
If it be made of penetrable stuff;
If damned custom have not brazed it so,
That it be proof and bulwark against sense.
Queen. What have I done, that thou dar'st wag thy tongue
In noise so rude against me?
Ham. Such an act,
That blurs the grace and blush of modesty;
Calls virtue, hypocrite; takes off the rose
From the fair forehead of an innocent love,
And sets a blister there; makes marriage vows

As falfe as dicers' oaths: O, such a deed,
As from the body of contraction plucks
The very soul; and sweet religion makes
A rhapsody of words:——
Ah me, that act!
Queen. Ah me! what act?
Ham. Look here, upon this picture, and on *this*;
The counterfeit presentment of two brothers.
See what a grace was seated on this brow!
Hyperion's curls, the front of Jove himself;
An eye like Mars, to threaten and command;
A station like the herald Mercury,
New lighted on a heaven-kissing hill;
A combination, and a form, indeed,
Where every god did seem to set his seal,
To give the world assurance of a man.
This was your husband,—Look you now, what follows:
Here is your husband; like a mildew'd ear,
Blasting his wholesome brother. Have you eyes?
Could you on this fair mountain leave to feed,
And batten on this moor? Ha! have you eyes?
You cannot call it, love: for, at your age,
The hey-day in the blood is tame, it's humble,
And waits upon the judgment. And what judgment
Would step from this to this?
O shame! where is thy blush? Rebellious hell,
If thou canst mutine in a matron's bones,
To flaming youth let virtue be as wax,
And melt in her own fire!—proclaim no shame,
When the compulsive ardour gives the charge;
Since frost itself as actively doth burn,
And reason panders will.
Queen. O Hamlet, speak no more:
Thou turn'st mine eyes into my very soul;
And there I see such black and grained spots,
As will not leave their tinct.

Ham. Nay, but to live
In the rank sweat of an enseamed bed;—
Queen. No more, sweet Hamlet.
Ham. A murderer and a villain:
A slave, that is not twentieth part the tithe
Of your precedent lord;—a vice of kings;
A cut-purse of the empire and the rule;
That from a shelf the precious diadem stole,
And put it in his pocket;

Enter GHOST.

A king of shreds and patches.—
Save me, and hover o'er me with your wings,
You heavenly guards!—What would your gracious figure?
Queen. Alas, he's mad!
Ham. Do you not come your tardy son to chide,
That, lapsed in time and passion, lets go by
The important acting of your dread command?
O, say?
Ghost. Do not forget: This visitation
Is but to whet thy almost blunted purpose.
But, look! amazement on thy mother sits;
O, step between her and her fighting soul.
Speak to her, Hamlet.
Ham. How is it with you, lady?
Queen. Alas, how is't with you,
That you do bend your eye on vacancy,
And with the incorporal air do hold discourse?
Forth at your eyes your spirits wildly peep;
And, as the sleeping soldiers in the alarm,
Your bedded hair, like life in excrements,
Starts up, and stands on end. O gentle son,
Upon the heat and flame of thy distemper
Sprinkle cool patience.—Whereon do you look?
Ham. On him! on him!—Look you, how pale he glares!

His form and cause conjoin'd, preaching to stones,
Would make them capable.—Do not look upon me;
Lest, with this piteous action, you convert
My stern effects: then what I have to do
Will want true colour; tears, perchance, for blood.
Queen. To whom do you speak this?
Ham. Do you see nothing there?
Queen. Nothing at all; yet all, that is, I see.
Ham. Nor did you nothing hear?
Queen. No, nothing but ourselves.
Ham. Why, look you there! look how it steals away!
My father, in his habit as he lived!
Look, where he goes, even now, out at the portal!
[*Exit* GHOST.
Queen. This is the very coinage of your brain;
This bodiless creation ecstacy
Is very cunning in.
Ham. Ecstacy!
My pulse, as yours, doth temperately keep time,
And makes as healthful music: It is not madness
That I have utter'd: bring me to the test,
And I the matter will re-word; which madness
Would gambol from. Mother, for love of grace,
Lay not that flattering unction to your soul,
That not your trespass, but my madness speaks:
It will but skin and film the ulcerous place;
Whiles rank corruption, mining all within,
Infects unseen. Confess yourself to heaven;
Repent what's past; avoid what is to come.
Queen. O, Hamlet! thou hast cleft my heart in twain.
Ham. O, throw away the worser part of it,
And live the purer with the other half.
Good night: but go not to my uncle's bed;
Assume a virtue, if you have it not.
Once more, good night!
And when you are desirous to be bless'd,

I'll blessing beg of you.—For this same lord,
I do repent;
I will bestow him, and will answer well
The death I gave him.—So, again, good night!—
[*Exit* QUEEN.
I must be cruel, only to be kind:
Thus bad begins, and worse remains behind.
[*Exit* HAMLET.

ACT THE FOURTH.

SCENE I.

An Apartment in the Palace.

Enter QUEEN *and* KING.

King. There's matter in these sighs, these profound heaves;
You must translate; 'tis fit we understand them:
How does Hamlet?

Queen. Mad as the sea and wind, when both contend
Which is the mightier: In his lawless fit,
Behind the arras hearing something stir,
He whips his rapier out, and cries, "A rat;"
And, in this brainish apprehension, kills
The unseen good old man.

King. O heavy deed!
It had been so with us, had we been there.
Where is he gone?

Queen. To draw apart the body he hath kill'd.

King. The sun no sooner shall the mountains touch,
But we will ship him hence: and this vile deed
We must, with all our majesty and skill,
Both countenance and excuse.—Ho! Guildenstern!

Enter GUILDENSTERN *and* ROSENCRANTZ.

Friends both, go join you with some further aid:
Hamlet, in madness, hath Polonius slain,
And from his mother's closet hath he dragg'd him:
Go, seek him out; speak fair, and bring the body
Into the chapel.—I pray you, haste in this.

[*Exeunt* Ros. *and* GUILD.

Come, Gertrude, we'll call up our wisest friends,
And let them know, both what we mean to do,
And what's untimely done.

[*Exeunt* KING *and* QUEEN.

SCENE II.

Another Room in the Palace.

Enter HAMLET.

Ham. ——Safely stow'd,—

Ros. [*Within.*] Hamlet! Lord Hamlet!

Ham. What noise? who calls on Hamlet? O, here they come.

Enter ROSENCRANTZ *and* GUILDENSTERN.

Ros. What have you done, my lord, with the dead body?

Ham. Compounded it with dust, whereto 'tis kin.

Ros. Tell us where 'tis, that we may take it thence, and bear it to the chapel.

Ham. Do not believe it.

Ros. Believe what?

Ham. That I can keep your counsel and not mine own. Besides, to be demanded of a spunge!—what replication should be made by the son of a king?

Ros. Take you me for a spunge, my lord?

Ham. Ay, sir; that soaks up the king's countenance, his rewards, his authorities. But such officers do the king best service in the end; he keeps them, like an ape, in the corner of his jaw; first mouth'd to be last swallow'd: When he needs what you have glean'd, it is but squeezing you, and, spunge, you shall be dry again.

Ros. I understand you not, my lord.

Ham. I am glad of it: A knavish speech sleeps in a foolish ear.

Ros. My lord, you must tell us where the body is, and go with us to the king.

Ham. Bring me to him.

[*Exeunt* ROSENCRANTZ, HAMLET, *and* GUILDENSTERN.

SCENE III.

An Apartment in the Palace.

Enter the KING.

King. How dangerous is it, that this man goes loose!
Yet must not we put the strong law on him:
He's loved of the distracted multitude,
Who like not in their judgment, but their eyes;
And, where 'tis so, the offender's scourge is weigh'd,
But never the offence.

Enter ROSENCRANTZ.

How now? what hath befallen?

Ros. Where the dead body is bestow'd, my lord,
We cannot get from him.

King. But, where is he?

Ros. Without, my lord; guarded, to know your pleasure.

King. Bring him before us.

Ros. Ho, Guildenstern! bring in my lord.

Enter GUILDENSTERN *and* HAMLET.

King. Now, Hamlet, where's Polonius?

Ham. At supper.

King. At supper? where?

Ham. Not where he eats, but where he is eaten; a certain convocation of politic worms are e'en at him. Your worm is your only emperor for diet; we fat all creatures else, to fat us; and we fat ourselves for maggots: Your fat king, and your lean beggar, is but variable service; two dishes, but to one table; that's the end.

King. Where is Polonius?

Ham. In heaven; send thither to see: if your messenger find him not there, seek him in the other place yourself.—But if, indeed, you find him not within this month, you shall nose him as you go up the stair into the lobby.

King. Go, seek him there.

Ham. He will stay till you come.

[*Exit* GUILDENSTERN.

King. Hamlet, this deed, for thine especial safety,
Must send thee hence;
Therefore prepare thyself:—
The bark is ready, and the wind at help,
For England.

Ham. For England!

King. Ay, Hamlet.

Ham. Good.

King. So is it, if thou knew'st our purposes.

Ham. I see a cherub, that sees them.—But, come; for England!—Farewell, dear mother.

King. Thy loving father, Hamlet.

Ham. My mother:—Father and mother is man and wife; man and wife is one flesh; and so, my mother. Come, for England. [*Exit.*

King. Follow him at foot; tempt him with speed aboard;
Away; for every thing is seal'd and done.
[*Exit* ROSENCRANTZ.
And, England, if my love thou holdst at aught,
Let it be testified in Hamlet's death. [*Exit.*

SCENE IV.

Another Room in the Palace.

Enter the QUEEN *and* HORATIO.

Queen. I will not speak with her.

Hor. She is importunate; indeed, distract:
'Twere good she were spoken with; for she may strew
Dangerous conjectures in ill-breeding minds.

Queen. Let her come in. [*Exit* HORATIO.

Oph. [*Without.*] Where is the beauteous majesty of Denmark?

Queen. How now, Ophelia?

Enter HORATIO *and* OPHELIA.

Oph. [Sings.] *How should I your true love know*
From another one?
By his cockle hat and staff,
And his sandal shoon.

Queen. Alas, sweet lady, what imports this song?

Oph. Say you? nay, pray you, mark,

[Sings.] *He is dead and gone, lady,*
He is dead and gone;
At his head a grass-green turf,
At his heels a stone.

Enter KING.

Queen. Nay, but, Ophelia,——
Oph. Pray you, mark.

[Sings.] *White his shroud as the mountain-snow*
Larded all with sweet flowers;
Which bewept to the grave did go
With true-love showers.

King. How do you, pretty lady?
Oph. Well, Heaven 'ield you! They say, the owl was a baker's daughter. We know what we are, but know not what we may be.
King. Conceit upon her father.
Oph. 'Pray let's have no words of this; but when they ask you what it means, say this;

[Sings.] *Good morrow, 'tis Saint Valentine's day,*
All in the morning betime,
And I a maid at your window,
To be your Valentine.

King. Pretty Ophelia!
Oph. Indeed, without an oath, I'll make an end on't.

[Sings.] *Then up he rose, and donn'd his clothes,*
And dupped the chamber-door;
Let in the maid, that out a maid
Never departed more.

King. How long hath she been thus?
Oph. I hope all will be well. We must be patient; but I cannot chuse but weep, to think, they

should lay him i' the cold ground: My brother shall know of it, and so I thank you for your good counsel. Come, my coach! Good night, ladies; good night, sweet ladies; good night, good night. [*Exit* OPHELIA.

King. Follow her close; give her good watch, I pray you. [*Exit* HORATIO.

O! this is the poison of deep grief; it springs
All from her father's death. [*A noise without.*

Enter MARCELLUS.

What is the matter?

Mar. Save yourself, my lord:
The young Laertes, in riotous head,
O'erbears your officers; the rabble call him, lord;
They cry, *Chuse we, Laertes shall be king!*
Caps, hands, and tongues, applaud it to the clouds,
Laertes shall be king, Laertes king! [*A noise without.*

Laer. [*Without.*] Where is this king?—Sirs, stand you all without.—

Enter LAERTES.

O thou vile king,
Give me my father. [*Exit* MARCELLUS.

Queen. Calmly, good Laertes.

Laer. That drop of blood, that's calm, proclaims me bastard;
Cries, cuckold, to my father; brands the harlot
Even here, between the chaste unsmirched brow
Of my true mother.

King. What is the cause, Laertes,
That thy rebellion looks so giant-like?—
Let him go, Gertrude; do not fear our person;
There's such divinity doth hedge a king,
That treason can but peep to what it would.
Let him go, Gertrude.

Laer. Where's my father?

King. Dead.

Queen. But not by him.
King. Let him demand his fill.
Laer. How came he dead? I'll not be juggled with;
To hell, allegiance!
To this point I stand,—
That both the worlds I give to negligence,
Let come what comes; only I'll be revenged,
Most throughly for my father.
King. Who shall stay you?
Laer. My will, not all the world's;
And, for my means, I'll husband them so well,
They shall go far with little.
King. Good Laertes,
That I am guiltless of your father's death,
And am most sensible in grief for it,
It shall as level to your judgment 'pear,
As day does to your eye.
Hor. [*Without.*] O poor Ophelia!
King. Let her come in.

Enter OPHELIA, *fantastically dressed with Straws and Flowers.*

Laer. O rose of May!
Dear maid, kind sister, sweet Ophelia!
O Heavens! is it possible, a young maid's wits
Should be as mortal as an old man's life?
Oph. [Sings.] *They bore him bare-faced on the bier;*
And in his grave rain'd many a tear;
Fare you well, my dove!
Laer. Hadst thou thy wits, and didst persuade revenge,
It could not move thus.
Oph. You must sing,
Sings. *Down-a-down, an you call him a-down-a.*
O, how the wheel becomes it! It is the false steward, that stole his master's daughter.
Laer. This nothing's more than matter.

Oph. There's rosemary, that's for remembrance; pray you, love, remember; and there is pansies, that's for thoughts.

Laer. A document in madness; thoughts and remembrance fitted.

Oph. There's fennel for you, and columbines;—there's rue for you;—and here's some for me:—we may call it herb of grace o' Sundays:—you may wear your rue with a difference.—There's a daisy: I would give you some violets, but they wither'd all, when my father died:—They say, he made a good end,——

[Sings.] *For bonny sweet Robin is all my joy,—*

Laer. Thought and affliction, passion, hell itself, She turns to favour, and to prettiness.

Oph. [Sings.] *And will he not come again?*
And will he not come again?
No, no, he is dead,
Go to thy death-bed,
He never will come again.

His beard was as white as snow,
All flaxen was his pole;
He is gone, he is gone,
And we cast away moan;
And peace be with his soul!

And with all christian souls! I pray Heaven.

[*Exeunt* OPHELIA *and* QUEEN.

King. Laertes, I must commune with your grief,
Or you deny me right. Go but apart,
Make choice of whom your wisest friends you will,
And they shall hear and judge 'twixt you and me:
If by direct, or by collateral, hand
They find us touch'd, we will our kingdom give,
Our crown, our life, and all that we call ours,
To you in satisfaction; but, if not,
Be you content to lend your patience to us,

And we shall jointly labour with your soul
To give it due content.
Laer. Let this be so;
His means of death, his obscure funeral,——
No trophy, sword, nor hatchment, o'er his bones,
No noble rite, nor formal ostentation,—
Cry, to be heard, as 'twere from heaven to earth;
That I must call't in question.
King. So you shall;
And, where the offence is, let the great axe fall.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE V.

An Apartment in the Palace.

Enter HORATIO *and* FRANCISCO.

Hor. What are they that would speak with me?
Fran. Sailors, sir;
They say, they have letters for you.
Hor. Let them come in. [*Exit* FRANCISCO.
I do not know from what part of the world
I should be greeted, if not from Lord Hamlet.

Enter Two SAILORS.

1 *Sail.* Heaven bless you, sir.
Hor. Let him bless thee too.
1 *Sail.* He shall, sir, an't please him. There's a letter for you, sir; it came from the embassador that was bound for England; if your name be Horatio, as I am let know it is.

HORATIO *reads the Letter.*

Horatio, when thou shalt have overlooked this, give these fellows some means to the King; they have letters for him. Rosencrantz and Guildenstern hold their course for England; of them I have much to tell thee.—In my heart there was a kind of fighting, that would not let me sleep; up from my cabin, in the dark groped I to find out them; had my desire: finger'd their packet; and withdrew to my own room again, making so bold to unseal their grand commission; when I found, that, on the supervise, no leisure bated, no, not to stay the grinding of the axe, my head should be struck off. I sat me down, devised a new commission, that, on the view of these contents, the bearers should be put to sudden death. I had my father's signet in my purse, which was the model of that Danish seal; folded the writ up in the form of the other; gave it the impression; placed it safely, the changeling never known.—The next day, a pirate of very warlike appointment gave us chase: Finding ourselves too slow of sail, we put on a compell'd valour, and in the grapple I boarded them: on the instant, they got clear of our ship; so I alone became their prisoner. They have dealt with me like thieves of mercy; but they knew what they did; I am to do a good turn for them. Let the King have the letters I have sent; and repair thou to me with as much haste as thou wouldst fly death. These good fellows will bring thee where I am. Farewell.

He that thou knowest thine,

HAMLET.

Come, I will give you way for these your letters;
And do't the speedier, that you may direct me
To him, from whom you brought them. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VI.

Another Room in the Palace.

Enter KING, *and* LAERTES.

King. Now must your conscience my acquittance seal;
Sith you have heard, and with a knowing ear,
That he, which hath your noble father slain,
Pursued my life.
Laer. And so have I a noble father lost;
A sister driven into desperate terms;
Whose worth
Stood challenger on mount of all the age
For her perfections: But my revenge will come.
King. Break not your sleeps for that: you must not think,
That we are made of stuff so flat and dull,
That we can let our beard be shook with danger,
And think it pastime. You shortly shall hear more.—
How now? what news?

Enter BERNARDO.

Ber. Letters, my lord, from Hamlet:
This to your majesty; this to the Queen.
King. From Hamlet! who brought them?
Ber. Sailors, my lord, they say; I saw them not.
King. Laertes, you shall hear them.—
Leave us. [*Exit* BERNARDO.

[Reads.] *High and mighty, you shall know I am set naked on your kingdom. To-morrow shall I beg leave to see your kingly eyes; when I shall, first asking your*

pardon thereunto, recount the occasion of my sudden, and more strange, return. HAMLET.

What should this mean? Are all the rest come back?
Or is it some abuse, and no such thing?
Laer. Know you the hand?
King. 'Tis Hamlet's character.—*Naked,*—
And, in a postscript here, he says, *alone.*—
Can you advise me?
Laer. I am lost in it, my lord. But let him come;
It warms the very sickness in my heart,
That I shall live, and tell him to his teeth,
Thus diddest thou.
King. If it be so, Laertes,
Will you be ruled by me?
Laer. Ay, my lord:
So you will not o'errule me to a peace.
King. To thine own peace. If he be now return'd,—
As checking at his voyage, and that he means
No more to undertake it,—I will work him
To an exploit, now ripe in my device,
Under the which he shall not chuse but fall:
And for his death no wind of blame shall breathe;
But even his mother shall uncharge the practice,
And call it accident.
Laer. My lord, I will be ruled;
The rather, if you could devise it so,
That I might be the organ.
King. It falls right.
You have been talk'd of since your travel much,
And that in Hamlet's hearing, for a quality
Wherein they say you shine.
Laer. What part is that, my lord?
King. A very ribband in the cap of youth.
Here was a gentleman of Normandy,—
He made confession of you;

And gave you such a masterly report,
For art and exercise in your defence,
And for your rapier most especial,
That he cried out, 'twould be a sight indeed,
If one could match you:
This report of his
Did Hamlet so envenom with his envy,
That he could nothing do, but wish and beg
Your sudden coming o'er, to play with you.
Now, out of this,——

Laer. What out of this, my lord?

King. Laertes, was your father dear to you?
Or are you like the painting of a sorrow,
A face without a heart?

Laer. Why ask you this?

King. Hamlet comes back:—What would you undertake,
To show yourself in deed your father's son
More than in words?

Laer. To cut his throat i' the church.

King. No place, indeed, should murder sanctuarise.
Hamlet, return'd; shall know you are come home:
We'll put on those shall praise your excellence,
And set a double varnish on the fame
The Frenchman gave you; bring you, in fine, together,
And wager o'er your heads: he, being remiss,
Most generous, and free from all contriving,
Will not peruse the foils; so that, with ease,
Or with a little shuffling, you may chuse
A sword unbated, and, in a pass of practice,
Requite him for your father.

Laer. I will do't:
And, for the purpose, I'll anoint my sword.
I bought an unction of a mountebank,
So mortal, that, but dip a knife in it,
Where it draws blood, no cataplasm so rare,

Collected from all simples that have virtue
Under the moon, can save the thing from death,
That is but scratch'd withal: I'll touch my point
With this contagion; that, if I gall him slightly,
It may be death.

King. Let's further think of this:—
We'll make a solemn wager on your cunnings;
When in your motion you are hot and dry,
(As make your bouts more violent to that end,)
And that he calls for drink, I'll have preferr'd him
A chalice for the nonce; whereon but sipping,
If he by chance escape your venom'd stuck,
Our purpose may hold there.—But stay, what noise?

Enter QUEEN.

Queen. One woe doth tread upon another's heel,
So fast they follow:—Your sister's drown'd, Laertes.

Laer. Drown'd! O, where?

Queen. There is a willow grows ascaunt the brook,
That shows his hoar leaves in the glassy stream;
There with fantastic garlands did she come,
Of crow-flowers, nettles, daisies, and long purples;
There on the pendent boughs her coronet weeds
Clambering to hang, an envious sliver broke;
When down her weedy trophies, and herself,
Fell in the weeping brook.

Laer I forbid my tears: But yet
It is our trick; nature her custom holds,
Let shame say what it will.——
Adieu, my lord!
I have a speech of fire, that fain would blaze,
But that this folly drowns it. [*Exit* LAERTES.

King. How much I had to do to calm his rage!
Now fear I, this will give it start again. [*Exeunt.*

ACT THE FIFTH.

SCENE I.

A Churchyard.

Enter two GRAVEDIGGERS.

1 *Graved.* Is she to be buried in christian burial, that wilfully seeks her own salvation?

2 *Graved.* I tell thee, she is; therefore, make her grave straight: the crowner hath sat on her, and finds it christian burial.

1 *Graved.* How can that be, unless she drown'd herself in her own defence?

2 *Graved.* Why, 'tis found so.

1 *Graved.* It must be *se offendendo;* it cannot be else. For here lies the point: If I drown myself wittingly, it argues an act; and an act has three branches; it is to act, to do, and to perform: Argal, she drowned herself wittingly.

2 *Graved.* Nay, but hear you, goodman delver;—

1 *Graved.* Give me leave. Here lies the water; good: here stands the man; good: If the man go to this water and drown himself, it is, will he, nill he, he goes; mark you that: but if the water come to him, and drown him, he drowns not himself: Argal, he, that is not guilty of his own death, shortens not his own life

2 *Graved.* But is this law?

1 *Graved.* Ay, marry, is't: crowner's-quest law.

2 *Graved.* Will you ha' the truth on't? If this had

not been a gentlewoman, she would have been bury'd out of christian burial.

1 *Graved.* Why, there thou say'st: And the more pity, that great folks should have countenance in this world to drown or hang themselves, more than their even christian.—Come: my spade. There is no ancient gentleman but gardeners, ditchers, and grave-makers; they hold up Adam's profession.

2 *Graved.* Was he a gentleman?

1 *Graved.* He was the first that ever bore arms.—I'll put a question to thee; if thou answer'st me not to the purpose, confess thyself—

2 *Graved.* Go to.

1 *Graved.* What is he that builds stronger than either the mason, the shipwright, or the carpenter?

2 *Graved.* The gallows-maker; for that frame outlives a thousand tenants.

1 *Graved.* I like thy wit well, in good faith the gallows does well: But how does it well? it does well to those that do ill: now thou dost ill, to say the gallows is built stronger than the church; argal, the gallows may do well to thee. To't again; come.

2 *Graved.* Who builds stronger than a mason, a shipwright, or a carpenter?

1 *Graved.* Ay, tell me that, and unyoke.

2 *Graved.* Marry, now I can tell.

1 *Graved.* To't.

2 *Graved.* Mass, I cannot tell.

Enter HAMLET *and* HORATIO, *at a Distance.*

1 *Graved.* Cudgel thy brains no more about it; for your dull ass will not mend his pace with beating; and, when you are ask'd this question next, say, a grave-maker; the houses that he makes last till doomsday. Go, get thee to Yaughan, and fetch me a stoup of liquor. [*Exit* 2*d* GRAVEDIGGER.

The GRAVEDIGGER *digs and sings.*

In youth when I did love, did love,
Methought it was very sweet,
To contract, O, the time, for, ah my behove,
O methought there was nothing so meet.

Ham. Has this fellow no feeling of his business? He sings in grave-making.

Hor. Custom hath made it in him a property of easiness.

Ham. 'Tis e'en so; the hand of little employment hath the daintier sense.

GRAVEDIGGER *sings.*

But age, with his stealing steps,
Hath claw'd me in his clutch,
And hath shipp'd me into the land,
As if I had never been such.
[*Throws up a Scull.*

Ham. That scull had a tongue in it, and could sing once: How the knave jowls it to the ground, as if it were Cain's jaw-bone that did the first murder! This might be the pate of a politician, which this ass now over-reaches; one that would circumvent Heaven, might it not? [*The* GRAVEDIGGER *throws up Bones.*

Hor. It might, my lord.

Ham. Did these bones cost no more the breeding but to play at loggats with them? mine ache to think on't.

GRAVEDIGGER *sings.*

A pick-axe and a spade, a spade,
For—and a shrouding sheet;
O, a pit of clay for to be made
For such a guest is meet.
[*Throws up another Scull.*

Ham. There's another: Why may not that be the scull of a lawyer? Where be his quiddits now, his quillets, his cases, his tenures, and his tricks? why does he suffer this rude knave now to knock him about the sconce with a dirty shovel, and will not tell him of his action of battery?—I will speak to this fellow: —Whose grave's this, sirrah?

Graved. Mine, sir,—

Sings.

O, a pit of clay for to be made
For such a guest is meet.

Ham. I think it be thine, indeed; for thou liest in it.

Graved. You lie out on't, sir, and therefore it is not yours: for my part, I do not lie in't, yet it is mine.

Ham. Thou dost lie in't, to be in't, and say, it is thine: 'tis for the dead, not for the quick; therefore thou liest.

Graved. 'Tis a quick lie, sir; 'twill away again, from me to you.

Ham. What man dost thou dig it for?

Graved. For no man, sir.

Ham. What woman, then?

Graved. For none neither.

Ham. Who is to be buried in't?

Graved. One that was a woman, sir; but, rest her soul! she's dead.

Ham. How absolute the knave is! we must speak by the card, or equivocation will undo us.—How long hast thou been a gravemaker?

Graved. Of all the days i' the year, I came to't that day that our last king Hamlet overcame Fortinbrass.

Ham. How long is that since?

Graved. Cannot you tell that? every fool can tell that: It was that very day that young Hamlet was born; he that is mad, and sent into England.

Ham. Ay, marry, why was he sent into England?

Graved. Why, because he was mad: he shall recover his wits there; or, if he do not, 'tis no great matter there.

Ham. Why?

Graved. 'Twill not be seen in him there; there the men are as mad as he.

Ham. How came he mad?

Graved. Very strangely, they say.

Ham. How strangely?

Graved. 'Faith, e'en with losing his wits.

Ham. Upon what ground?

Graved. Why, here in Denmark;—I have been sexton here, man and boy, thirty years.

Ham. How long will a man lie i' the earth ere he rot?

Graved. 'Faith, if he be not rotten before he die, he will last you some eight year, or nine year; a tanner will last you nine year.

Ham. Why he more than another?

Graved. Why, sir, his hide is so tanned with his trade that he will keep out water a great while; and your water is a sore decayer of your whoreson dead

body. Here's a scull now has lain you i' the earth three and twenty years.

Ham. Whose was it?

Graved. A whoreson mad fellow's it was:—whose do you think it was?

Ham. Nay, I know not.

Graved. A pestilence on him for a mad rogue! he pour'd a flagon of Rhenish on my head once. This same scull, sir, was Yorick's scull, the king's jester.

Ham. This? [*Taking the Scull.*

Graved. E'en that.

Ham. Alas, poor Yorick!—I knew him, Horatio; a fellow of infinite jest, of most excellent fancy; he hath borne me on his back a thousand times; here hung those lips, that I have kiss'd I know not how oft; and now, how abhorr'd in my imagination it is! Where be your gibes now? your gambols? your songs? your flashes of merriment, that were wont to set the table on a roar? not one now to mock your own grinning? quite chap-fall'n! Now get you to my lady's chamber, and tell her, let her paint an inch thick, to this favour she must come; make her laugh at that.—

'Pr'ythee, Horatio, tell me one thing.

Hor. What's that, my lord?

Ham. Dost thou think Alexander look'd o' this fashion i' the earth?

Hor. E'en so.

Ham. And smelt so? pah!

Hor. E'en so, my lord.

Ham. To what base uses we may return, Horatio! Why may not imagination trace the noble dust of Alexander, till he find it stopping a bung-hole?

Hor. 'Twere to consider too curiously, to consider so.

Ham. No, 'faith, not a jot; but to follow him thither with modesty enough, and likelihood to lead

it: As thus; Alexander died, Alexander was buried, Alexander returneth to dust; the dust is earth; of earth we make loam: And why of that loam, whereto he was converted, might they not stop a beer-barrel?

Imperial Cæsar, dead, and turn'd to clay,
Might stop a hole, to keep the wind away:
O, that that earth, which kept the world in awe,
Should patch a wall to expel the winter's flaw!—

[*A Bell tolls.*

But soft! but soft!——Aside; here comes the king,
The queen, the courtiers:—Who is this they follow?—
And with such maimed rites?—This doth betoken,
The corse, they follow, did with desperate hand
Foredo its own life. 'Twas of some estate:
Couch we a while, and mark.

[*Retiring with* HORATIO.—*Bell tolls.*

Enter FRIAR, KING, QUEEN, LAERTES, MARCELLUS, BERNARDO, FRANCISCO, GENTLEMEN, LADIES, *&c. attending the Corpse of* OPHELIA.

Bell tolls.

Laer. What ceremony else?
Ham. That is Laertes,
A very noble youth.
Laer. What ceremony else?
Friar. Her obsequies have been as far enlarged
As we have warranty: Her death was doubtful;
And, but that great command o'ersways the order,
She should in ground unsanctified have lodged
Till the last trumpet; for charitable prayers,
Shards, flints, and pebbles, should be thrown on her.

Yet here she is allow'd her virgin crants,
Her maiden strewments, and the bringing home
Of bell and burial.
Laer. Must there no more be done?
Friar. No more be done?
We should profane the service of the dead,
To sing a *Requiem*, and such rest to her
As to peace parted souls.
Laer. Lay her i' the earth;—
And from her fair and unpolluted flesh
May violets spring!—
[*They put the Coffin in the Grave.*
I tell thee, churlish priest,
A minist'ring angel shall my sister be,
When thou liest howling.
Ham. What, the fair Ophelia!
Queen. Sweets to the sweet: Farewell!
[*Scattering Flowers.*
I hoped thou shouldst have been my Hamlet's wife;
I thought thy bride-bed to have deck'd, sweet maid,
And not have strew'd thy grave.
Laer. O, treble woe
Fall ten times treble on that cursed head,
Whose wicked deed thy most ingenious sense
Deprived thee of!—
[*The* GRAVEDIGGER *about to throw the Earth into the Grave.*
Hold off the earth a while,
Till I have caught her once more in mine arms:
[LAERTES *leaps into the Grave.*
Now pile your dust upon the quick and dead;
Till of this flat a mountain you have made,
To o'ertop old Pelion, or the skyish head
Of blue Olympus. [*Exit* GRAVEDIGGER.
Ham. [*Advancing.*] What is he whose grief
Bears such an emphasis? Whose phrase of sorrow
Conjures the wand'ring stars, and makes them stand

Like wonder-wounded hearers? This is I,
Hamlet the Dane.

Laer. The devil take thy soul!

[*Springing out of the Grave, and seizing* HAMLET.

Ham. Thou pray'st not well.
I pr'ythee, take thy fingers from my throat;
For, though I am not splenetive and rash,
Yet have I in me something dangerous,
Which let thy wisdom fear. Hold off thy hand.

King. Pluck them asunder.

[*They are parted by* HORATIO *and* MARCELLUS.

Queen. Hamlet, Hamlet!

Ham. Why, I will fight with him upon this theme,
Until my eyelids will no longer wag.

Queen. O, my son, what theme?

Ham. I loved Ophelia; forty thousand brothers
Could not, with all their quantity of love,
Make up my sum.—What wilt thou do for her?

Queen. O, he is mad, Laertes.

Ham. Come, show me what thou'lt do:
Woul't weep? woul't fight? woul't fast? woul't tear thyself?
I'll do't.—Dost thou come here to whine?
To outface me with leaping in her grave?
Be buried quick with her, and so will I.
And, if thou prate of mountains, let them throw
Millions of acres on us; till our ground,
Singeing his pate against the burning zone,
Make Ossa like a wart! Nay, an thou'lt mouthe,
I'll rant as well as thou.

Queen. This is mere madness:
And thus a while the fit will work on him;
Anon, as patient as the female dove,
When that her golden couplets are disclosed,
His silence will sit drooping.

Ham. Hear you, sir;
What is the reason that you use me thus?
I loved you ever: But it is no matter;
Let Hercules himself do what he may,
The cat will mew, and dog will have his day.
[*Exit* HAMLET.

King. I pray thee, good Horatio, wait upon him.—
[*Exit* HORATIO.
Strengthen your patience in your last night's speech;
[*To* LAERTES.
We'll put the matter to the present push.—
Good Gertrude, set some watch over your son.—
[*Exeunt* QUEEN *and* LADIES.
This grave shall have a living monument;
An hour of quiet thereby shall we see;
Till then, in patience our proceeding be.
[*Bell tolls.*——*Exeunt* KING, LAERTES, FRIAR, *&c.*

SCENE II.

A Hall in the Palace.

Enter HAMLET *and* HORATIO.

Ham. But I am very sorry, good Horatio,
That to Laertes I forgot myself;
For, by the image of my cause, I see
The portraiture of his.

Hor. Peace; who comes here?

Enter OSRICK.

Osr. Your lordship is right welcome back to Denmark.

Ham. I humbly thank you, sir.—Dost know this water-fly?

Hor. No, my good lord.

Ham. Thy state is the more gracious; for, 'tis a vice to know him.

Osr. Sweet lord, if your lordship were at leisure, I should impart a thing to you from his majesty.

Ham. I will receive it, sir, with all diligence of spirit:—Your bonnet to his right use; 'tis for the head.

Osr. I thank your lordship, 'tis very hot.

Ham. No, believe me, 'tis very cold; the wind is northerly.

Osr. It is indifferent cold, my lord, indeed.

Ham. But yet, methinks, it is very sultry, and hot; or my complexion—

Osr. Exceedingly, my lord, it is very sultry,—as 'twere,—I cannot tell how.——My lord, his majesty bade me signify to you, that he has laid a great wagor on your head: Sir, this is the matter;—

Ham. I beseech you, remember——

[HAMLET, *signs to him to put on his Hat.*

Osr. Nay, good my lord; for my ease, in good faith. —Sir, here is newly come to court, Laertes: believe me, an absolute gentleman, full of most excellent differences, of very soft society, and great showing; indeed, to speak feelingly of him, he is the card or calendar of gentry: for you shall find in him the continent of what part a gentleman would see.

Ham. Sir, his definement suffers no perdition in you:—What imports the nomination of this gentleman?

Osr. Of Laertes?

Ham. Of him, sir.

Osr. You are not ignorant of what excellence Laertes is——

Ham. I dare not confess that, lest I should compare with him in excellence; but to know a man well, were to know himself.

Osr. I mean, sir, for his weapon.

Ham. What is his weapon?

Osr. Rapier and dagger.

Ham. That's two of his weapons:—But, well,—

Osr. The king, sir, hath wager'd with him six Barbary horses: against the which he has impawn'd, as I take it, six French rapiers and poniards, with their assigns, as girdle, hangers, and so: Three of the carriages, in faith, are very dear to fancy, very responsive to the hilts, most delicate carriages, and of very liberal conceit.

Ham. What call you the carriages?

Osr. The carriages, sir, are the hangers.

Ham. The phrase would be more germane to the matter, if we could carry a cannon by our sides.

Osr. The king, sir, hath lay'd, that in a dozen passes between yourself and him, he shall not exceed you three hits; and it would come to immediate trial, if your lordship would vouchsafe the answer.

Ham. How, if I answer, no?

Osr. I mean, my lord, the opposition of your person in trial.

Ham. Sir, it is the breathing time of day with me: let the foils be brought; the gentleman willing, and the king hold his purpose, I will win for him, if I can; if not, I will gain nothing but my shame, and the odd hits.

Osr. Shall I deliver you so?

Ham. To this effect, sir; after what flourish your nature will.

Osr. I commend my duty to your lordship.

[*Exit* OSRICK.

Hor. You will lose this wager, my lord.

Ham. I do not think so; since he went into France, I have been in continual practice; I shall win at the odds. But thou would'st not think how ill all's here about my heart: but it is no matter.

Hor. Nay, good my lord——

Ham. It is but foolery; but it is such a kind of gaingiving, as would, perhaps, trouble a woman.

Hor. If your mind dislike any thing, obey it: I will forestall their repair hither, and say, you are not fit.

Ham. Not a whit, we defy augury; there is a special providence in the fall of a sparrow. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

The Court of Denmark.

Flourish of Trumpets and Drums.

KING *and* QUEEN, *seated,*—LAERTES, OSRICK, MARCELLUS, BERNARDO, FRANCISCO, GENTLEMEN, *and* LADIES, *discovered.*

Enter HAMLET *and* HORATIO.

King. Come, Hamlet, come, and take this hand from me.

Ham. Give me your pardon, sir: I have done you wrong:
But, pardon it, as you are a gentleman.
Let my disclaiming from a purposed evil,

Free me so far in your most generous thoughts,
That I have shot my arrow o'er the house,
And hurt my brother.

Laer. I am satisfied in nature,
Whose motive, in this case, should stir me most
To my revenge:—
I do receive your offer'd love like love,
And will not wrong it.

Ham. I embrace it freely;
And will this brother's wager frankly play.——
Give us the foils.

Laer. Come, one for me.

Ham. I'll be your foil, Laertes; in mine ignorance
Your skill shall, like a star i' the darkest night,
Stick fiery off indeed.

Laer. You mock me, sir.

Ham. No, by this hand.

King. Give them the foils, young Osrick.—
[OSRICK *gives the Foils to* HAMLET *and* LAERTES.
Cousin Hamlet,
You know the wager?

Ham. Very well, my lord:
Your grace hath laid the odds o' the weaker side.

King. I do not fear it; I have seen you both:——
But since he's bettered, we have therefore odds.

Laer. This is too heavy, let me see another.

Ham. This likes me well:—These foils have all a length?

Osr. Ay, my good lord.

King. Set me the stoups of wine upon that table:—
If Hamlet give the first or second hit,
Or quit in answer of the third exchange,
Let all the battlements their ordnance fire;
The king shall drink to Hamlet's better breath:

And in the cup a union shall he throw,
Richer than that which four successive kings
In Denmark's crown have worn · Give me the cups;
And let the kettle to the trumpet speak,
The trumpet to the cannoneer without,
The cannons to the heavens, the heavens to earth,
Now the King drinks to Hamlet. [*He drinks.*

[*Drums and Trumpets sounded,—Cannon shot off within.*

Come, begin;
And you, the judges, bear a wary eye.

Ham. Come on, sir. }
Laer. Come, my lord. } *They play.*

Ham. One.
Laer. No.
Ham. Judgment.
Osr. A hit, a very palpable hit.

[*Drums and Trumpets,—Cannon.*

Laer. Well,—again,—
King. Stay; give me the drink:—Hamlet, this pearl is thine;— [*Puts Poison into the Cup.*
Here's to thy health. [*He pretends to drink.*
Give him the cup. [*Gives the Cup to* FRANCISCO.
Ham. I'll play this bout first; set it by a while.
Come.—[*They play.*] Another hit: What say you?
Laer. A touch, a touch, I do confess.
King. Our son shall win.

[*Talks to* MARCELLUS.

Queen. The queen carouses to thy fortune, Hamlet.
Ham. Good madam—— [*The* QUEEN *drinks.*

[*Drums and Trumpets,—Cannon.*

King. Gertrude, do not drink.
Queen. I have, my lord, I pray you, pardon me.
King. It is the poison'd cup; it is too late.

[*Aside.*

Laer. I'll hit him now;
And yet it is almost against my conscience.
[*Aside.*
Ham. Come, for the third, Laertes:—You do but dally;
I pray you, pass with your best violence;
I am afeard you make a wanton of me.
Laer. Say you so? come on.
[*They play.*—LAERTES *wounds* HAMLET; *then, in scuffling, they change Foils.*
King. Part them, they are incensed.
Ham. Nay, come again.
[HAMLET *wounds* LAERTES, *who falls.*
Queen. O, O, O!—— [*She swoons.*
Osr. Look to the queen there, ho!
Hor. How is it, my lord?
Osr. How is't, Laertes?
Laer. Why, as a woodcock to my own springe, Osrick;
I am justly kill'd with mine own treachery.
Ham. How does the queen?
King. She swoons to see them bleed.
Queen. No, no; the drink, the drink,—O, my dear Hamlet!——
The drink, the drink,—I am poison'd.— [*She dies.*
Ham. O villainy!—Ho! let the door be lock'd:
Treachery! Seek it out.
Laer. It is here, Hamlet: Hamlet, thou art slain;
No medicine in the world can do thee good,
In thee there is not half an hour's life;
The treacherous instrument is in thy hand,
Unbated, and envenom'd: the foul practice
Hath turn'd itself on me: lo, here I lie,
Never to rise again: Thy mother's poison'd:
I can no more;—the King, the King's to blame.
Ham. The point
Envenom'd too! Then, venom to thy work!—

Here, thou incestuous, murd'rous, damned Dane,
Follow my mother.— [*Stabs the* KING, *who dies.*
Laer. He is justly served.—
Exchange forgiveness with me, noble Hamlet:
Mine and my father's death come not upon thee;
Nor thine on me!— [*He dies.*
Ham. Heaven make thee free of it! I follow thee.—
You that look pale and tremble at this chance,
That are but mutes or audience to this act,
Had I but time,—as this fell sergeant, Death,
Is strict in his arrest,—O, I could tell you,——
But let it be:—Horatio, I am dead;
Thou liv'st; report me and my cause aright
To the unsatisfied.
Hor. Never believe't;—
[*Takes the Cup from* FRANCISCO
I am more an antique Roman than a Dane,—
Here's yet some liquor left.
Ham. As thou'rt a man,— [*Snatches the Cup.*
Give me the cup; let go; by Heaven I'll have it.—
O, good Horatio, what a wounded name,
Things standing thus unknown, shall live behind me!
If thou didst ever hold me in thy heart,
Absent thee from felicity a while,
And in this harsh world draw thy breath in pain,
To tell my story.——O, I die, Horatio!—
The potent poison quite o'ergrows my spirit:——
The rest is——silence. [*He dies.*
Hor. Now cracks a noble heart:——Good night,
sweet prince;
And flights of angels sing thee to thy rest!——
Give order, that these bodies
High on a stage be placed to the view;
And let me speak, to the yet unknowing world,
How these things came about.——
Bear Hamlet, like a soldier, to the stage;
For he was likely, had he been put on,

To have proved most royally: and for his passage,
The soldiers' music, and the rites of war,
Speak loudly for him.—
Take up the bodies:—Such a sight as this
Becomes the field, but here shows much amiss.
[*A Dead March.—Exeunt.*

THE END.

EDINBURGH:
Printed by James Ballantyne and Co.

OFTHE
COMBAY
MR ARCH
OFTHE

KING JOHN.

CONSTANCE. HERE I AND SORROW SIT. HERE IS MY THRONE, BID KINGS COME BOW TO IT.

ACT. III. SCENE I.

Painted by Howard. Pub. by Longman & C. 1817. Engraved by C. Heath.

KING JOHN;

A HISTORICAL PLAY,

IN FIVE ACTS;

By WILLIAM SHAKSPEARE.

AS PERFORMED AT THE

THEATRE ROYAL, COVENT GARDEN.

PRINTED UNDER THE AUTHORITY OF THE MANAGERS

FROM THE PROMPT-BOOK.

WITH REMARKS

BY MRS INCHBALD.

LONDON:

PRINTED FOR LONGMAN, HURST, REES, ORME, AND BROWN,
PATERNOSTER-ROW.

EDINBURGH:
Printed by James Ballantyne & Co.

REMARKS.

THIS tragedy is one amongst Shakspeare's dramas, which requires, in representation, such eminent powers of acting, that it is scarcely ever brought upon the stage, but when a theatre has to boast of performers highly gifted in their art.

The part of King John is held most difficult to perform. John is no hero, and yet he is a murderer —his best actions are debased by meanness, deceit, or cowardice, and yet he is a king. Here is then to be pourtrayed, thirst of blood, without thirst of fame; and dignity of person, with a grovelling mind.

Garrick was so little satisfied with his own performance of this character, that, after playing it with cold approbation from the audience, he changed it for the illegitimate Faulconbridge; where nature forced him to oppose the author's meaning by a diminutive person, though art did all its wonders in his favour.

The genius of Kemble gleams terrific through the gloomy John. No auditor can hear him call for his

"Kingdom's rivers to take their course
"Through his burn'd bosom,"

and not feel for that moment parched with a scorching fever.

Yet, in a previous scene with Hubert, by suffering his auditors to get before him, as it were, he fails of perfection in the part. An attentive audience is never dull of comprehension; and, however swiftly an actor proceeds, will follow close: but if permitted to gain ground of him, and penetrate the secret he should disclose, he gives up his prerogative by dallying with the impatient, who dive into impending events, with fatal consequence to all scenic deception.

Though Hubert sinks in importance by not being of the blood royal in this play, his character is illustrious from his virtue. Cooke, in the habit of performing characters far superior, elevates Hubert so much above the level where performers in general place him, that he displays, in this single instance, abating every other, abilities of the very first class.

Constance is the favourite part both of the poet and the audience; and she has been highly fortunate under the protection of the actress. It was the part in which that idol of the public, Mrs Cibber, was most of all adored; and the following lines, uttered by Mrs Siddons in Constance,

"———Here I and sorrow sit:
"This is my throne, bid kings come bow to it,"

seem like a triumphant reference to her own potent skill in the delineation of woe, as well as to the agonizing sufferings of the mother of young Arthur.

Faulconbridge, one of the brightest testimonies of Shakspeare's comic power, is excellent relief to that

part of the tragedy which may be styled more dull than pathetic. Mr C. Kemble personates this child of love, as Shakspeare himself could wish.—If those who remember Garrick in the part complain of C. Kemble's inferior gaiety and spirit, the inferiority is granted. Still, he would be something nearer an equality with this great archetype of actors, could but those critics recall *their* gaiety and spirit, which, in their juvenile days, inspired them with the ardour to admire.

Prince Arthur is of more importance than either manager or actors generally conceive. They seldom care whether a princely or plebeian child is to perform the part; whether from feature, or from voice, Arthur should belie his royal birth, and take away all sympathy in his own and his mother's sufferings.

Though Shakspeare's King John is inferior to many of his plays, yet it contains some poetic passages, and some whole scenes, written with his hand, beyond all power of forgery.

Theobald says, in his commentaries on this drama, "The action of the play begins at the thirty-fourth year of the king's life, and takes in only some transactions of his reign to the time of his demise, being an interval of about seventeen years."

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

JOHN, KING OF ENGLAND	*Mr Kemble.*
PRINCE HENRY	*Mr Menage.*
EARL OF PEMBROKE	*Mr Creswell.*
EARL OF ESSEX	*Mr Chapman.*
EARL OF SALISBURY	*Mr H. Siddons.*
HUBERT	*Mr Cooke.*
FAULCONBRIDGE	*Mr C. Kemble.*
ROBERT FAULCONBRIDGE	*Mr Abbot.*
ENGLISH HERALD	*Mr Klanert.*
JAMES GURNEY	*Mr Curties.*
FIRST EXECUTIONER	*Mr Atkins.*
SECOND EXECUTIONER	*Mr Truman.*

ENGLISH KNIGHTS—*Messrs. L. Bologna, Harley, King, and Lee.*

PHILIP, KING OF FRANCE	*Mr Murray.*
LEWIS, THE DAUPHIN	*Mr Brunton.*
PRINCE ARTHUR	*Mrs Creswell.*
ARCHDUKE OF AUSTRIA	*Mr Cory.*
CARDINAL PANDULPH	*Mr Hull.*
CHATILLON	*Mr Claremont.*
FRENCH HERALD	*Mr Field.*

CITIZENS OF ANGIERS—*Messrs Davenport, Lewiss, and Platt.*

FRENCH KNIGHTS—*Messrs Dick, Powers, Reeves, and Sarjant.*

QUEEN ELINOR	*Mrs St Leger.*
LADY CONSTANCE	*Mrs Siddons.*
BLANCH OF CASTILE	*Miss Waddy.*
LADY FAULCONBRIDGE	*Mrs Humphries.*

SCENE,—Sometimes in England, sometimes in France.

KING JOHN.

ACT THE FIRST.

SCENE I.

England.—The Palace.

Flourish of Drums and Trumpets.

KING JOHN, *upon the Throne,* QUEEN ELINOR, ESSEX, SALISBURY, PEMBROKE, HUBERT, CHATILLON,—*English and French* GENTLEMEN,—*and English* GUARDS, *discovered.*

K. John. Now, say, Chatillon, what would France with us?

Cha. Thus, after greeting, speaks the King of France,
In my behaviour, to the majesty,
The borrow'd majesty, of England here—

Eli. A strange beginning;—borrow'd majesty!

K. John. Silence, good mother;—hear the embassy.

Cha. Philip of France, in right and true behalf
Of thy deceased brother, Geffrey's son,
Arthur Plantagenet, lays most lawful claim
To this fair island and the territories;

To Ireland, Poictiers, Anjou, Touraine, Maine:
Desiring thee to lay aside the sword,
Which sways usurpingly these several titles,
And put the same into young Arthur's hand,
Thy nephew, and right royal sovereign.

K. John. What follows, if we disallow of this?

Cha. The proud control of fierce and bloody war,
To enforce these rights so forcibly withheld.

K. John. Here have we war for war, and blood for blood,
Controlment for controlment; so answer France.

Cha. Then take my king's defiance from my mouth,
The furthest limit of my embassy.

K. John. Bear mine to him; and so depart in peace:
Be thou as lightning in the eyes of France;
For, ere thou canst report I will be there,
The thunder of my cannon shall be heard;
So, hence! Be thou the trumpet of our wrath,
And sullen presage of your own decay.—
An honourable conduct let him have;
Hubert, look to't:—Farewell, Chatillon.

[*Exeunt* CHATILLON, HUBERT, *and the* FRENCH GENTLEMEN.

Eli. What now, my son? have I not ever said,
How that ambitious Constance would not cease,
Till she had kindled France, and all the world,
Upon the right and party of her son?
This might have been prevented and made whole,
With very easy arguments of love;
Which now the manage of two kingdoms must
With fearful bloody issue arbitrate.

Enter ENGLISH HERALD, *who whispers* ESSEX.

K. John. Our strong possession, and our right, for us.

Eli. Your strong possession, much more than your right;
Or else it must go wrong with you, and me.
Ess. My liege, here is the strangest controversy
Come from the country to be judged by you,
That e'er I heard: shall I produce the men?
K. John. Let them approach.—
[*Exit* ENGLISH HERALD.
Our abbeys and our priories shall pay
This expedition's charge.—

Enter ENGLISH HERALD, *with* PHILIP *and* ROBERT FAULCONBRIDGE.

What men are you? [*Exit* ENGLISH HERALD.
Faul. Your faithful subject I, a gentleman,
Born in Northamptonshire; and eldest son,
As I suppose, to Robert Faulconbridge;
A soldier, by the honour-giving hand
Of Cœur-de-lion, knighted in the field.
K. John. What art thou?
Rob. The son and heir to that same Faulconbridge.
K. John. Is that the elder, and art thou the heir?
You came not of one mother then, it seems.
Faul. Most certain of one mother, mighty king,
That is well known; and, as I think, one father:
But, for the certain knowledge of that truth,
I put you o'er to Heaven, and to my mother:
Of that I doubt, as all men's children may.
Eli. Out on thee, rude man! thou dost shame thy mother,
And wound her honour with this diffidence.
Faul. I, madam? no, I have no reason for it;
That is my brother's plea, and none of mine:—
The which if he can prove, 'a pops me out
At least from fair five hundred pound a-year:
Heav'n guard my mother's honour and my land!

K. John. A good blunt fellow.—Why, being younger born,
Doth he lay claim to thine inheritance?
Faul. I know not why, except to get the land.
But once he slander'd me with bastardy:
But whether I be as true begot or no,
That still I lay upon my mother's head;
But that I am as well begot, my liege,
(Fair fall the bones that took the pains for me!)
Compare our faces, and be judge yourself.
If old Sir Robert did beget us both,
And were our father, and this son like him;—
O, old Sir Robert, father, on my knee
I give Heaven thanks, I was not like to thee.
K. John. Why, what a mad-cap hath Heaven lent us here!
Eli. He hath a trick of Cœur-de-lion's face;
The accent of his tongue affecteth him:—
Do you not read some tokens of my son
In the large composition of this man?
K. John. Mine eye hath well examined his parts,
And finds them perfect Richard.—Sirrah, speak,
What doth move you to claim your brother's land?
Rob. My gracious liege, when that my father lived,
Your brother did employ my father much;—
Faul Well, sir, by this you cannot get my land;
Your tale must be how he employ'd my mother.
Rob. And once dispatch'd him in an embassy
To Germany, there, with the emperor,
To treat of high affairs touching that time:
The advantage of his absence took the king,
And in the mean time sojourn'd at my father's;
Where how he did prevail I shame to speak:
But truth is truth, large lengths of seas and shores
Between my father and my mother lay,
(As I have heard my father speak himself,)

When this same lusty gentleman was got.
Upon his death-bed he by will bequeath'd
His lands to me; and took it on his death,
That this, my mother's son, was none of his;
And, if he were, he came into the world
Full fourteen weeks before the course of time:—
Then, good my liege, let me have what is mine,
My father's land, as was my father's will.

K. John. Sirrah, your brother is legitimate;
Your father's wife did after wedlock bear him:
And, if she did play false, the fault was hers;
Which fault lies on the hazards of all husbands
That marry wives.—
Your father's heir must have your father's land.

Rob. Shall then my father's will be of no force
To dispossess that child, which is not his?

Faul. Of no more force to dispossess me, sir,
Than was his will to get me, as I think.

Eli. Whether hadst thou rather be a Faulconbridge,
And, like thy brother, to enjoy thy land,
Or the reputed son of Cœur-de-lion,
Lord of thy presence, and no land beside?

Faul. Madam, and if my brother had my shape,
And I had his, Sir Robert his, like him,
And if my legs were two such riding-rods;
My arms such eel-skins stuff'd; my face so thin;
And, to his shape, were heir to all this land,
Would I might never stir from off this place,
I'd give it every foot to have this face;
I would not be Sir Nob in any case.

Eli. I like thee well:—Wilt thou forsake thy fortune,
Bequeath thy land to him, and follow me?
I am a soldier, and now bound to France.

Faul. Brother, take you my land, I'll take my chance:

Your face hath got five hundred pound a-year;
Yet sell your face for five-pence, and 'tis dear.—
Madam, I'll follow you unto the death.

Eli. Nay, I would have you go before me thither.

Faul. Our country manners give our betters way.

K. John. What is thy name?

Faul. Philip, my liege; so is my name begun;
Philip, good old Sir Robert's wife's eldest son.

K. John. From henceforth bear his name, whose form thou bear'st;
Kneel thou down, Philip, but arise more great;
Arise Sir Richard, and Plantagenet.

Faul. Brother, by my mother's side, give me your hand;
My father gave me honour, yours gave land:—
Now blessed be the hour, by night or day,
When I was got, Sir Robert was away!—
Brother, adieu:—good fortune come to thee,
For thou wast got i' the way of honesty.

K. John. Go, Faulconbridge! now hast thou thy desire,
A landless knight makes thee a landed 'squire.—

[*Exit* ROBERT FAULCONBRIDGE.

Come, madam, and come, Richard: we must speed
For France, for France; for it is more than need.

[*Flourish of Drums and Trumpets.—Exeunt all but* FAULCONBRIDGE.

Faul. A foot of honour better than I was;
But many a many foot of land the worse.
Well, now can I make any Joan a lady:—
"Good den, Sir Richard"—"God-a-mercy, fellow!"
And if his name be George, I'll call him Peter;
For new-made honour doth forget men's names.—
But who comes in such haste?
What woman post is this? hath she no husband
That will take pains to blow a horn before her?
O me, it is my mother.

Enter LADY FAULCONBRIDGE *and* GURNEY.

How now, good lady?
What brings you here to court so hastily?
L. Faul. Where is that slave, thy brother? Where is he,
That holds in chase mine honour up and down?
Faul. My brother Robert? old Sir Robert's son?
Colbrand the giant, that same mighty man?
Is it Sir Robert's son, that you seek so?
L. Faul. Sir Robert's son! Ay, thou unreverend boy,
Sir Robert's son: Why scorn'st thou at Sir Robert?
He is Sir Robert's son, and so art thou.
Faul. James Gurney, wilt thou give us leave a while?
Gur. Good leave, good Philip.
Faul. Philip?—sparrow!—James,
There's toys abroad; anon I'll tell thee more.
[*Exit* GURNEY.
Madam, I was not old Sir Robert's son:
Sir Robert might have eat his part in me
Upon Good Friday, and ne'er broke his fast:
Sir Robert could do well; marry, (to confess,)
Could he get me? Sir Robert could not do it;
We know his handy-work:—Therefore, good mother,
To whom am I beholden for these limbs?
Sir Robert never holp to make this leg.
L. Faul. Hast thou conspired with thy brother too,
That for thine own gain should'st defend mine honour?
What means this scorn, thou most untoward knave?
Faul. Knight, knight, good mother:—Basilisko-like!—
What! I am dubb'd! I have it on my shoulder.—
But, mother, I am not Sir Robert's son;
I have disclaim'd Sir Robert, and my land:

Legitimation, name, and all is gone:
Then, good my mother, let me know my father:
Some proper man, I hope:—Who was it, mother?
L. Faul. Hast thou denied thyself a Faulconbridge?
Faul. As faithfully as I deny the devil.
L. Faul. King Richard Cœur-de-lion was thy father:
By long and vehement suit I was seduced
To make room for him in my husband's bed;
Thou art the issue of my dear offence:
Heaven lay not my transgression to my charge!
Faul. Now, by this light, were I to get again,
Madam, I would not wish a better father.
Some sins do bear their privilege on earth,
And so doth yours; your fault was not your folly!
Needs must you lay your heart at his dispose,
Against whose fury and unmatched force
The awless lion could not wage the fight,
Nor keep his princely heart from Richard's hand.
He, that perforce robs lions of their hearts,
May easily win a woman's. Ah, my mother,
With all my heart I thank thee for my father!
Who lives and dares but say, thou didst not well
When I was got, I'll send his soul to hell.—
Come, lady, I will show thee to my kin;
And they shall say, when Richard me begot,
If thou had'st said him nay, it had been sin:
Who says, it was, he lies; I say, 'twas not.

[*Exeunt.*

ACT THE SECOND.

SCENE I.

France.

The Walls of Angiers.

Flourish of Drums and Trumpets.

Enter PHILIP, *King of France*, LEWIS, *the Dauphin*, ARTHUR, CONSTANCE, *the* ARCHDUKE *of* AUSTRIA, FRENCH HERALD, GENTLEMEN, *a* TRUMPET, *and* GUARDS.

K. Phil. Before Angiers well met, brave Austria.—
Arthur, that great forerunner of thy blood,
Richard that robb'd the lion of his heart,
And fought the holy wars in Palestine,
By this brave duke came early to his grave;
And, for amends to his posterity,
At our importance hither is he come,
To spread his colours, boy, in thy behalf;
And to rebuke the usurpation
Of thy unnatural uncle, English John:
Embrace him, love him, give him welcome hither.

Arth. Heaven shall forgive you Cœur-de-lion's death,
The rather, that you give his offspring life,
Shadowing their right under your wings of war:
I give you welcome with a powerless hand,
But with a heart full of unstained love;
Welcome before the gates of Angiers, duke.

Lew. A noble boy! Who would not do thee right?

Aust. Upon thy cheek lay I this zealous kiss,
As seal to this indenture of my love:
That to my home I will no more return,
Till Angiers, and the right thou hast in France,
Together with that pale, that white-faced shore,
Whose foot spurns back the ocean's roaring tides,
Ev'n till that England, hedged in with the main,
That water-walled bulwark, still secure
And confident from foreign purposes,
Salute thee for her king: till then, fair boy,
Will I not think of home, but follow arms.

Con. O, take his mother's thanks, a widow's thanks,
Till your strong hand shall help to give him strength,
To make a more requital to your love.

Aust. The peace of Heaven is theirs, that lift their swords
In such a just and charitable war.

K. Phil. Well then, to work; our cannon shall be bent
Against the brows of this resisting town.—
We'll lay before this town our royal bones,
But we will make it subject to this boy.

Con. Stay for an answer to your embassy,
Lest unadvised you stain your swords with blood;
My Lord Chatillon may from England bring
That right in peace, which here we urge in war;
And then we shall repent each drop of blood,
That hot rash hate so indirectly shed.

[*A Trumpet sounds.*

K. Phil. A wonder, lady!—lo, upon thy wish,
Our messenger Chatillon is arrived.—

Enter CHATILLON *and* FRENCH GENTLEMEN.

What England says, say briefly, gentle lord;
Chatillon, speak.

Cha. Then turn your forces from this paltry siege,

And stir them up against a mightier task.
England, impatient of your just demands,
Hath put himself in arms: the adverse winds,
Whose leisure I have stay'd, have given him time
To land his legions all as soon as I:
With him along is come the mother queen,
An Até, stirring him to blood and strife;
With her her niece, the Lady Blanch of Spain;
With them a bastard of the king's deceased;
And all the unsettled humours of the land:
In brief, a braver choice of dauntless spirits,
Than now the English bottoms have waft o'er,
Did never float upon the swelling tide,
To do offence and scathe in Christendom.—

[*A March at a distance.*

The interruption of their churlish drums
Cuts off more circumstance: they are at hand,
To parley, or to fight; therefore, prepare.

K. Phil. How much unlook'd for is this expedition!

A March.

Enter KING JOHN, FAULCONBRIDGE, ELINOR, SALISBURY, BLANCH, PEMBROKE, ESSEX, HUBERT, ENGLISH HERALD, GENTLEMEN, *a* TRUMPET, *and* GUARDS.

K. John. Peace be to France; if France in peace permit
Our just and lineal entrance to our own!
If not, bleed France, and peace ascend to heaven!

K. Phil. Peace be to England; if that war return
From France to England, there to live in peace!—
Look here upon thy brother Geffrey's face;
These eyes, these brows, were moulded out of his:
That Geffrey was thy elder brother born,
And this his son; England was Geffrey's right,
And this is Geffrey's: In the name of Heaven,
How comes it then, that thou art call'd a king,

When living blood doth in these temples beat,
Which owe the crown that thou o'er-masterest?
K. John. From whom hast thou this great commission, France,
To draw my answer from thy articles?
K. Phil. From that supernal Judge, that stirs good thoughts
In any breast of strong authority,
To look into the blots and stains of right:
That Judge hath made me guardian to this boy;
Under whose warrant, I impeach thy wrong.
K. John. Alack, thou dost usurp authority.
K. Phil. Excuse: it is to beat usurping down.
Eli. Who is it, thou dost call usurper, France?
Con. Let me make answer; thy usurping son.
Arth. Good my mother, peace!
I would, that I were low laid in my grave:
I am not worth this coil, that's made for me.
Eli. His mother shames him so, poor boy, he weeps.
Con. His grandam's wrongs, and not his mother's shames,
Draw those Heaven-moving pearls from his poor eyes,
Which Heaven shall take in nature of a fee;
Ay, with these crystal beads Heaven shall be bribed
To do him justice, and revenge on you.
Eli. Thou monstrous slanderer of Heaven and earth!
Aust. Peace!
Faul. Hear the crier.
Aust. What the devil art thou?
Faul. One that will play the devil, sir, with you,
An a 'may catch your hide and you alone.
You are the hare of whom the proverb goes,
Whose valour plucks dead lions by the beard;
I'll smoke your skin-coat, an I catch you right;
Sirrah, look to't; i'faith, I will, i'faith.
K. Phil. King John, this is the very sum of all,—

England and Ireland, Anjou, Touraine, Maine,
In right of Arthur do I claim of thee:
Wilt thou resign them, and lay down thy arms?
K. John. My life as soon:—I do defy thee, France.
Arthur of Bretagne, yield thee to my hand;
And, out of my dear love, I'll give thee more
Than e'er the coward hand of France can win.
K. Phil. Some trumpet summon hither to the walls
These men of Angiers; let us hear them speak,
Whose title they admit, Arthur's or John's.
[*The French Trumpet sounds a Parley.*

Enter CITIZENS *upon the Walls.*

Cit. Who is it, that hath warn'd us to the walls?
K. Phil. 'Tis France, for England.
K. John. England, for itself;
You men of Angiers, and my loving subjects,—
K. Phil. You loving men of Angiers, Arthur's subjects,
Our trumpet call'd you to this gentle parle.
K. John. For your advantage;—therefore, hear us first.—
These flags of France, that are advanced here
Before the eye and prospect of your town,
Have hither march'd to your endamagement:
All preparation for a bloody siege,
And merciless proceeding by these French,
Confront your city's eyes, your winking gates;
But on the sight of us your lawful king,
Behold, the French, amazed, vouchsafe a parle:
And now, instead of bullets wrapp'd in fire,
To make a shaking fever in your walls,
They shoot but calm words, folded up in smoke,
To make a faithless error in your ears;
Which trust accordingly, kind citizens,

And let us in, your king, whose labour'd spirits,
Forwearied in this action of swift speed,
Crave harbourage within your city walls.
K. Phil. When I have said, make answer to us both.
Lo, in this right hand,
Stands young Plantagenet:
Son to the elder brother of this man,
And king o'er him, and all that he enjoys:
For this down-trodden equity, we tread
In warlike march these greens before your town;
Being no further enemy to you,
Than the constraint of hospitable zeal,
In the relief of this oppressed child,
Religiously provokes.
Then tell us, shall your city call us lord,
In that behalf which we have challenged it?
Or shall we give the signal to our rage,
And stalk in blood to our possession?
Cit. In brief, we are the King of England's subjects;
For him, and in his right, we hold this town.
K. John. Acknowledge then the king, and let me in.
Cit. That can we not: but he that proves the king,
To him will we prove loyal; till that time,
Have we ramm'd up our gates against the world.
K. John. Doth not the crown of England prove the king?
And, if not that, I bring you witnesses,
Twice fifteen thousand hearts of England's breed,—
Faul. Bastards, and else.
K. John. To verify our title with their lives.
K. Phil. As many, and as well-born bloods as those,—
Faul. Some bastards too.
K. Phil. Stand in his face, to contradict his claim.

Cit. Till you compound whose right is worthiest,
We, for the worthiest, hold the right from both.
K. John. Then Heaven forgive the sin of all those souls,
That to their everlasting residence,
Before the dew of evening fall, shall fleet,
In dreadful trial of our kingdom's King!
K. Phil. Amen, amen!—Mount, chevaliers! to arms!
[*Flourish of Drums and Trumpets.—Exeunt all but* AUSTRIA *and* FAULCONBRIDGE.
Faul. Saint George, that swinged the dragon, and e'er since
Sits on his horseback, at mine hostess' door,
Teach us some fence!—Sirrah, were I at home,
At your den, sirrah, with your lioness,
I'd set an ox-head to your lion's hide,
And make a monster of you.
Aust. Peace; no more.
Faul. O, tremble; for you hear the lion roar.
[*Exeunt* AUSTRIA *and* FAULCONBRIDGE.

Alarums.

Enter FRENCH HERALD *with a Trumpet, who sounds a Parley.*

F. Her. You men of Angiers, open wide your gates,
And let young Arthur, Duke of Bretagne, in;
Who, by the hand of France, this day hath made
Much work for tears in many an English mother,
Whose sons lie scatter'd on the bleeding ground;
While victory, with little loss, doth play
Upon the dancing banners of the French;
Who are at hand, triumphantly display'd,
To enter conquerors, and to proclaim,
Arthur of Bretagne, England's king and yours.

Enter ENGLISH HERALD *with a Trumpet, who sounds a Parley.*

E. Her. Rejoice, you men of Angiers, ring your bells;
King John, your king and England's, doth approach,
Commander of this hot malicious day!
Our colours do return in those same hands
That did display them when we first march'd forth;
And, like a jolly troop of huntsmen, come
Our lusty English all with purpled hands,
Dyed in the dying slaughter of their foes:
Open your gates, and give the victors way.

Cit. Heralds, from off our towers we might behold,
From first to last, the onset and retire
Of both your armies; whose equality
By our best eyes cannot be censured;
Blood hath bought blood, and blows have answer'd blows:
One must prove greatest; while they weigh so even,
We hold our town for neither; yet for both.

A Charge.

Enter the two KINGS, *with their Powers, as before.*

K. John. France, hast thou yet more blood to cast away?
Say, shall the current of our right run on?

K. Phil. England, thou hast not saved one drop of blood,
In this hot trial, more than we of France:
Rather lost more. And by this hand I swear,
That sways the earth this climate overlooks,
Before we will lay down our just-borne arms,
We'll put thee down, 'gainst whom these arms bear,
Or add a royal number to the dead.

Faul. Ha, majesty! how high thy glory towers,
When the rich blood of kings is set on fire!
Why stand these royal fronts amazed thus?

Cry, havock, kings! back to the stained field,
You equal potents, fiery kindled spirits!
Then let confusion of one part confirm
The other's peace; till then, blows, blood, and death!

K. John. Whose party do the townsmen yet admit?

K. Phil. Speak, citizens, for England; who's your king?

Cit. The King of England, when we know the king.

K. Phil. Know him in us, that here hold up his right.

K. John. In us, that are our own great deputy;
Lord of our presence, Angiers, and of you.

Cit. A greater power than we, denies all this;
And, till it be undoubted, we do lock
Our former scruple in our strong-barr'd gates.

Faul. By Heaven, these scroyles of Angiers flout you, Kings;
Your royal presences be ruled by me:
Be friends a while, and both conjointly bend
Your sharpest deeds of malice on this town:
By east and west let France and England mount
Their battering cannon, charged to the mouths;
Till their soul-fearing clamours have brawl'd down
The flinty ribs of this contemptuous city:
That done, dissever your united strengths,
And part your mingled colours once again;
Turn face to face, and bloody point to point:
Then, in a moment, fortune shall cull forth
Out of one side her happy minion;
To whom in favour she shall give the day,
And kiss him with a glorious victory.
How like you this wild counsel, mighty states?
Smacks it not something of the policy?

K. John. Now, by the sky that hangs above our heads,
I like it well;—France, shall we knit our powers,
And lay this Angiers even with the ground;
Then, after, fight who shall be king of it?

K. Phil. Let it be so:—Say, where will you assault?

K. John. We from the west will send destruction
Into this city's bosom.

Aust. I from the north.

K. Phil. Our thunders from the south
Shall rain their drift of bullets on this town.

Faul. O prudent discipline! from north to south
Austria and France shoot in each other's mouth:—
I'll stir them to it:—Come, away, away!

Cit. Hear us, great kings: Vouchsafe a while to stay,
And I shall show you peace, and fair-faced league;
Win you this city without stroke, or wound.
Persevere not, but hear me, mighty kings.

K. John. Speak on, with favour; we are bent to hear.

Cit. That daughter there of Spain, the Lady Blanch,
Is near to England: Look upon the years
Of Lewis the Dauphin, and that lovely maid.
O, two such silver currents, when they join,
Do glorify the banks that bound them in:
Two such controlling bounds shall you be, kings,
To these two princes, if you marry them.
This union shall do more than battery can,
To our fast-closed gates:
Without this match,
The sea enraged is not half so deaf,
Lions more confident, mountains and rocks
More free from motion; no, not death himself
In mortal fury half so peremptory,
As we to keep this city.

Faul. Here's a stay,
That shakes the rotten carcase of old death
Out of his rags! Here's a large mouth, indeed,
That spits forth death, and mountains, rocks, and seas;
Talks as familiarly of roaring lions,

As maids of thirteen do of puppy-dogs!
What cannoneer begot this lusty blood?
Zounds! I was never so bethump'd with words
Since I first call'd my brother's father, dad.
Cit. Why answer not the double majesties
This friendly treaty of our threaten'd town?
K. Phil. What say'st thou, boy? look in the lady's face.
Lew. I do, my lord; and in her eye I find
A wonder, or a wondrous miracle,
The shadow of myself,
Drawn in the flattering table of her eye.
[KING JOHN, KING PHILIP, LEWIS *and* BLANCH, *talk apart.*
Faul. Drawn in the flattering table of her eye!
Hang'd in the frowning wrinkle of her brow!
And quarter'd in her heart!—he doth espy
Himself love's traitor: This is pity now,
That hang'd, and drawn, and quarter'd, there should be,
In such a love, so vile a lout as he.
K. John. What say these young ones? What say you, my niece?
Blan. That she is bound in honour still to do
What you in wisdom still vouchsafe to say.
K. John. Speak then, Prince Dauphin; can you love this lady?
Lew. Nay, ask me if I can refrain from love;
For I do love her most unfeignedly.
K. John. Philip of France, if thou be pleased withal,
Command thy son and daughter to join hands.
K. Phil. It likes us well;—Young Princes, close your hands.
Now, Citizens of Angiers, ope your gates,
Let in that amity which you have made.—
[*Exeunt* CITIZENS.
Is not the Lady Constance in this troop?

Lew. She is sad and passionate, at your highness' tent.
K. Phil. Brother of England, how may we content
This widow lady?
[*The* CITIZENS *open the Gates, and enter, to present the Keys of the Town.*
K. John. We will heal up all:
For we'll create young Arthur Duke of Bretagne,
And Earl of Richmond; and this rich fair town
We make him lord of.—Call the Lady Constance,
Some speedy messenger; bid her repair
To our solemnity.— [*Exit* SALISBURY.
Go we, as well as haste will suffer us,
To this unlook'd-for, unprepared pomp.
[*Flourish of Drums and Trumpets.—Exeunt all but* FAULCONBRIDGE.
Faul. Mad world! mad kings! mad composition!
John, to stop Arthur's title in the whole,
Hath willingly departed with a part:
And France, (whose armour conscience buckled on,
Whom zeal and charity brought to the field,
As Heaven's own soldier,) rounded in the ear
With that same purpose-changer, that sly devil,
That smooth-faced gentleman, tickling commodity—
This bawd, this broker, this all-changing word,
Clapp'd on the outward eye of fickle France,
Hath drawn him from his own determined aid,
From a resolved and honourable war,
To a most base and vile-concluded peace.—
And why rail I on this commodity?
But for because he hath not woo'd me yet:
Not that I have the power to clutch my hand,
When his fair angels would salute my palm;
But for my hand, as unattempted yet,
Like a poor beggar, raileth on the rich.
Well, whiles I am a beggar, I will rail,
And say,—there is no sin, but to be rich;
And being rich, my virtue then shall be,

To say,—there is no vice, but beggary;
Since kings break faith upon commodity,
Gain, be my lord: for I will worship thee. [*Exit.*

ACT THE THIRD.

SCENE I.

France.

The FRENCH KING'S *Tent.*

Enter ARTHUR, CONSTANCE, *and* SALISBURY.

Con. Gone to be married! gone to swear a peace!
False blood to false blood join'd! Gone to be friends!
Shall Lewis have Blanch? and Blanch those provinces?
It is not so; thou hast mis-spoke, mis-heard;
I have a King's oath to the contrary—
Why dost thou look so sadly on my son?
Why holds thine eye that lamentable rheum,
Like a proud river peering o'er his bounds?
Be these sad signs confirmers of thy words?
Then speak again; not all thy former tale,
But this one word, whether thy tale be true?

Sal. As true, as, I believe, you think them false,
That gave you cause to prove my saying true.

Con. O, if thou teach me to believe this sorrow,
Teach thou this sorrow how to make me die.
Lewis marry Blanch! O, boy, then where art thou?
France friend with England! what becomes of me?—
Fellow, be gone; I cannot brook thy sight.

Arth. I do beseech you, madam, be content.

Con. If thou, that bid'st me be content, wert grim,
Ugly,
Patch'd with foul moles, and eye-offending marks,
I would not care, I then would be content:
But thou art fair; and at thy birth,—dear boy!
Nature and fortune join'd to make thee great:
Of nature's gifts thou may'st with lilies boast,
And with the half-blown rose: but Fortune, O!
She is corrupted, changed, and won from thee;
She adulterates hourly with thine uncle John;
And with her golden hand hath pluck'd on France
To tread down fair respect of sovereignty.
Tell me, thou fellow, is not France forsworn?
Envenom him with words; or get thee gone,
And leave those woes alone, which I alone
Am bound to underbear.

Sal. Pardon me, madam,
I may not go without you to the Kings.

Con. Thou may'st, thou shalt, I will not go with thee:
I will instruct my sorrows to be proud;
For grief is proud, and makes his owner stout.
To me, and to the state of my great grief,
Let kings assemble; for my grief's so great,
That no supporter but the huge firm earth
Can hold it up; here I and sorrow sit.
Here is my throne, bid kings come bow to it.

[*Throws herself on the Ground.*

Flourish of Trumpets and Drums.

Enter KING JOHN, KING PHILIP, LEWIS, BLANCH AUSTRIA, ELINOR, FAULCONBRIDGE, CHATILLON, PEMBROKE, ESSEX, HUBERT, ENGLISH HERALD, FRENCH HERALD, ENGLISH *and* FRENCH GENTLEMEN, *and* GUARDS.

K. Phil. 'Tis true, fair daughter; and this blessed day
Ever in France shall be kept festival;

The yearly course, that brings this day about,
Shall never see it but a holiday.
Con. [*Rising.*] A wicked day, and not a holy day!—
What hath this day deserved? what hath it done,
That it in golden letters should be set,
Among the high tides, in the kalendar?
Nay, rather, turn this day out of the week;
This day of shame, oppression, perjury:
This day all things begun come to ill end;
Yea, faith itself to hollow falsehood change!
K. Phil. By Heaven, lady, you shall have no cause
To curse the fair proceedings of this day:
Have I not pawn'd to you my majesty?
Con. You have beguiled me with a counterfeit,
Resembling majesty; which, being touch'd, and try'd,
Proves valueless: You are forsworn, forsworn;
You came in arms to spill mine enemies' blood,
But now in arms you strengthen it with yours:
The grappling vigour and rough frown of war
Is cold in amity and painted peace,
And our oppression hath made up this league:—
Arm, arm, you Heavens, against these perjured kings!
A widow cries; be husband to me, Heavens!
Let not the hours of this ungodly day
Wear out the day in peace; but, ere sunset,
Set armed discord 'twixt these perjured kings!
Hear me, O, hear me!
Aust. Lady Constance, peace.
Con. War! war! no peace! peace is to me a war.
O Lymoges! O Austria! thou dost shame
That bloody spoil: Thou slave, thou wretch, thou coward:
Thou little valiant, great in villainy!
Thou ever strong upon the stronger side!

Thou Fortune's champion, that dost never fight,
But when her humorous ladyship is by
To teach thee safety!
Thou cold-blooded slave,
Hast thou not spoke like thunder on my side?
Been sworn my soldier? bidding me depend
Upon thy stars, thy fortune, and thy strength?
And dost thou now fall over to my foes?
Thou wear a lion's hide! doff it for shame,
And hang a calf's-skin on those recreant limbs.

Aust. O, that a man should speak those words to me!

Faul. And hand a calf's-skin on those recreant limbs.

Aust. Thou darest not say so, villain, for thy life.

Faul. And hang a calf's-skin on those recreant limbs.

K. John. We like not this; thou dost forget thyself.

A Trumpet sounds.

Enter CARDINAL PANDULPH, *attended.*

K. Phil. Here comes the holy Legate of the Pope.

Pan. Hail, you anointed deputies of Heaven!—
To thee, King John, my holy errand is.
I Pandulph, of fair Milan Cardinal,
And from Pope Innocent the Legate here,
Do, in his name, religiously demand,
Why thou against the church, our holy mother,
So wilfully dost spurn; and, force per force,
Keep Stephen Langton, chosen Archbishop
Of Canterbury, from that holy see?
This, in our foresaid holy father's name,
Pope Innocent, I do demand of thee.

K. John. What earthly name to interrogatories

Can task the free breath of a sacred king?
Thou canst not, cardinal, devise a name
So slight, unworthy, and ridiculous,
To charge me to an answer, as the Pope.
Tell him this tale; and, from the mouth of England,
Add thus much more;—That no Italian priest
Shall tithe or toll in our dominions;
But as we, under Heaven, are supreme head,
So, under him, that great supremacy,
Where we do reign, we will alone uphold,
Without the assistance of a mortal hand:
So tell the Pope; all reverence set apart
To him and his usurp'd authority.

K. Phil. Brother of England, you blaspheme in this.

K. John. Though you, and all the kings of Christendom,
Are led so grossly by this meddling priest,
Dreading the curse that money may buy out;
And, by the merit of vile gold, dross, dust,
Purchase corrupted pardon of a man,
Who, in that sale, sells pardon from himself;
Though you, and all the rest, so grossly led,
This juggling witchcraft with revenue cherish;
Yet I, alone, alone do me oppose
Against the Pope, and count his friends my foes.

Pan. Then, by the lawful power that I have,
Thou shalt stand cursed and excommunicate:
And blessed shall he be, that doth revolt
From his allegiance to a heretic;
And meritorious shall that hand be call'd,
That takes away by any secret course
Thy hateful life.

Con. O, lawful let it be,
That I have leave with Rome to curse awhile!
Good father cardinal, cry thou, amen,
To my keen curses: for, without my wrong,
There is no tongue hath power to curse him right.

Pan. Philip of France, on peril of a curse,

Let go the hand of that arch-heretic;
And raise the power of France upon his head,
Unless he do submit himself to Rome.
Aust. King Philip, listen to the cardinal.
Faul. And hang a calf's-skin on his recreant limbs.
Aust. Well, ruffian, I must pocket up these wrongs,
Because—
Faul Your breeches best may carry them.
K. John. Philip, what say'st thou to the cardinal?
Con. What should he say, but as the cardinal?
K. Phil. Good reverend father, make my person yours,
And tell me how you would bestow yourself.
This royal hand and mine are newly knit:
And shall these hands, so lately purged of blood,
Unyoke this seizure, and this kind regret?
My reverend father, let it not be so:
Out of your grace, devise, ordain, impose
Some gentle order; and then we shall be bless'd
To do your pleasure, and continue friends.
Pan. All form is formless, order orderless,
Save what is opposite to England's love.
Therefore, to arms! be champion of our church!
Or let the church, our mother, breathe her curse,
A mother's curse, on her revolting son.
France, thou may'st hold a serpent by the tongue,
A fasting tyger safer by the tooth,
Than keep in peace that hand which thou dost hold.
K. Phil. I may disjoin my hand, but not my faith.
Pan. So mak'st thou faith an enemy to faith;
O, let thy vow
First made to Heaven, first be to Heaven perform'd;
That is, to be the champion of our church!
If not, then know,
The peril of our curses light on thee,

So heavy, as thou shalt not shake them off,
But, in despair, die under their black weight.
Aust. Rebellion, flat rebellion!
Faul. Will't not be?
Will not a calf's-skin stop that mouth of thine?
Lew. Father, to arms!
Blan. Upon my wedding-day?
Against the blood that thou hast married?
What! shall our feast be kept with slaughter'd men?
O husband, hear me;—even for that name,
Which till this time my tongue did ne'er pronounce,
Upon my knee I beg, go not to arms
Against mine uncle.
Con. O, upon my knee,
Made hard with kneeling, I do pray to thee,
Thou virtuous dauphin, alter not the doom
Forethought by Heaven.
Blan. Now shall I see thy love: What motive may
Be stronger with thee than the name of wife?
Con. That which upholdeth him, that thee upholds,
His honour: O, thine honour, Lewis, thine honour!
Lew. I muse your majesty doth seem so cold,
When such profound respects do pull you on.
Pan. I will denounce a curse upon his head.
K. Phil. Thou shalt not need:—England, I'll fall from thee.
Con. O fair return of banish'd majesty!
K. John. France, thou shalt rue this hour within this hour.
Cousin, go draw your puissance together,—
[*Exit* FAULCONBRIDGE.
France, I am burn'd up with inflaming wrath;
A rage, whose heat hath this condition,
That nothing can allay, nothing but blood,
The blood, and dearest-valued blood of France.
K. Phil. Look to thyself, thou art in jeopardy.
K. John. No more than he that threats.—To arms let's hie! [*A Charge.—Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

France.

A Field of Battle.

Alarums.

Enter FAULCONBRIDGE.

Faul. Now, by my life, this day grows wondrous hot;
Some airy devil hovers in the sky,
And pours down mischief. [*A Charge.*

Enter AUSTRIA; FAULCONBRIDGE *and* AUSTRIA *engage;* FAULCONBRIDGE *drives* AUSTRIA *off the Stage; and presently re-enters with the Lion's skin in his Hand.*

Faul. Austria's head lie there,
While Philip breathes. [*A Charge.*

Enter KING JOHN, ARTHUR, ENGLISH GENTLEMEN, *and* HUBERT.

K. John. Hubert, keep this boy; [*Exeunt* HUBERT *and* ARTHUR.
Philip, make up;
My mother is assailed in our tent,
And ta'en, I fear.

Faul. My lord, I rescued her;
Her highness is in safety, fear you not;
But on, my liege; for very little pains
Will bring this labour to an happy end.
[*A Charge.—Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

France.

Another Part of the Field.

A Retreat sounded.

Enter KING JOHN, ARTHUR, ELINOR, FAULCONBRIDGE, PEMBROKE, ESSEX, SALISBURY, HUBERT, ENGLISH GENTLEMEN, ENGLISH HERALD, *and* GUARDS.

K. John. So shall it be; your grace shall stay behind, [*To* ELINOR.
So strongly guarded.—Cousin, look not sad: [*To* ARTHUR.
Thy grandam loves thee; and thy uncle will
As dear be to thee as thy father was.

Arth. O, this will make my mother die with grief.

K. John. Cousin, away for England; haste before: [*To* FAULCONBRIDGE.
And, ere our coming, see thou shake the bags
Of hoarding abbots; imprison'd angels
Set at liberty: the fat ribs of peace
Must by the hungry now be fed upon:
Use our commission in his utmost force.

Faul. Bell, book, and candle shall not drive me back,
When gold and silver becks me to come on.
I leave your highness:—Grandam, I will pray,
If ever I remember to be holy,
For your faith safety; so I kiss your hand.

Eli. Farewell, gentle cousin.

K. John. Coz, farewell.

[*Exit* FAULCONBRIDGE.

Eli. Come hither, little kinsman; hark, a word.
[*Taking* ARTHUR *aside.*

K. John. Come hither, Hubert.—O my gentle Hubert,
We owe thee much; within this wall of flesh
There is a soul counts thee her creditor,
And with advantage means to pay thy love:
And, my good friend, thy voluntary oath
Lives in this bosom, dearly cherished.
Give me thy hand. I had a thing to say,—
But I will fit it with some better time.
By Heaven, Hubert, I am almost ashamed
To say what good respect I have of thee.

Hub. I am much bounden to your majesty.

K. John. Good friend, thou hast no cause to say so yet:
But thou shalt have; and creep time ne'er so slow,
Yet it shall come, for me to do thee good.
I had a thing to say,—But let it go;
The sun is in the Heaven: and the proud day,
Attended with the pleasures of the world,
Is all too wanton, and too full of gauds,
To give me audience:—If the midnight bell
Did, with his iron tongue and brazen mouth,
Sound one unto the drowsy race of night;
If this same were a churchyard where we stand,
And thou possessed with a thousand wrongs;
Or if that surly spirit, Melancholy,
Had baked thy blood, and made it heavy, thick;
Which, else, runs tickling up and down the veins,
Making that idiot, Laughter, keep men's eyes,
And strain their cheeks to idle merriment,
A passion hateful to my purposes;—
Or if that thou could'st see me without eyes,
Hear me without thine ears, and make reply
Without a tongue, using conceit alone,
Without eyes, ears, and harmful sound of words;
Then, in despite of brooded watchful day,

I would into thy bosom pour my thoughts:
But, ah! I will not: Yet I love thee well;
And, by my troth, I think, thou lov'st me well.
Hub. So well, that what you bid me undertake
Though that my death were adjunct to my act,
By Heav'n I'd do't.
K. John. Do not I know thou wouldst?—
Good Hubert, Hubert, Hubert, throw thine eye
On yon young boy: I'll tell thee what, my friend,
He is a very serpent in my way;
And, wheresoe'er this foot of mine doth tread,
He lies before me. Dost thou understand me?
Thou art his keeper.
Hub. And I'll keep him so,
That he shall not offend your majesty.
K. John. Death.
Hub. My lord?
K. John. A grave.
Hub. He shall not live.
K. John. Enough.—
I could be merry now.—Hubert, I love thee;—
Well, I'll not say what I intend for thee.—
Remember.—Madam, fare you well:
I'll send those pow'rs o'er to your majesty.
Eli. My blessing go with thee!
[*Exeunt* ELINOR *and* ENGLISH GENTLEMEN.
K. John. For England, cousin, go:
Hubert shall be your man, attend on you
With all true duty.—On, towards Calais, ho!—
Hubert, remember.—
[*Flourish of Drums and Trumpets.—Exeunt* KING JOHN, HUBERT, ARTHUR, *the* LORDS, GENTLEMEN, HERALD, *and* GUARDS.

SCENE IV.

France.

The French Court.

Enter LEWIS, KING PHILIP, *and* PANDULPH.

K. Phil. So, by a roaring tempest in the flood,
A whole armado of convicted sail
Is scatter'd, and disjoin'd from fellowship.
Pan. Courage and comfort! all shall yet go well.
K. Phil. What can go well, when we have run so ill?
Are we not beaten? Is not Angiers lost?
Arthur ta'en prisoner?
And bloody England into England gone,
O'erbearing interruption?—
Look, who comes here! a grave unto a soul;
Holding the eternal spirit against her will,
In the vile prison of afflicted breath:

Enter CONSTANCE.

I pr'ythee, lady, go away with me.
Con. Lo, now, now see the issue of your peace!
K. Phil. Patience, good lady! Comfort, gentle Constance!
Con. No, I defy all counsel, all redress,
But that which ends all counsel, true redress,
Death, death:—O, amiable, lovely death:
Come, grin on me; and I will think thou smil'st,
And buss thee as thy wife! Misery's love,
O, come to me!
K. Phil. O fair affliction, peace.
Con. No, no, I will not, having breath to cry:—

O, that my tongue were in the thunder's mouth,
Then with a passion would I shake the world;
And rouse from sleep that fell anatomy,
Which cannot hear a lady's feeble voice,
Which scorns a modern invocation.

Pan. Lady, you utter madness, and not sorrow.

Con. Thou art not holy to belie me so;
I am not mad: this hair I tear is mine;
My name is Constance; I was Geffrey's wife;
Young Arthur is my son, and he is lost;
I am not mad;—I would to Heaven I were!
For then, 'tis like, I should forget myself:
O, if I could, what grief should I forget!—

K. Phil. Bind up those tresses.

Con. To England, if you will.

K. Phil. Bind up your hairs.

Con. O, father cardinal, I have heard you say,
That we shall see and know our friends in heaven:
If that be true, I shall see my boy again;
For since the birth of Cain, the first male child,
To him that did but yesterday suspire,
There was not such a gracious creature born.
But now will canker sorrow eat his bud,
And chase the native beauty from his cheek,
And he will look as hollow as a ghost;
As dim and meagre as an ague's fit:
And so he'll die; and, rising so again,
When I shall meet him in the court of heaven,
I shall not know him: therefore never, never
Must I behold my pretty Arthur more.

Pan. You hold too heinous a respect of grief.

Con. He talks to me, that never had a son.

K. Phil. You are as fond of grief as of your child.

Con. Grief fills the room up of my absent child,
Lies in his bed, walks up and down with me;
Puts on his pretty looks, repeats his words,
Remembers me of all his gracious parts,
Stuffs out his vacant garments with his form;

Then, have I reason to be fond of grief.
Fare you well: had you such a loss as I,
I could give better comfort than you do.—
I will not keep this form upon my head,
When there is such disorder in my wit.
O lord! my boy, my Arthur, my fair son!
My life, my joy, my food, my all the world!
My widow-comfort, and my sorrow's cure!
[*Exit* CONSTANCE.

K. Phil. I fear some outrage, and I'll follow her.
[*Exit* KING PHILIP.

Lew. There's nothing in this world can make me joy:
Life is as tedious as a twice-told tale,
Vexing the dull ear of a drowsy man;
And bitter shame hath spoil'd the sweet world's taste,
That it yields naught, but shame and bitterness.

Pan. Before the curing of a strong disease,
Even in the instant of repair and health,
The fit is strongest; evils that take leave,
On their departure, most of all show evil:
What have you lost by losing of this day?

Lew. All days of glory, joy, and happiness.

Pan. If you had won it, certainly you had.
John hath seized Arthur; and it cannot be,
That, whiles warm life plays in that infant's veins,
The misplaced John should entertain an hour,
One minute, nay, one quiet breath of rest:
That John may stand, then Arthur needs must fall.

Lew. But what shall I gain by young Arthur's fall?

Pan. You, in the right of Lady Blanch your wife,
May then make all the claim that Arthur did.

Lew. May be, he will not touch young Arthur's life,
But hold himself safe in his prisonment.

Pan. O, sir, when he shall hear of your approach,
If that young Arthur be not gone already,
Even at that news he dies: and then the hearts

Of all his people shall revolt from him.
Go with me to the King: 'Tis wonderful,
What may be wrought out of their discontent.
Lew. Strong reasons make strong actions: Let us go;
If you say, Ay, the King will not say, No.
[*Exeunt the* CARDINAL *and* LEWIS.

ACT THE FOURTH.

SCENE I.

England.

A Room in a Castle.

Enter HUBERT, *with Irons in his Hand, and Two* EXECUTIONERS.

Hub. Heat me these irons hot; and look thou stand
Within the arras: when I strike my foot
Upon the bosom of the ground, rush forth,
And bind the boy, which you shall find with me:—
Be heedful:—hence, and watch.
Exec. I hope, your warrant will bear out the deed.
Hub. Uncleanly scruples! Fear not you:—look to't.— [*Exeunt* EXECUTIONERS.
Young lad, come forth; I have to say with you.

Enter ARTHUR.

Arth. Good morrow, Hubert.
Hub. Good morrow, little Prince.
Arth. As little prince (having so great a title
To be more prince,) as may be.—You are sad.
Hub. Indeed, I have been merrier.
Arth. Mercy on me!
Methinks, nobody should be sad but I:
Yet, I remember, when I was in France,
Young gentlemen would be as sad as night,
Only for wantonness. By my christendom,
So I were out of prison, and kept sheep,
I should be as merry as the day is long:
And so I would be here, but that I doubt
My uncle practises more harm to me:
He is afraid of me, and I of him:
Is it my fault, that I was Geffrey's son?
No, indeed, is't not: And I would to Heaven,
I were your son, so you would love me, Hubert.
Hub. If I talk to him, with his innocent prate
He will awake my mercy, which lies dead:
Therefore I will be sudden, and despatch.
Arth. Are you sick, Hubert? you look pale to-day:
In sooth, I would you were a little sick:
That I might sit all night, and watch with you:
I warrant, I love you more than you do me.
Hub. His words do take possession of my bosom.—
Read here, young Arthur.— [*Gives him a Warrant.*
How now, foolish rheum!—
I must be brief, lest resolution drop
Out at mine eyes, in tender womanish tears.—
Can you not read it? is it not fair writ?
Arth. Too fairly, Hubert, for so foul effect:
Must you with hot irons burn out both mine eyes?
Hub. Young boy, I must.
Arth. And will you?
Hub. And I will.

Arth. Have you the heart? When your head did but ache,
I knit my handkerchief about your brows,
(The best I had, a princess wrought it me,)
And I did never ask it you again:
And with my hand at midnight held your head;
And, like the watchful minutes to the hour,
Still and anon cheer'd up the heavy time,
Saying, What lack you? and, Where lies your grief?
Or, What good love may I perform for you?
Many a poor man's son would have lain still,
And ne'er have spoke a loving word to you;
But you at your sick service had a prince.
Nay, you may think my love was crafty love,
And call it cunning: Do, and if you will:
If Heaven be pleased that you must use me ill,
Why then you must.—Will you put out mine eyes?
These eyes, that never did, nor never shall,
So much as frown on you?

Hub. I have sworn to do it;
And with hot irons must I burn them out.

Arth. And if an angel should have come to me,
And told me Hubert should put out mine eyes,
I would not have believed him: no tongue, but Hubert's.

Hub. Come forth.—

[HUBERT *stamps, and the* EXECUTIONERS *enter with the Irons and Cords.*

Do as I bid you.

Arth. O, save me, Hubert, save me! my eyes are out,
Even with the fierce looks of these bloody men.

Hub. Give me the iron, I say, and bind him here.

Arth. Alas, what need you be so boist'rous rough?
I will not struggle, I will stand stone-still.
For Heaven's sake, Hubert, let me not be bound!
Nay, hear me, Hubert drive these men away,
And I will sit as quiet as a lamb:

I will not stir, nor wince, nor speak a word,
Nor look upon the iron angerly:
Thrust but these men away, and I'll forgive you,
Whatever torment you do put me to.

Hub. Go, stand within; let me alone with him.

Exec. I am best pleased to be from such a deed.

[*Exeunt* EXECUTIONERS.

Arth. Alas! I then have chid away my friend!
He hath a stern look, but a gentle heart:—
Let him come back, that his compassion may
Give life to yours.

Hub. Come, boy, prepare yourself.

Arth. Is there no remedy?

Hub. None, but to lose your eyes.

Arth. O Heaven!—that there were but a mote in yours,
A grain, a dust, a gnat, a wand'ring hair,
Any annoyance in that precious sense!
Then, feeling what small things are boist'rous there,
Your vile intent must needs seem horrible.

Hub. Is this your promise? Go to, hold your tongue.

Arth. Let me not hold my tongue: let me not, Hubert!
Or, Hubert, if you will, cut out my tongue,
So I may keep mine eyes; O spare mine eyes;
Though to no use, but still to look on you!—
Lo, by my troth, the instrument is cold,
And would not harm me.

Hub. I can heat it, boy.

Arth. No, in good sooth; the fire is dead with grief;
The breath of Heaven hath blown his spirit out,
And strew'd repentant ashes on his head.

Hub. But with my breath I can revive it, boy.

Arth. And if you do, you will but make it blush,
And glow with shame of your proceedings, Hubert.

Hub. I will not touch thine eyes,

For all the treasure that thine uncle owes.
Arth. O, now you look like Hubert! all this while
You were disguised.
Hub. Peace; no more;
Your uncle must not know but you are dead.—
I'll fill these dogged spies with false reports:
And, pretty child, sleep doubtless, and secure
That Hubert, for the wealth of all the world,
Will not offend thee.
Arth. O Heaven!—I thank you, Hubert.
Hub. Silence: no more. Go closely in with me;
Much danger do I undergo for thee. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

England.

The Palace.

Flourish of Drums and Trumpets.

KING JOHN *upon his Throne*, ESSEX, PEMBROKE, SALISBURY, *and* ENGLISH GENTLEMEN, *discovered.*

K. John. Here once again we sit, once again crown'd,
And look'd upon, I hope, with cheerful eyes. . . .
Pem. This once again, but that your highness pleased,
Was once superfluous: you were crown'd before,
And that high royalty was ne'er pluck'd off;
The faiths of men ne'er stained with revolt;
Fresh expectation troubled not the land
With any long'd-for change, or better state.
Sal. Therefore, to be possess'd with double pomp,

To guard a title that was rich before,
To gild refined gold, to paint the lily,
To throw a perfume on the violet,
Is wasteful and ridiculous excess.

K. John. Some reasons of this double coronation
I have possess'd you with, and think them strong;—
Meantime, but ask
What you would have reform'd, that is not well;
And well shall you perceive, how willingly
I will both hear, and grant you, your requests.

Sal. Then I, as one that am the tongue of these,
Request
The enfranchisement of Arthur; whose restraint
Doth move the murmuring lips of discontent.
That the time's enemies may not have this
To grace occasions, let it be our suit,
That you have bid us ask his liberty.

K. John. Let it be so; I do commit his youth
To your direction.—

Enter HUBERT.

Hubert, what news with you?

Pem. This is the man should do the bloody deed.
The image of a wicked heinous fault
Lives in his eye; that close aspect of his
Does show the mood of a much-troubled breast.

Sal. The colour of the king doth come and go,
Between his purpose and his conscience.

K. John. We cannot hold mortality's strong hand.
[*Exit* HUBERT.
Good lords, although my will to give is living,
The suit which you demand is gone and dead:
He tells us Arthur is deceased to-night.

Ess. Indeed, we fear'd his sickness was past cure.

Pem. Indeed, we heard how near his death he was,
Before the child himself felt he was sick:
This must be answer'd, either here, or hence.

K. John. Why do you bend such solemn brows on me?

Think you, I bear the shears of destiny?
Have I commandment on the pulse of life!
Sal. It is apparent foul play; and 'tis shame,
That greatness should so grossly offer it:
So thrive it in your game! and so, farewell.
[*Exeunt* ESSEX, PEMBROKE, *and* SALISBURY.
K. John. They burn in indignation:—I repent:
There is no sure foundation set on blood,
No certain life achieved by others' death.—
[*Exeunt* KING JOHN *and* ENGLISH GENTLEMEN.

SCENE III.

England.

A Room in the Palace.

Enter KING JOHN, *meeting the* ENGLISH HERALD.

K. John. A fearful eye thou hast! Where is that blood,
That I have seen inhabit in those cheeks?—
How goes all in France?
E. Her. From France to England.—Never such a power,
For any foreign preparation,
Was levied in the body of a land!
The copy of your speed is learn'd by them,
For, when you should be told they do prepare,
The tidings come, that they are all arrived.
K. John. O, where hath our intelligence been drunk?
Where hath it slept? Where is my mother's care,
That such an army could be drawn in France,
And she not hear of it?
E. Her. My liege, her ear

Is stopp'd with dust; the first of April, died
Your noble mother; And, as I hear, my lord,
The lady Constance in a frenzy died
Three days before.
K. John. What, mother! dead?
How wildly then walks my estate in France!
Under whose conduct came those powers of France,
That thou for truth giv'st out are landed here?
E. Her. Under the dauphin.
K. John. Thou hast made me giddy
With these ill-tidings.—

Enter FAULCONBRIDGE.

Now, what says the world
To your proceedings? Do not seek to stuff
My head with more ill news: for it is full.
Faul. But, if you be afeard to hear the worst,
Then let the worst, unheard, fall on your head.
[*Going.*
K. John. Bear with me, cousin; for I was amazed
Under the tide; but now I breathe again
Aloft the flood, and can give audience
To any tongue, speak it of what it will.
Faul. How I have sped among the clergymen,
The sums I have collected shall express.
But, as I travell'd hither through the land,
I find the people strangely fantasied,
Possess'd with rumours, full of idle dreams,
Not knowing what they fear, but full of fear.
K. John. O, my gentle cousin,
Hear'st thou the news abroad, who are arrived?
Faul. The French, my lord; men's mouths are full of it;
Besides, I met Lord Essex and Lord Salisbury,
With eyes as red as new-enkindled fire,
And others more, going to seek the grave
Of Arthur, who, they say, is kill'd to-night
On your suggestion.
K. John. Gentle kinsman, go,

And thrust thyself into their companies:
I have a way to win their loves again.
Bring them before me.

Faul. I will seek them out.

K. John. Nay, but make haste; the better foot before.—
O, let me have no subjects enemies,
When adverse foreigners affright my towns
With dreadful pomp of stout invasion!
Be Mercury, set feathers to thy heels,
And fly, like thought, from them to me again.

Faul. The spirit of the time shall teach me speed.
[*Exit* FAULCONBRIDGE.

K. John. Go after him; for he, perhaps, shall need
Some messenger betwixt me and the peers;
And be thou he. [*Exit the* ENGLISH HERALD.

K. John. My mother dead!—

Enter HUBERT.

Hub. My lord, they say, five moons were seen tonight;
Four fix'd; and the fifth did whirl about
The other four, in wondrous motion.

K. John. Five moons?

Hub. Old men, and beldams, in the streets
Do prophesy upon it dangerously:
Young Arthur's death is common in their mouths:
And when they talk of him, they shake their heads,
And whisper one another in the ear;
And he, that speaks, doth gripe the hearer's wrist;
Whilst he that hears makes fearful action,
With wrinkled brows, with nods, with rolling eyes.
I saw a smith stand with his hammer, thus,
The whilst his iron did on the anvil cool,
With open mouth swallowing a tailor's news;
Who, with his shears and measure in his hand,
Told of a many thousand warlike French,
That were embattled and rank'd in Kent:

Another lean unwash'd artificer
Cuts off his tale, and talks of Arthur's death.
K. John. Why seek'st thou to possess me with these fears?
Why urgest thou so oft young Arthur's death?
Thy hand hath murder'd him: I had a mighty cause
To wish him dead, but thou hadst none to kill him.
Hub. Had none, my lord! why, did you not provoke me?
K. John. It is the curse of kings, to be attended
By slaves, that take their humours for a warrant
To break within the bloody house of life;
And, on the winking of authority,
To understand a law; to know the meaning
Of dangerous majesty, when, perchance, it frowns
More upon humour, than advised respect.
Hub. Here is your hand and seal for what I did.
K. John. O, when the last account 'twixt Heaven and earth
Is to be made, then shall this hand and seal
Witness against us to damnation!—
How oft the sight of means to do ill deeds
Makes deeds ill done! Hadst not thou been by,
A fellow by the hand of nature mark'd,
Quoted, and sign'd, to do a deed of shame,
This murder had not come into my mind:
But, taking note of thy abhorr'd aspect,
Finding thee fit for bloody villainy,
I faintly broke with thee of Arthur's death;
And thou, to be endeared to a king,
Mad'st it no conscience to destroy a prince.
Hub. My lord,—
K. John. Hadst thou but shook thy head, or made a pause,
When I spake darkly what I purposed;
Or turn'd an eye of doubt upon my face,
And bid me tell my tale in express words;
Deep shame had struck me dumb, made me break off,

And those thy fears might have wrought fears in me
But thou didst understand me by my signs,
And didst in signs again parley with sin;
Yea, without stop, didst let thy heart consent,
And, consequently, thy rude hand to act
The deed, which both our tongues held vile to name—
Out of my sight, and never see me more!
My nobles leave me; and my state is braved,
Even at my gates, with ranks of foreign powers;
Nay, in the body of this fleshly land,
This kingdom, this confine of blood and breath,
Hostility and civil tumult reign
Between my conscience and my cousin's death.

Hub. Arm you against your other enemies,
I'll make a peace between your soul and you.
This hand of mine
Is yet a maiden and an innocent hand,
Not painted with the crimson spots of blood.
Within this bosom never enter'd yet
The dreadful motion of a murd'rous thought,
And you have slander'd nature in my form;
Which, howsoever rude exteriorly,
Is yet the cover of a fairer mind
Than to be butcher of an innocent child.
Young Arthur is alive.

K. John. Doth Arthur live? O, haste thee to the peers,
Throw this report on their incensed rage,
And make them tame to their obedience!
Forgive the comment that my passion made
Upon thy feature; for my rage was blind,
And foul imaginary eyes of blood
Presented thee more hideous than thou art.—
O, answer not, but to my closet bring
The angry lords with all expedient haste.

[*Exeunt* KING JOHN *and* HUBERT.

SCENE IV.

England.

The Gates of a Castle.

Enter ARTHUR *on the Walls of the Castle.*

Arth. The wall is high: and yet will I leap down:
Good ground, be pitiful, and hurt me not;
I am afraid; and yet I'll venture it.
If I get down, and do not break my limbs,
I'll find a thousand shifts to get away:
As good to die, and go, as die, and stay.
[*Leaps down.*
O me! my uncle's spirit is in these stones:—
Heaven take my soul, and England keep my bones!
[*Dies.*

Enter SALISBURY, *with Letters,* PEMBROKE, *and* ESSEX.

Sal. Lords, I will meet him at St Edmund's Bury;
It is our safety, and we must embrace
This gentle offer of the perilous time.
Pem. Who brought that letter from the cardinal?
Sal. Count Chatillon, a noble lord of France;
Whose private with me, of the dauphin's love,
Is much more general than these lines import.
Ess. To-morrow morning let us meet him then.

Enter FAULCONBRIDGE.

Faul. Once more to-day well met, distemper'd lords!
The king by me requests your presence straight.
Sal. The king hath dispossess'd himself of us;
We'll not attend the foot,

That leaves the print of blood where'er it walks:
Return, and tell him so; we know the worst.
Faul. Whate'er you think, good words, I think, were best.
Ess. Our griefs, and not our manners, reason now.
Faul. But there is little reason in your grief;
Therefore, 'twere reason you had manners now.
Pem. Sir, sir, impatience hath his privilege.
Faul, 'Tis true; to hurt his master, no man else.
Sal. This is the prison:—What is he lies here?
[*Seeing* ARTHUR.
Pem. O death, made proud with pure and princely beauty!
The earth had not a hole to hide this deed.
Sal. Murder, as hating what himself hath done,
Doth lay it open, to urge on revenge.
Ess. Or, when he doom'd this beauty to a grave,
Found it too precious-princely for a grave.
Sal. Sir Richard, what think you? Have you beheld,
Or have you read or heard,—or could you think,—
Or do you almost think, although you see,
That you do see?—This is the bloodiest shame,
The wildest savagery, the vilest stroke,
That ever wall-eyed wrath, or staring rage,
Presented to the tears of soft remorse.
Faul. It is a damned and a bloody work;
The graceless action of a heavy hand,
If that it be the work of any hand.
Sal. If that it be the work of any hand?—
We had a kind of light, what would ensue:
It is the shameful work of Hubert's hand;
The practice, and the purpose, of the king:—
From whose obedience I forbid my soul,
Kneeling before this ruin of sweet life,
And breathing to this breathless excellence
The incense of a vow, a holy vow,
Never to taste the pleasures of the world,

Never to be infected with delight,
Nor conversant with ease and idleness,
Till I have set a glory to this head,
By giving it the worship of revenge.
Pem. Our souls religiously confirm thy words.

Enter HUBERT.

Hub. Lords, I am hot with haste in seeking you:
Arthur doth live; the king hath sent for you.
Sal. Avaunt, thou hateful villain, get thee gone!
Hub. I am no villain.
Sal. Must I rob the law? [*Draws his Sword.*
Faul. Your sword is bright, sir; put it up again.
Sal. Not till I sheathe it in a murderer's skin.
Hub. [*Draws.*] Stand back, Lord Salisbury, stand back, I say;
By Heaven, I think my sword as sharp as yours:
I would not have you, lord, forget yourself,
Nor tempt the danger of my true defence;
Lest I, by marking of your rage, forget
Your worth, your greatness, and nobility.
Sal. Out, dunghill! dar'st thou brave a nobleman?
Hub. Not for my life: but yet I dare defend
My innocent life against an emperor.
Sal. Thou art a murderer.
Hub. Do not prove me so;
Yet I am none:—Whose tongue soe'er speaks false,
Not truly speaks; who speaks not truly, lies.
Pem. Cut him to pieces.
[PEMBROKE *and* ESSEX *draw.*
Faul. Keep the peace, I say.
Sal. Stand by; or I shall gall you, Faulconbridge.
Faul. Thou wert better gall the devil, Salisbury:—
If thou but frown on me, or stir thy foot,
Or teach thy hasty spleen to do me shame,
I'll strike thee dead. Put up thy sword betime;
Or I'll so maul you and your toasting iron
That you shall think the devil is come from hell.

Sal. What wilt thou do, renowned Faulconbridge?
Second a villain, and a murderer?
Hub. Lord Salisbury, I am none.
Sal. Who kill'd this prince?
Hub. 'Tis not an hour since I left him well:
I honour'd him, I loved him, and will weep
My date of life out, for his sweet life's loss.
Sal. Trust not those cunning waters of his eyes,
For villainy is not without such rheum.
Away, with me, all you whose souls abhor
The uncleanly savours of a slaughter-house;
For I am stifled with this smell of sin.
[*Exit* SALISBURY.
Ess. Away, toward Bury, to the Dauphin there!
[*Exit* ESSEX.
Pem. There, tell the king, he may enquire us out.
[*Exit* PEMBROKE.
Faul. Here's a good world!—Knew you of this fair work?
Beyond the infinite and boundless reach
Of mercy, if thou didst this deed of death,
Art thou damn'd, Hubert.
Hub. Do but hear me, sir:
Upon my soul,—
Faul. If thou didst but consent
To this most cruel act, do but despair,
And, if thou want'st a cord, the smallest thread
That ever spider twisted from her womb
Will serve to strangle thee; a rush will be
A beam to hang thee on: or, would'st thou drown thyself,
Put but a little water in a spoon,
And it shall be as all the ocean,
Enough to stifle such a villain up.—
I do suspect thee very grievously.
Hub. If I in act, consent, or sin of thought,
Be guilty of the stealing that sweet breath,
Which was embounded in this beauteous clay,

Let hell want pains enough to torture me!—
I left him well.

Faul. Go, bear him in thine arms.—
I am amazed, methinks; and lose my way
Among the thorns and dangers of this world.—
Now powers from home, and discontents at home,
Meet in one line; and vast confusion waits,
As doth a raven on a sick-fallen beast,
The imminent decay of wrested pomp.
Now happy he, whose cloak and cincture can
Hold out this tempest.—Bear away that child,
And follow me with speed; I'll to the king:
A thousand businesses are brief in hand,
And Heaven itself doth frown upon the land.

[*Exeunt* FAULCONBRIDGE *and* HUBERT, *bearing* ARTHUR *in his arms.*

ACT THE FIFTH.

SCENE I.

England.

The Palace.

Flourish of Drums and Trumpets.

KING JOHN, PANDULPH, *his* ATTENDANTS, ENGLISH GENTLEMEN, *and* HERALD, *discovered.*

K. John. Thus have I yielded up into your hand
The circle of my glory.

Pan. Take again, [*Gives* KING JOHN *the Crown.*
From this my hand, as holding of the pope,
Your sovereign greatness and authority.
K. John. Now keep your holy word; go meet the French;
And from his holiness use all your power
To stop their marches.
Pan. It was my breath that blew this tempest up,
Upon your stubborn usage of the pope;
But since you are a gentle convertite,
My tongue shall hush again this storm of war,
And make fair weather in your blustering land.
[*Exit* PANDULPH, *with his* ATTENDANTS.

Enter FAULCONBRIDGE.

Faul. All Kent hath yielded; nothing there holds out,
But Dover Castle: London hath received,
Like a kind host, the Dauphin and his powers:
Your nobles will not hear you, but are gone
To offer service to your enemy;
And wild amazement hurries up and down
The little number of your doubtful friends.
K. John. Would not my lords return to me again,
After they heard young Arthur was alive?
Faul. They found him dead, and cast into the streets,
An empty casket, where the jewel of life
By some damn'd hand was robb'd and ta'en away.
K. John. That villain Hubert told me he did live.
Faul. So, on my soul, he did, for aught he knew.
But wherefore do you droop? why look you sad?
Be great in act, as you have been in thought;
Let not the world see fear, and sad distrust,
Govern the motion of a kingly eye:
Be stirring as the time; be fire with fire;
Threaten the threat'ner, and out-face the brow
Of bragging horror; so shall inferior eyes,

That borrow their behaviours from the great,
Grow great by your example, and put on
The dauntless spirit of resolution.
Away: and glister like the god of war,
When he intendeth to become the field;
Show boldness, and aspiring confidence.
What, shall they seek the lion in his den,
And fright him there, and make him tremble there?
O, let it not be said!—Forage, and run
To meet displeasure further from the doors;
And grapple with him, ere he come so nigh.

K. John. The Legate of the Pope hath been with me,
And I have made a happy peace with him;
And he hath promised to dismiss the powers
Led by the Dauphin,

Faul. O, inglorious league!
Shall we, upon the footing of our land,
Send fair-play orders, and make compromise,
Insinuation, parley, and base truce,
To arms invasive? shall a beardless boy,
A cocker'd silken wanton, brave our fields,
And flesh his spirit in a warlike soil,
Mocking the air with colours idly spread,
And find no check? Let us, my liege, to arms;
Sweep off these base invaders from the land:
And, above all, exterminate those slaves,
Those British slaves, whose prostituted souls,
Under French banners, move in vile rebellion,
Against their king, their country, and their God.

K. John. Have thou the ordering of the present time.

Faul. Away then, with good courage; yet, I know,
Our party may well meet a prouder foe. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

England.

The DAUPHIN'S *Camp at St Edmund's Bury.*

Enter LEWIS, CHATILLON, *a Parchment in his Hand,* PEMBROKE, SALISBURY, ESSEX, FRENCH HERALD, *and* GUARDS.

Lew. Let this be copied out, Chatillon,
And keep it safe for our remembrance:
Return the precedent to these lords again;
That, having our fair order written down,
Both they, and we, perusing o'er these notes,
May know wherefore we took the sacrament,
And keep our faiths firm and inviolable.

Sal. Upon our sides it never shall be broken.

Lew. Look, where the holy legate comes apace,
To give us warrant from the hand of Heaven;
And on our actions set the name of right,
With holy breath.

Enter CARDINAL PANDULPH, *attended.*

Pan. Hail, noble Prince of France!
The next is this,—King John hath reconciled
Himself to Rome; his spirit is come in,
That so stood out against the holy church,
The great metropolis and see of Rome;
Therefore thy threat'ning colours now wind up,
And tame the savage spirit of wild war;
That, like a lion foster'd up at hand,
It may lie gently at the foot of peace,
And be no further harmful than in show.

Lew. Your grace shall pardon me, I will not back
I am too high-born to be property'd:

Your breath first kindled the dead coal of wars,
And brought in matter that should feed this fire;
And now 'tis far too huge to be blown out
With that same weak wind which enkindled it.
You taught me how to know the face of right,
Acquainted me with interest to this land,
Yea, thrust this enterprise into my heart:
And come you now to tell me, John hath made
His peace with Rome? What is that peace to me?
I, by the honour of my marriage-bed,
After young Arthur, claim this land for mine;
And, now it is half-conquer'd, must I back,
Because that John hath made his peace with Rome?
Am I Rome's slave?
No, on my soul, it never shall be said.
[*Trumpet sounds.*
What lusty trumpet thus doth summon us?

Enter FAULCONBRIDGE *and* ENGLISH GENTLEMEN.

Faul. According to the fair-play of the world,
Let me have audience: I am sent to speak:—
My holy lord of Milan, from the king
I come, to learn how you have dealt for him;
And, as you answer, I do know the scope
And warrant limited unto my tongue.

Pan. The Dauphin is too wilful-opposite,
And will not temporize with my entreaties;
He flatly says, he'll not lay down his arms.

Faul. By all the blood that ever fury breathed,
The youth says well:—Now hear our English king:—
For thus his royalty doth speak in me;—
He is prepared, and reason too he should,
To whip this dwarfish war, these pigmy arms,
From out the circle of his territories.
Shall that victorious hand be feebled here,
That in your chambers gave you chastisement?
No: know, the gallant monarch is in arms;
And, like an eagle o'er his aiery towers,

To souse annoyance that comes near his nest.—
And you degen'rate, you ingrate revolts,
You bloody Neros, ripping up the womb
Of your dear mother England, blush for shame!
Lew. We grant, thou canst out-scold us; fare thee well;
We hold our time too precious to be spent
With such a brabbler.
Pan. Give me leave to speak.
Faul. No, I will speak.
Lew. We will attend to neither:
Strike up the drums; and let the tongue of war
Plead for our interest, and our being here.
Faul. Indeed, your drums, being beaten, will cry out;
And so shall you, being beaten: Do but start
An echo with the clamour of thy drum,
And even at hand a drum is ready braced,
That shall reverberate as loud as thine:
Sound but another, and another shall,
As loud as thine, rattle the welkin's ear,
And mock the deep-mouth'd thunder:—for at hand,
Not trusting to this halting Legate here,
Whom he hath used rather for sport than need,
Is warlike John; and in his forehead sits
A bare-ribb'd death, whose office is, this day
To feast upon whole thousands of the French.
Lew. Strike up our drums, to find this danger out.
Faul. And thou shalt find it, Dauphin, do not doubt.
[*Flourish of Drums and Trumpets.—Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

England.

A Field of Battle.

Drums and Trumpets, Shouts, &c.

Enter HUBERT, KING JOHN, ENGLISH GENTLEMEN, *and* GUARDS.

K. John. How goes the day with us? O tell me, Hubert.

Hub. Badly, I fear: How fares your majesty?

K. John. This fever, that hath troubled me so long, Lies heavy on me:—O, my heart is sick!

Enter ENGLISH HERALD.

E. Her. My lord, your valiant kinsman, Faulconbridge,
Desires your majesty to leave the field,
And send him word by me which way you go.

K. John. Tell him toward Swinstead, to the abbey there.

E. Her. Be of good comfort: for the great supply
That was expected by the Dauphin here,
Are wreck'd three nights ago on Goodwin sands.
This news was brought to Richard but even now:
The French fight coldly, and retire themselves.

[*Exit* ENGLISH HERALD.

K. John. Ah me! this tyrant fever burns me up,
And will not let me welcome this good news.—
Set on toward Swinstead: to my litter straight;
Weakness possesseth me, and I am faint.

[*Drums, Trumpets, &c.—Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.

England.

The French Camp.

Alarums.

SALISBURY, PEMBROKE, *and* ESSEX.

Ess. I did not think the king so stored with friends.
Pem. Up once again; put spirit in the French;
If they miscarry, we miscarry too.
Sal. That misbegotten devil, Faulconbridge,
In spite of spite, alone upholds the day.
Pem. They say, King John, sore sick, hath left the field.

Enter CHATILLON *wounded, and led by Two* FRENCH GENTLEMEN.

Cha. Lead me to the revolts of England here.
Sal. When we were happy, we had other names.
Pem. It is Chatillon.
Sal. Wounded to death.
Cha. Fly, noble English! you are bought and sold;
Unthread the rude eye of rebellion,
And welcome home again discarded faith.
Seek out King John, and fall before his feet;
For, if the French be lords of this loud day,
He means to recompense the pains you take,
By cutting off your heads.
Sal. May this be possible? may this be true?
Cha. Have I not hideous death within my view?
What in the world should make me now deceive,
Since I must lose the use of all deceit?

I say again, if Lewis do win the day,
He is forsworn, if e'er those eyes of yours
Behold another day break in the east;
But even this night,
Even this ill night, your breathing shall expire.—
Commend me to one Hubert, with your king:
The love of him,—and this respect besides,
For that my grandsire was an Englishman,—
Awakes my conscience to confess all this.
In lieu whereof, I pray you, bear me hence
From forth the noise and rumour of the field,
Where I may think the remnant of my thoughts
In peace, and part this body and my soul
With contemplation and devout desires.

Sal. We do believe thee,—And beshrew my soul,
But I do love the favour and the form
Of this most fair occasion, by the which
We will untread the steps of damned flight;
And, like a bated and retired flood,
Stoop low within those bounds we have o'erlook'd,
And calmly run on in obedience,
Even to our ocean, to our great King John.—
My arm shall give thee help to bear thee hence;
For I do see the cruel pangs of death
Right in thine eye.—Away, my friends!

[*Drums and Trumpets, &c.—Exeunt leading off* CHATILLON.

SCENE V.

England.

A different Part of the French Camp.

A Retreat sounded.

Enter LEWIS, FRENCH GENTLEMEN, *and* GUARDS.

Lew. The sun of Heaven, methought, was loth to set;

But stay'd, and made the western welkin blush,
When the English measured backward their own ground,
In faint retire: O, bravely came we off,
When with a volley of our needless shot,
After such bloody toil, we bade good night;
And wound our tatter'd colours clearly up,
Last in the field, and almost lords of it!—

Enter FRENCH HERALD.

F. Her. Where is my prince the Dauphin?
Lew. Here:—What news?
F. Her. Chatillon is slain; the English lords,
By his persuasion, are again fallen off;
And your supply, which you have wish'd so long,
Are cast away, and sunk, on Goodwin sands.
Lew. Ah, foul shrewd news!—Beshrew thy very heart!
I did not think to be so sad to-night
As this hath made me.—Who was he, that said,
King John did fly, an hour or two before
The stumbling night did part our weary powers?
F. Her. Whoever spoke it, it is true, my lord.
Lew. Well; keep good quarter, and good care to-night:
The day shall not be up so soon as I,
To try the fair adventure of to-morrow.
[*Drums, Trumpets, &c.—Exeunt.*

[Sings.] *He is dead and gone, lady,*
He is dead and gone;
At his head a grass-green turf,
At his heels a stone.

Enter KING.

Queen. Nay, but, Ophelia,——
Oph. Pray you, mark.

[Sings.] *White his shroud as the mountain-snow*
Larded all with sweet flowers;
Which bewept to the grave did go
With true-love showers.

King. How do you, pretty lady?
Oph. Well, Heaven 'ield you! They say, the owl was a baker's daughter. We know what we are, but know not what we may be.
King. Conceit upon her father.
Oph. 'Pray let's have no words of this; but when they ask you what it means, say this;

[Sings.] *Good morrow, 'tis Saint Valentine's day,*
All in the morning betime,
And I a maid at your window,
To be your Valentine.

King. Pretty Ophelia!
Oph. Indeed, without an oath, I'll make an end on't.

[Sings.] *Then up he rose, and donn'd his clothes,*
And dupped the chamber-door;
Let in the maid, that out a maid
Never departed more.

King. How long hath she been thus?
Oph. I hope all will be well. We must be patient; but I cannot chuse but weep, to think, they

should lay him i' the cold ground: My brother shall know of it, and so I thank you for your good counsel. Come, my coach! Good night, ladies; good night, sweet ladies; good night, good night. [*Exit* OPHELIA.

King. Follow her close; give her good watch, I pray you. [*Exit* HORATIO.

O! this is the poison of deep grief; it springs
All from her father's death. [*A noise without.*

Enter MARCELLUS.

What is the matter?

Mar. Save yourself, my lord:
The young Laertes, in riotous head,
O'erbears your officers; the rabble call him, lord;
They cry, *Chuse we, Laertes shall be king!*
Caps, hands, and tongues, applaud it to the clouds,
Laertes shall be king, Laertes king! [*A noise without.*

Laer. [*Without.*] Where is this king?—Sirs, stand you all without.—

Enter LAERTES.

O thou vile king,
Give me my father. [*Exit* MARCELLUS.

Queen. Calmly, good Laertes.

Laer. That drop of blood, that's calm, proclaims me bastard;
Cries, cuckold, to my father; brands the harlot
Even here, between the chaste unsmirched brow
Of my true mother.

King. What is the cause, Laertes,
That thy rebellion looks so giant-like?—
Let him go, Gertrude; do not fear our person;
There's such divinity doth hedge a king,
That treason can but peep to what it would.
Let him go, Gertrude.

Laer. Where's my father?

King. Dead.

K. John. Poison'd,—ill fare;—dead, forsook, cast off:
And none of you will bid the winter come,
To thrust his icy fingers in my maw;
Nor let my kingdom's rivers take their course
Through my burn'd bosom; nor entreat the north
To make his bleak winds kiss my parched lips,
And comfort me with cold.

P. Hen. O, that there were some virtue in my tears,
That might relieve you!

K. John. The salt in them is hot.—
Within me is a hell; and there the poison
Is as a fiend, confined to tyrannize
On unreprievable condemned blood.

Enter FAULCONBRIDGE *and* HUBERT.

Faul. O, I am scalded with my violent motion,
And spleen of speed to see your majesty.

K. John. O cousin, thou art come to set mine eye:
The tackle of my heart is crack'd and burn'd;
And all the shrouds, wherewith my life should sail,
Are turned to one thread, one little hair:
My heart hath one poor string to stay it by,
Which holds but till thy news be uttered;
And then all this thou seest is but a clod,
And module of confounded royalty.

Faul. The Dauphin is preparing hitherward;
Where, Heaven he knows, how we shall answer him:
For, in a night, the best part of my power,
As I upon advantage did remove,
Were in the washes, all unwarily,
Devoured by the unexpected flood.

[*The* KING *dies.*

Pem. You breathe these dead news in as dead an ear.—
My liege! my lord!—But now a king,—now thus!

Faul. Art thou gone so? I do but stay behind,
To do the office for thee of revenge,

And then my soul shall wait on thee to heaven,
As it on earth hath been thy servant still.
Ess. At Worcester must his body be interr'd;
For so he will'd it.
Faul. Thither shall it then.
And happily may you, sweet prince, put on
The lineal state and glory of the land!
To whom, with all submission, on my knee,
I do bequeath my faithful services
And true subjection everlastingly.
Sal. And the like tender of our love we make,
To rest without a spot for evermore. [*All kneel.*
P. Hen. I have a kind soul, that would give you thanks,
And knows not how to do it but with tears.
Faul. O, let us pay the time but needful woe,
Since it hath been beforehand with our griefs.—
This England never did, nor never shall,
Lie at the proud foot of a conqueror,
But when it first did help to wound itself.
Now these her princes are come home again,
Come the three corners of the world in arms,
And we shall shock them: Nought shall make us rue,
If England to itself do rest but true.

[*Exeunt omnes.*

THE END.

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RICHARD III.

GHOST OF KING HENRY . . . AWAKE RICHARD. AWAKE!
ACT V. SCENE VI.

Painted by Howard. Published by Longman & C.º March 1st 1816. Engraved by C. Heath.

KING RICHARD III.

A TRAGEDY,

IN FIVE ACTS;

By WILLIAM SHAKSPEARE.

AS PERFORMED AT THE THEATRES ROYAL,

DRURY LANE AND COVENT GARDEN.

PRINTED UNDER THE AUTHORITY OF THE MANAGERS

FROM THE PROMPT BOOK.

WITH REMARKS

By Mrs INCHBALD.

LONDON:

PRINTED FOR LONGMAN, HURST, REES, ORME, AND BROWN, PATERNOSTER-ROW.

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EDINBURGH:
Printed by James Ballantyne & Co.

REMARKS.

SHAKSPEARE'S historical plays are particularly valuable, wherein faithful history is combined with transcendant poetry.

The present play comprises every incident of note in the life and death of King Richard the Third, and contains a period of fourteen years.

Mr Malone says of this drama—"From the many allusions to it in books of that age, when it was first acted, and the number of editions it passed through, I suspect it was more often represented, and more admired, than any of our author's tragedies."

Queen Elizabeth, who seems to have been a judge of theatrical, as well as of political, measures, highly admired the tragedy of Richard III., and it was played frequently by her royal command.

Her majesty was ever most gracious to the author and all his productions; but it is by some critics imagined that her partiality to this drama arose from the particular gratification of beholding her grandfather, Richmond, placed in the most exalted and amiable situation in which Henry the Seventh could ever be shown.

In the reign of William and Mary, the whole first

act of this play was omitted in representation by order of the licenser, who assigned as his reason—that the distresses of Henry the Sixth, who is killed in the first act by Richard, would put weak people too much in mind of King James the Second, who was then living an exile in France.

Of this play, in representation, some peculiar circumstances may be observed. An audience, who, it is generally known, hate, even in the person of his representative, the villain of the drama, still hold in their greatest favour the actor who performs Richard the Third.

Garrick, Henderson, Kemble, and Cooke, have all in their turn been favoured with the love, as well as the admiration, of the town, for acting Richard.

Walpole's "Historic Doubts" out of the question, Garrick appears to have been the actor, of all others, best suited for this character.—His diminutive figure gave the best personal likeness of the crooked-back king. He had, besides, if tradition may be relied on, the first abilities as a mimic; and Richard himself was a mass of mimicry, except in his ambition and his cruelty.

Henderson was received with welcome in the character, when Garrick was no more; and Kemble and Cooke have been followed on the same grounds.

Cooke holds, at present, the possession of the part, and has popular favour in it to the highest degree. That he is a very fine actor, all who see him acknowledge; but, of his performance of Richard the

Third, it may exactly be said, what Dr Johnson has said of the play of Richard the Third, viz.:

"This is one of the most celebrated of our author's performances; yet I know not whether it has not happened to him, as to others, to be praised most when praise is not most deserved."

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

	DRURY-LANE.	COVENT-GARDEN.
KING HENRY	*Mr Wroughton.*	*Mr Murray.*
PRINCE OF WALES	*Master Tokeley.*	*Mrs Findlay.*
DUKE OF YORK	*Miss C. Bristow.*	*Master Benson.*
DUKE OF GLOSTER	*Mr Elliston.*	*Mr Cooke.*
BUCKINGHAM	*Mr Barrymore.*	*Mr Creswell.*
RICHMOND	*Mr Pope.*	*Mr Brunton.*
NORFOLK	*Mr Holland.*	*Mr Chapman.*
RATCLIFF	*Mr Maddocks.*	*Mr Treby.*
CATESBY	*Mr Lee.*	*Mr Jefferies.*
TRESSEL	*Mr De Camp.*	
OXFORD		*Mr Field.*
PEMBROKE		*Mr King.*
STANLEY	*Mr Packer.*	*Mr Davenport.*
LORD MAYOR	*Mr Waldron.*	*Mr Atkins.*
TIRREL	*Mr Webb.*	
BLUNT		*Mr W. Murray.*
BRACKENBURY	*Mr Cooke.*	*Mr Waddy.*
LIEUTENANT OF THE TOWER		
FOREST		
DIGHTON		
QUEEN ELIZABETH	*Mrs Powell.*	*Mrs St Ledger.*
DUCHESS OF YORK	*Miss Tidswell.*	*Miss Leserve.*
LADY ANNE	*Mrs Ansel.*	*Miss Taylor.*

GENTLEMEN, LADIES, GUARDS, *and* ATTENDANTS.

KING RICHARD III.

ACT THE FIRST.

SCENE I.

A Garden in the Tower.

Enter LIEUTENANT *and* OFFICER.

Lieut. Has King Henry walk'd forth this morning?
Offi. No, sir; but it is near his hour.
Lieut. At any time, when you see him here,
Let no stranger into the garden;
I would not have him stared at—See, who's that,
Now ent'ring at the gate. [*Knocking within.*
Offi. Sir, the Lord Stanley.
Lieut. Leave me— [*Exit* OFFICER.

Enter LORD STANLEY.

My noble lord, you're welcome to the Tower:
I heard last night you late arrived with news
Of Edward's victory to his joyful queen.
Stanley. Yes, sir; and I am proud to be the man,
That first brought home the last of civil broils:
The houses now of York and Lancaster,

Like bloody brothers, fighting for a birthright,
No more shall wound the parent, that would part them:
Edward now sits secure on England's throne.
Lieut. Near Tewksbury, my lord, I think they fought;
Has the enemy lost any men of note?
Stanley. Sir, I was posted home,
Ere an account was taken of the slain:
But, as I left the field, a proclamation,
From the king, was made in search of Edward,
Son to your prisoner, King Henry the Sixth,
Which gave reward to those discovering him,
And him his life, if he'd surrender.
Lieut. That brave young prince, I fear, 's unlike his father,
Too high of heart, to brook submissive life:
This will be heavy news to Henry's ear,
For on this battle's cast his all was set.
Stanley. King Henry and ill fortune are familiar;
He ever threw with an indifferent hand,
But never yet was known to lose his patience.
How does he pass the time in his confinement?
Lieut. As one whose wishes never reach'd a crown;
The king seems dead in him—but, as a man,
He sighs sometimes in want of liberty.
Sometimes he reads, and walks, and wishes,
That fate had blessed him with an humbler birth,
Not to have felt the falling from a throne.
Stanley. Were it not possible to see this king?
They say, he'll freely talk with Edward's friends,
And even treats them with respect and honour.
Lieut. This is his usual time of walking forth
(For he's allow'd the freedom of the garden)
After his morning prayer; he seldom fails;
Behind this arbour we, unseen, may stand
Awhile to observe him. [*They retire.*

Enter KING HENRY.

K. Hen. By this time the decisive blow is struck;
Either my queen and son are bless'd with victory,
Or I'm the cause no more of civil broils.
'Would I were dead, if Heaven's good will were so;
For what is in this world but grief and care?
What noise and bustle do kings make to find it;
When life's but a short chase, our game content,
Which, most pursued, is most compell'd to fly;
And he, that mounts him on the swiftest hope,
Shall often run his courser to a stand;
While the poor peasant, from some distant hill,
Undanger'd and at ease, views all the sport,
And sees content take shelter in his cottage.

Stanley. He seems extremely moved.

Lieut. Does he know you?

Stanley. No; nor would I have him.

Lieut. We'll show ourselves. [*They come forward.*

K. Hen. Why, there's another check to proud ambition!
That man received his charge from me, and now
I'm his prisoner—he locks me to my rest.
Such an unlook'd-for change who could suppose,
That saw him kneel to kiss the hand that raised him?
But that I should not now complain of,
Since I to that, 'tis possible, may owe
His civil treatment of me—'Morrow, Lieutenant;
Is any news arrived?—Who's that with you?

Lieut. A gentleman, that came last night express
From Tewksbury—We've had a battle.

K. Hen. Comes he to me with letters, or advice?

Lieut. Sir, he's King Edward's officer, your foe.

K. Hen. Then he won't flatter me—You're welcome, sir;
Not less because you are King Edward's friend,
For I have almost learn'd myself to be so;

Could I but once forget I was a king,
I might be truly happy, and his subject.
You've gain'd a battle: is't not so?
Stanley. We have, sir,—how, will reach your ear too soon.
K. Hen. If to my loss, it can't too soon—pray, speak;
For fear makes mischief greater than it is.
My queen! my son! say, sir, are they living?
Stanley. Since my arrival, sir, another post
Came in, which brought us word, your queen and son
Were prisoners now at Tewksbury.
K. Hen. Heaven's will be done! the hunters have them now,
And I have only sighs and prayers to help them!
Stanley. King Edward, sir, depends upon his sword,
Yet prays heartily when the battle's won;
And soldiers love a bold and active leader.
Fortune, like women, will be close pursued;
The English are high-mettled, sir, and 'tis
No easy part to sit them well—King Edward
Feels their temper, and 'twill be hard to throw him.
K. Hen. Alas! I thought them men, and rather hoped
To win their hearts by mildness than severity.
My soul was never form'd for cruelty;
In my eyes, justice has seem'd bloody;
When, on the city gates, I have beheld
A traitor's quarters parching in the sun,
My blood has turn'd with horror at the sight;
I took them down, and buried, with his limbs,
The memory of the dead man's deeds—Perhaps
That pity made me look less terrible,
Giving the mind of weak rebellion spirit;
For kings are put in trust for all mankind,
And when themselves take injuries, who is safe?
If so, I have deserved these frowns of fortune.

Enter OFFICER.

Offi. Sir, here's a gentleman brings a warrant,
For his access to King Henry's presence.
Lieut. I come to him. [*Exit, with* OFFICER.
Stanley. His business may require your privacy;
I'll leave you, sir, wishing you all the good
That can be wish'd—not wronging him I serve. [*Exit.*
K. Hen. Farewell!
Who can this be? a sudden coldness,
Like the damp hand of death, has seized my limbs:
I fear some heavy news!

Enter LIEUTENANT.

Who is it, good Lieutenant?
Lieut. A gentleman, sir, from Tewksbury: he seems
A melancholy messenger—for, when I ask'd
What news, his answer was a deep-fetch'd sigh:
I would not urge him, but I fear 'tis fatal. [*Exit.*

Enter TRESSEL.

K. Hen. Fatal indeed! his brow's the title-page,
That speaks the nature of a tragic volume.—
Say, friend, how does my queen? my son?
Thou tremblest, and the whiteness of thy cheek
Is apter than thy tongue to tell thy errand.
Ev'n such a man, so faint, so spiritless,
So dull, so dead in look, so woe begone,
Drew Priam's curtain in the dead of night,
And would have told him half his Troy was burn'd.
But Priam found the fire, ere he his tongue,
And I my poor son's death, ere thou relat'st it.
Now would'st thou say—your son did thus, and thus,
And thus your queen! so fought the valiant Oxford;
Stopping my greedy ear with their bold deeds:
But, in the end, (to stop my ear indeed,)

Thou hast a sigh, to blow away this praise,
Ending with—queen and son, and all are dead.
Tressel. Your queen yet lives, and many of your friends;
But for my lord, your son——
K. Hen. Why, he is dead!—yet speak, I charge thee!
Tell thou thy master his suspicion lies,
And I will take it as a kind disgrace,
And thank thee well, for doing me such wrong.
Tressel. 'Would it were wrong to say; but, sir, your fears are true.
K. Hen. Yet for all this, say not my son is dead.
Tressel. Sir, I am sorry I must force you to
Believe, what 'would to Heaven I had not seen!
But in this last battle, near Tewksbury,
Your son, whose active spirit lent a fire
Ev'n to the dullest peasant in our camp,
Still made his way, where danger stood to oppose him.
A braver youth, of more courageous heat,
Ne'er spurr'd his courser at the trumpet's sound.
But who can rule the uncertain chance of war?
In fine, King Edward won the bloody field,
Where both your queen and son were made his prisoners.
K. Hen. Yet hold! for, oh! this prologue lets me in
To a most fatal tragedy to come.
Died he a prisoner, say'st thou? how? by grief?
Or by the bloody hands of those that caught him?
Tressel. After the fight, Edward, in triumph, ask'd
To see the captive prince—the prince was brought,
Whom Edward roughly chid for bearing arms;
Asking what reparation he could make
For having stirred his subjects to rebellion?
Your son, impatient of such taunts, replied,
Bow like a subject, proud, ambitious York!

While I, now speaking with my father's mouth,
Propose the self-same rebel words to thee,
Which, traitor, thou would'st have me answer to:
From these, more words arose; till, in the end,
King Edward, swell'd with what th' unhappy prince,
At such a time, too freely spoke, his gauntlet
In his young face with indignation struck;
At which crook'd Richard, Clarence, and the rest,
Buried their fatal daggers in his heart.
In bloody state I saw him on the earth,
From whence, with life, he never more sprung up.

K. Hen. Oh! hadst thou stabb'd, at every word's deliverance,
Sharp poniards in my flesh, while this was told,
Thy wounds had given less anguish than thy words.
Oh, Heavens! methinks I see my tender lamb
Gasping beneath the ravenous wolves' fell gripe!
But say, did all—did they all strike him, say'st thou?

Tressel. All, sir; but the first wound Duke Richard gave.

K. Hen. There let him stop! be that his last of ills!
Oh, barbarous act! unhospitable men!
Against the rigid laws of arms, to kill him!
Was't not enough, his hope of birthright gone,
But must your hate be levell'd at his life?
Nor could his father's wrongs content you?
Nor could a father's grief dissuade the deed?
You have no children—butchers, if you had,
The thought of them would sure have stirr'd remorse.

Tressel. Take comfort, sir, and hope a better day.

K. Hen. Oh! who can hold a fire in his hand,
By thinking on the frosty Caucasus?
Or wallow, naked, in December's snow,
By bare remembrance of the summer's heat?
Away! by Heaven, I shall abhor his sight,
Whoever bids me be of comfort more!

If thou wilt sooth my sorrow, then I'll thank thee;
Ay! now thou'rt kind indeed! these tears oblige me.

Tressel. Alas, my lord, I fear more evil towards you!

K. Hen. Why, let it come; I scarce shall feel it now;
My present woes have beat me to the ground;
And my hard fate can make me fall no lower.
What can it be?—give it its ugliest shape—
Oh, my poor boy!

Tressel. A word does that; it comes in Gloster's form.

K. Hen. Frightful indeed! give me the worst that threatens.

Tressel. After the murder of your son, stern Richard,
As if unsated with the wounds he had given,
With unwash'd hands went from his friends in haste;
And, being ask'd by Clarence of the cause,
He, low'ring, cried, Brother, I must to the Tower;
I've business there; excuse me to the king:
Before you reach the town, expect some news:
This said, he vanish'd—and, I hear, is arrived.

K. Hen. Why, then the period of my woes is set;
For ills, but thought by him, are half perform'd

Enter LIEUTENANT, *with an Order.*

Lieut. Forgive me, sir, what I'm compell'd t' obey:
An order for your close confinement.

K. Hen. Whence comes it, good lieutenant?

Lieut. Sir, from the Duke of Gloster.

K. Hen. Good night to all then! I obey it.
And now, good friend, suppose me on my death-bed,
And take of me thy last, short-living, leave.
Nay, keep thy tears, till thou hast seen me dead:
And when, in tedious winter nights, with good
Old folks, thou sitt'st up late,
To hear them tell the dismal tales

Of times long past, ev'n now with woe remember'd,
Before thou bidd'st good night, to quit their grief,
Tell thou the lamentable fall of me,
And send thy hearers weeping to their beds. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

The Tower.

Enter GLOSTER.

Glost. Now is the winter of our discontent
Made glorious summer by the sun of York;
And all the clouds, that low'r'd upon our house,
In the deep bosom of the ocean buried:
Now are our brows bound with victorious wreaths,
Our bruised arms hung up for monuments,
Our stern alarms are changed to merry meetings;
Our dreadful marches to delightful measures:
Grim-visaged War has smooth'd his wrinkled front,
And now, instead of mounting barbed steeds,
To fright the souls of fearful adversaries,
He capers nimbly in a lady's chamber,
To the lascivious pleasing of a lute:
But I, that am not made for sportive tricks,
Nor made to court an am'rous looking-glass;
I, that am rudely stamp'd, and want love's majesty,
To strut before a wanton, ambling nymph;
I, that am curtail'd of man's fair proportion,
Cheated of feature by dissembling Nature,
Deform'd, unfinish'd, sent before my time
Into this breathing world, scarce half made up,
And that so lamely and unfashionable,
That dogs bark at me as I halt by them;
Why I, in this weak, piping time of peace,

Have no delight to pass away my hours,
Unless to see my shadow in the sun,
And descant on my own deformity:
Then, since this earth affords no joy to me,
But to command, to check, and o'erbear such
As are of happier person than myself,
Why, then, to me this restless world's but hell,
Till this mis-shapen trunk's aspiring head
Be circled in a glorious diadem—
But then 'tis fix'd on such a height; oh, I
Must stretch the utmost reaching of my soul!

I'll climb betimes, without remorse or dread,
And my first step shall be on Henry's head. [*Exit.*

SCENE III.

A Chamber in the Tower.

KING HENRY, *sleeping on a Couch.*

Enter LIEUTENANT.

Lieut. Asleep so soon! but Sorrow minds no seasons;
The morning, noon, and night, with her's the same;
She's fond of any hour that yields repose.

K. Hen. Who's there? Lieutenant! is it you?
Come hither!

Lieut. You shake, my lord, and look affrighted!

K. Hen. Oh! I have had the fearfull'st dream!
such sights,

That, as I live,
I would not pass another hour so dreadful,
Though 'twere to buy a world of happy days.
Reach me a book—I'll try if reading can
Divert these melancholy thoughts.

Enter GLOSTER.

Glost. Good day, my lord; what, at your book so hard?
I disturb you.
K. Hen. You do indeed.
Glost. Friend, leave us to ourselves; we must confer.
K. Hen. What bloody scene has Roscius now to act? [*Exit* LIEUTENANT.
Glost. Suspicion always haunts the guilty mind:
The thief does fear each bush an officer.
K. Hen. Where thieves, without controlment, rob and kill,
The traveller does fear each bush a thief:
The poor bird, that has been already 'limed,
With trembling wings misdoubts of every bush;
And I, the hapless male of one sweet bird,
Have now the fatal object in my eye,
By whom my young one bled, was caught, and kill'd.
Glost. Why, what a peevish fool was that of Crete,
That taught his son the office of a fowl!
And yet, for all his wings, the fool was drown'd:
Thou should'st have taught thy boy his prayers alone,
And then he had not broke his neck with climbing.
K. Hen. Ah! kill me with thy weapon, not thy words;
My breast can better brook thy dagger's point,

Than can my ears that piercing story;
But wherefore dost thou come? is't for my life?
Glost. Think'st thou I am an executioner?
K. Hen. If murdering innocents be executing,
Then thou'rt the worst of executioners.
Glost. Thy son I kill'd for his presumption.
K. Hen. Hadst thou been kill'd, when first thou didst presume,
Thou hadst not lived to kill a son of mine;
But thou wert born to massacre mankind.
How many old men's sighs, and widow's moans;
How many orphans' water-standing eyes;
Men for their sons, wives for their husbands' fate,
And children for their parents' timeless death,
Will rue the hour that ever thou wert born!
The owl shriek'd at thy birth—an evil sign!
The night-crow cried, foreboding luckless time;
Dogs howl'd, and hideous tempests shook down trees;
The raven rook'd her on the chimney top,
And chattering pies in dismal discord sung;
Thy mother felt more than a mother's pain,
And yet brought forth less than a mother's hope.
Teeth hadst thou in thy head, when thou wert born,
Which plainly said, thou camest to bite mankind;
And, if the rest be true, which I have heard,
Thou camest——
Glost. I'll hear no more—Die, prophet, in thy speech;
For this, amongst the rest, I was ordain'd. [*Stabs him.*
K. Hen. Oh! and for much more slaughter after this;
Just Heaven forgive my sins, and pardon thee. [*Dies.*
Glost. What! will the aspiring blood of Lancaster
Sink in the ground?—I thought it would have mounted.
See how my sword weeps for the poor king's death!
Oh may such purple tears be always shed,

From those who wish the downfall of our house!
If any spark of life be yet remaining,
Down, down to hell, and say I sent thee thither;
I, that have neither pity, love, nor fear.
Indeed 'tis true, what Henry told me of;
For I have often heard my mother say,
I came into the world with my legs forward;
The midwife wonder'd, and the women cried,
Good Heaven bless us! he is born with teeth!
And so I was, which plainly signify'd,
That I should snarl, and bite, and play the dog.
Then since the Heavens have shaped my body so,
Let hell make crook'd my mind, to answer it;
I have no brother, am like no brother,
And this word love, which grey-beards call divine,
Be resident in men, like one another,
And not in me—I am—myself alone.
Clarence, beware, thou keep'st me from the light;
But if I fail not in my deep intent,
Thou'st not another day to live; which done,
Heaven take the weak King Edward to his mercy,
And leave the world for me to bustle in.
But soft—I'm sharing spoil, before the field is won.
Clarence still breathes, Edward still lives and reigns;
When they are gone, then must I count my gains.

[*Exit.*

ACT THE SECOND.

SCENE I.

St Paul's.

Enter TRESSEL, *meeting* LORD STANLEY.

Tressel. My lord, your servant; pray what brought you to St Paul's?

Stanley. I came among the crowd, to see the corpse
Of poor King Henry; 'tis a dismal sight;
But yesterday I saw him in the Tower;
His talk is still so fresh within my memory,
That I could weep, to think how fate has used him.
I wonder where's Duke Richard's policy,
In suffering him to lie exposed to view?
Can he believe that men will love him for't?

Tressel. O yes, sir, love him, as he loves his brothers.
When was you with King Edward, pray, my lord?
I hear he leaves his food, is melancholy;
And his physicians fear him mightily.

Stanley. 'Tis thought he'll scarce recover.
Shall we to court, and hear more news of him?

Tressel. I am obliged to pay attendance here:
The Lady Anne has license to remove
King Henry's corpse to be interred at Chertsey,
And I'm engaged to follow her.

Stanley. Mean you King Henry's daughter-in-law?

Tressel. The same, sir, widow to the late Prince Edward,
Whom Gloster kill'd at Tewksbury.

Stanley. Alas! poor lady! She's severely used!

And yet, I hear, Richard attempts her love:
Methinks the wrongs he's done her might discourage him.
Tressel. Neither those wrongs, nor his own shape, can fright him:
He sent for leave to visit her this morning,
And she was forced to keep her bed, to avoid him:
Will you along
To see this doleful ceremony?
Stanley. I'll wait upon you. [*Exeunt.*

Enter GLOSTER.

Glo. 'Twas her excuse, to avoid me.—Alas!
She keeps no bed——
She has health enough to progress far as Chertsey,
Though not to bear the sight of me.
I cannot blame her——
Why, love forswore me in my mother's womb,
And, for I should not deal in his soft laws,
He did corrupt frail nature with a bribe,
To shrink my arm up, like a wither'd shrub,
To make an envious mountain on my back,
Where sits deformity, to mock my body;
To shape my legs of an unequal size,
To disproportion me in every part.
And am I then a man to be beloved?
Oh monstrous thought! more vain than my ambition.

Enter LIEUTENANT, *hastily.*

Lieut. My lord, I beg your grace——
Glost. Begone, fellow! I'm not at leisure.
Lieut. My lord, the king, your brother, 's taken ill.
Glost. I'll wait on him: leave me, friend.
Ha! Edward taken ill!
'Would he were wasted, marrow, bones, and all,

That from his loins no more young brats may rise,
To cross me in the golden time I look for.

Enter LADY ANNE, *in Mourning*, LORD STANLEY, TRESSEL, GUARDS, BEARERS, *with* KING HENRY'S *Body, and Six* LADIES *in Mourning.*

But see, my love appears—look where she shines
Darting pale lustre, like the silver moon,
Through her dark veil of rainy sorrow!
So mourn'd the dame of Ephesus her love;
And thus the soldier, arm'd with resolution,
Told his soft tale, and was a thriving wooer.
'Tis true my form perhaps may little move her,
But I've a tongue shall wheedle with the devil:
Why I can smile, and smile, and murder when I smile,
And cry content, to that, which grieves my heart;
And wet my cheek with artificial tears,
And suit my face to all occasions.
Yet hold, she mourns the man that I have kill'd;
First let her sorrows take some vent—stand here,
I'll take her passion in its wain, and turn
This storm of grief to gentle drops of pity
For his repentant murderer. [*He retires.*

Lady A. Hung be the heav'ns in black; yield day to night;
Comets, importing change of times and states,
Brandish your fiery tresses in the sky,
And with them scourge the bad revolting stars,
That have consented to King Henry's death.
Oh! be accurst the hand that shed his blood,
Accurst the head, that had the heart to do it;
If ever he have wife, let her be made
More miserable by the life of him,
Than I am now by Edward's death and thine.

Glost. Poor girl, what pains she takes to curse herself! [*Aside.*

Lady A. If ever she have child, abortive be it,

Prodigious and untimely brought to light;
Whose hideous form, whose most unnatural aspect,
May fright the hopeful mother at her view,
And that be heir to his unhappiness!—
Now on to Chertsey, with your sacred load.

Glost. Stay, you that bear the corse, and set it down.

Lady A. What black magician conjures up this fiend,
To stop devoted charitable deeds?

Glost. Villains, set down the corse, or by St Paul,
I'll make a corse of him that disobeys.

Guard. My lord, stand back, and let the coffin pass.

Glost. Unmanner'd slave! stand thou when I command,
Advance thy halbert higher than my breast,
Or, by St Paul, I'll strike thee to my foot,
And spurn upon thee, beggar, for thy boldness.

Lady A. Why dost thou haunt him thus, unsated fiend?
Thou hast but power over his mortal body:
His soul thou canst not reach, therefore begone.

Glost. Sweet saint, be not so hard for charity.

Lady A. If thou delight to view thy heinous deeds,
Behold this pattern of thy butcheries.
Why didst thou do this deed? could not the laws
Of man, of nature, nor of Heav'n dissuade thee?
No beast so fierce, but knows some touch of pity.

Glost. If want of pity be a crime so hateful,
Whence is it, thou fair excellence, art guilty?

Lady A. What means the slanderer?

Glost. Vouchsafe, divine perfection of a woman,
Of these my crimes supposed, to give me leave,
By circumstance but to acquit myself.

Lady A. Then take that sword, whose bloody point still reeks

With Henry's life, with my loved lord's young Edward's,
And here let out thy own, to appease their ghosts.
Glost. By such despair I should accuse myself.
Lady A. Why, by despairing only canst thou stand excused.
Didst thou not kill the king?
Glost. I grant ye.
Lady A. Oh! he was gentle, loving, mild, and virtuous;
But he's in heaven, where thou canst never come.
Glost. Was I not kind, to send him thither, then?
He was much fitter for that place than earth.
Lady A. And thou unfit for any place, but hell.
Glost. Yes, one place else——If you will hear me name it.
Lady A. Some dungeon.
Glost. Your bed-chamber.
Lady A. Ill rest betide the chamber where thou liest!
Glost. So it will, madam, till I lie in yours.
Lady A. I hope so.
Glost. I know so. But, gentle Lady Anne,
To leave this keen encounter of our tongues,
And fall to something a more serious method,
Is not the causer of the untimely death
Of these Plantagenets, Henry and Edward,
As blameful as the executioner?
Lady A. Thou wert the cause, and most accursed effect.
Glost. Your beauty was the cause of that effect;
Your beauty! that did haunt me in my sleep,
To undertake the death of all the world,
So I might live one hour in that soft bosom!
Lady A. If I thought that, I tell thee, homicide,
These hands should rend that beauty from my cheeks.

Glost. These eyes could not endure that beauty's wreck;
You should not blemish it, if I stood by:
As all the world is nourish'd by the sun,
So I by that—it is my day, my life!

Lady A. I would it were, to be revenged on thee,

Glost. It is a quarrel most unnatural,
To wish revenge on him that loves thee.

Lady A. Say rather 'tis my duty,
To seek revenge on him that kill'd my husband.

Glost. Fair creature, he, that kill'd thy husband,
Did it to help thee to a better husband.

Lady A. His better does not breathe upon the earth.

Glost. He lives, that loves thee better than he could.

Lady A. Name him.

Glost. Plantagenet.

Lady A. Why, that was he.

Glost. The self-same name, but one of softer nature.

Lady A. Where is he?

Glost. Ah, take more pity in thy eyes, and see him——here.

Lady A. Would they were basilisks, to strike thee dead!

Glost. I would they were, that I might die at once,
For now they kill me with a living death,
Darting with cruel aim despair and love.
I never sued to friend or enemy;
My tongue could never learn soft smoothing words;
But, now thy beauty is proposed my fee,
My proud heart sues, and prompts my tongue to speak.

Lady A. Is there a tongue on earth can speak for thee?
Why dost thou court my hate?

Glost. Oh, teach not thy soft lips such cold contempt!——
If thy relentless heart cannot forgive,
Lo, here I lend thee this sharp-pointed sword,
Which, if thou please to hide in this true breast,
And let the honest soul out, that adores thee,
I lay it naked to the deadly stroke,
And humbly beg that death upon my knee.
Lady A. What shall I say or do? direct me, Heaven!
When stones weep, sure the tears are natural;
And Heaven itself instructs us to forgive,
When they do flow from a sincere repentance. [*Aside.*
Glost. Nay, do not pause, for I did kill King Henry,
But 'twas thy wondrous beauty did provoke me;
Or, now dispatch—'twas I that stabb'd young Edward,
But, 'twas thy heavenly face that set me on:
And I might still persist, (so stubborn is
My temper) to rejoice at what I've done—
But that thy powerful eyes (as roaring seas
Obey the changes of the moon) have turn'd
My heart, and made it flow with penitence.
[*She drops the Sword.*
Take up the sword again, or take up me.
Lady A. No, though I wish thy death,
I will not be thy executioner.
Glost. Then bid me kill myself, and I will do it.
Lady A. I have already.
Glost. That was in thy rage;
Say it again, and even with thy word,
This guilty hand, that robb'd thee of thy love,
Shall, for thy love, revenge thee on thy lover:
To both their deaths shalt thou be accessary.
What! not a word, to pardon, or condemn me!
But thou art wise, and canst, with silence, kill me;

Yet, even in death, my fleeting soul pursues thee;
Dash not the tears of penitence away——
I ask but leave to indulge my cold despair.
Lady A. Would'st thou not blame me, to forgive thy crimes?
Glost. They are not to be forgiven; no, not even
Penitence can atone them—Oh, misery
Of thought, that strikes me with, at once, repentance
And despair!—though unpardon'd, yield me pity.
Lady A. 'Would I knew thy heart!
Glost. 'Tis figured in my tongue.
Lady A. I fear me, both are false.
Glost. Then never man was true!
Lady A. Put up thy sword.
Glost. Say, then, my peace is made.
Lady A. That shalt thou know hereafter.
Glost. But, shall I live in hope?
Lady A. All men, I hope, live so.
Glost. I swear, bright saint, I am not what I was!
Those eyes have turn'd my stubborn heart to woman;
Thy goodness makes me soft in penitence,
And my harsh thoughts are turn'd to peace and love.
Oh! if thy poor, devoted servant might
But beg one favour at thy gracious hand,
Thou would'st confirm his happiness for ever!
Lady A. What is't?
Glost. That it may please thee, leave these sad designs,
To him, that has most cause to be a mourner,
And, presently, repair to Crosby House;
Where, after having solemnly interr'd,
At Chertsey Monastery, this injured king,
And wet his grave with my repentant tears,
I will, with all expedient duty, see you.
For divers unknown reasons, I beseech you,
Grant me this favour.

Lady A. I do, my lord, and much it joys me too,
To see you are become so penitent.
Tressel, and Stanley, go along with me.
Glost. Bid me farewell.
Lady A. 'Tis more than you deserve;
But, since you teach me how to flatter you,
Imagine I have said farewell already. [*Exeunt.*
Guards. Towards Chertsey, my lord?
Glost. No, to Whitefriars; there attend my coming. [*Exeunt* GUARDS, *with the Body.*
Was ever woman, in this humour, woo'd?
Was ever woman, in this humour, won?
I'll have her, but I will not keep her long.
What! I, that kill'd her husband, and his father,
To take her, in her heart's extremest hate,
With curses in her mouth, tears in her eyes,
The bleeding witness of my hatred by;
Having Heaven, her conscience, and these bars against me,
And I no friends to back my suit withal,
But the plain devil, and dissembling looks!
And yet, to win her! all the world to nothing!
Can she abase her beauteous eyes on me,
Whose all not equals Edward's moiety?
On me, that halt, and am misshapen thus!
My dukedom to a widow's chastity,
I do mistake my person, all this while.
Upon my life! she finds, (although I cannot,)
Myself to be a marvellous proper man.
I'll have my chambers lined with looking-glass;
And entertain a score or two of tailors,
To study fashions, to adorn my body.
Since I am crept in favour with myself,
I will maintain it with some little cost;
But first, I'll turn St Harry to his grave,
And then return, lamenting, to my love.
Shine out, fair sun, till I salute my glass,
That I may see my shadow as I pass. [*Exit.*

SCENE II.

The Presence Chamber.

Enter BUCKINGHAM, *hastily, meeting* LORD STANLEY.

Buck. Did you see the duke?
Stanley. What duke, my lord?
Buck. His Grace of Gloster; did you see him?
Stanley. Not lately, my lord—I hope no ill news?
Buck. The worst that heart e'er bore, or tongue can utter;
Edward, the king, his royal brother, 's dead!
Stanley. 'Tis sad, indeed! I wish by your impatience,
To acquaint him though, you think it so to him.
[*Aside.*
Did the king, my lord, make any mention
Of a protector for his crown and children?
Buck. He did; Duke Richard has the care of both.
Stanley. That sad news you are afraid to tell him too. [*Aside.*
Buck. He'll spare no toils, I'm sure, to fill his place.
Stanley. 'Pray, Heaven, he's not too diligent!
[*Aside.*
My lord, is not that the Duchess of York,
The king's mother, coming, I fear, to visit him?
Buck. 'Tis she—little thinking what has befall'n us!

Enter DUCHESS *of* YORK.

Duch. of York. Good day, my lords; how takes the king his rest?

Buck. Alas, madam! too well—he sleeps for ever!
Duch. of York. Dead! Good Heaven, support me!
Buck. Madam, 'twas my unhappy lot, to hear
His last departing groans, and close his eyes!
Duch. of York. Another taken from me too! why, just Heaven,
Am I still left the last, in life, and woe?
First, I bemoan'd a noble husband's death,
Yet lived, with looking on his images:
But now, my last support is gone—First, Clarence,
Now, Edward, is for ever taken from me,
And I must now of force sink down with sorrow!
Buck. Your youngest son, the noble Richard, lives;
His love, I know, will feel his mother's cares,
And bring new comfort to your latter days.
Duch. of York. 'Twere new, indeed! for yet of him I've none,
Unless a churlish disposition may
Be counted from a child a mother's comfort.
Where is the queen, my lord?
Buck. I left her with her kinsmen, deep in sorrow,
Who have, with much ado, persuaded her
To leave the body.—Madam, they are here.

Enter QUEEN, RIVERS, *and* DORSET.

Queen. Why do you thus oppose my grief? unless,
To make me rave, and weep, the faster? ha!
My mother too, in tears! fresh sorrow strikes
My heart, at sight of every friend that loved
My Edward, living! Oh, mother, he's dead!
Edward, my lord, thy son, our king, is dead!
Oh, that my eyes could weep away my soul!
Then I might follow, worthy of his hearse.
Stanley. Your duty, madam, of a wife, is dead,
And now, the mother's only, claims your care.
Think on the prince, your son—send for him, straight,
And let his coronation clear your eyes.

Bury your griefs in the dead Edward's grave—
Revive your joys, on living Edward's throne.
Queen. Alas! that thought but adds to my afflictions!
New tears for Edward, gone, and fears for Edward, living!
An helpless child, in his minority,
Is in the trust of his stern uncle, Gloster—
A man, that frowns on me, and all of mine.
Buck. Judge not so hardly, madam, of his love:
Your son will find in him a father's care.

Enter GLOSTER, *behind.*

Glost. Why, ay! these tears look well—Sorrow's the mode,
And every one at court must wear it now:—
With all my heart; I'll not be out of fashion. [*Aside.*
Queen. My lord, just Heaven knows, I never hated Gloster!
But would, on any terms, embrace his friendship.
Buck. These words would make him weep—I know him yours.—
See, where he comes, in sorrow for our loss.
Glost. My lords, good morrow—Cousin of Buckingham,
I am yours. [*Weeps.*
Buck. Good morning to your grace.
Glost. Methinks,
We meet, like men that had forgot to speak.
Buck. We may remember; but our argument
Is now too mournful to admit such talk.
Glost. It is, indeed! Peace be with him, that made it so!
Sister, take comfort; 'tis true we've all cause
To mourn the dimming of our shining star;
But sorrow never could revive the dead;
And if it could, hope would prevent our tears;
So we must weep, because we weep in vain.—

Madam, my mother, I do cry you mercy,
My grief was blind, I did not see your grace;
Most humbly, on my knees, I crave your blessing..
Duch. of York. Thou hast it, and may thy charitable
Heart and tongue love one another! May Heaven
Endow thy breast with meekness and obedience!
Glost. Amen, and make me die a good old man!—
That's the old butt-end of a mother's blessing;
I marvel that her grace did leave it out! [*Aside.*
Buck. My lords, I think 'twere fit, that now, Prince Edward
Forthwith, from Ludlow, should be sent for, home,
In order to his coronation.
Glost. By all means, my lord:—Come, let's in, to counsel,
And appoint who shall be the messengers:
Madam, and you, my sister, please you, go
To give your sentiments on this occasion.
Queen. My lord, your wisdom needs no help from me;
My glad consent you have, in all that's just,
Or for the people's good, though I suffer by't.
Glost. 'Please you to retire, madam; we shall propose,
What you'll not think the people's wrongs, nor yours.
Queen. May Heaven prosper all your good intent!
[*Exeunt all but* GLOSTER *and* BUCKINGHAM.
Glost. Amen, with all my heart;—for mine's the crown,
And is not that a good one?—Ha! pray'd she not well, cousin?
Buck. I hope she prophesied—you now stand fair.
Glost. Now, by St Paul, I feel it here! methinks
The massy weight on't galls my laden brow:
What think'st thou, cousin, wer't not an easy matter
To get Lord Stanley's hand, to help it on?
Buck. My lord, I doubt that; for his father's sake,

He loves the prince too well—he'll scarce be won
To any thing against him.
Glost. Poverty, the reward of honest fools,
O'ertake him for't! What think'st thou, then, of Hastings?
Buck. He shall be tried, my lord; I'll find out Catesby,
Who shall at subtle distance sound his thoughts—
But we must still suppose the worst may happen:
What if we find him cold in our design?
Glost. Chop off his head!—Something we'll soon determine:
But haste, and find out Catesby,
That done, follow me to the council chamber;
We'll not be seen together much, nor have
It known that we confer in private; therefore,
Away, good cousin.
Buck. I am gone, my lord. [*Exit.*
Glost. Thus far we run before the wind;
My fortune smiles, and gives me all that I dare ask.
The conquer'd Lady Anne is bound in vows;
Fast as the priest can make us, we are one.
The king, my brother, sleeps without his pillow,
And I'm left guardian of his infant heir.
Let me see—
The prince will soon be here—let him! the crown!
Oh, yes, he shall have twenty—globes, and sceptres too!
New ones made to play withal, but no coronation—
No, nor any court-flies about him—no kinsmen.
Hold ye—where shall he keep his court?—the Tower?
Ay—the Tower. [*Exit.*

ACT THE THIRD.

SCENE I.

The Palace.

PRINCE EDWARD, GLOSTER, BUCKINGHAM, LORD STANLEY, TRESSEL, *and* ATTENDANTS, *discovered.*

Glost. Now, my royal cousin, welcome to London!
Welcome to all those honour'd dignities,
Which, by your father's will, and by your birth,
You stand the undoubted heir possessed of!
And, if my plain simplicity of heart
May take the liberty to show itself,
You're farther welcome to your uncle's care
And love—Why do you sigh, my lord?
That weary way has made you melancholy.
P. Ed. No, uncle; but our crosses on the way
Have made it tedious, wearisome, and heavy:
I want more uncles here to welcome me.
Tressel. More uncles! what means his highness?
Stanley. Why, sir, the careful duke of Gloster has
Secured his kinsmen on the way.—Lord Rivers, Gray,
Sir Thomas Vaughan, and others of his friends,
Are prisoners now in Pomfret Castle:
On what pretence it boots not, there they are;
Let the devil and the duke alone to accuse them.
Glost. My lord, the Mayor of London comes to greet you.

Enter LORD MAYOR, *and Two* ALDERMEN.

Lord M. Vouchsafe, most gracious sovereign, to accept
The general homage of your royal city:
We farther beg your royal leave, to speak,
In deep condolement of your father's loss;
And, as far as our true sorrow would permit,
To 'gratulate your accession to the throne.

P. Ed. I thank you, good my lord, and thank you all.
Alas! my youth is yet unfit to govern,
Therefore the sword of justice is in abler hands;
But be assured of this, so much already
I perceive I love you, that, though I know not yet
To do you offices of good, yet this I know,
I'll sooner die than basely do you wrong.

Glost. So wise, so young, they say, do ne'er live long. [*Aside.*

P. Ed. My lords,
I thought my mother, and my brother York,
Would, long ere this, have met us on the way:
Say, uncle Gloster, if our brother come,
Where shall we sojourn till our coronation?

Glost. Where it shall seem best to your royal self.
May I advise you, sir, some day or two,
Your highness shall repose you at the Tower;
Then, where you please, and shall be thought most fit
For your best health and recreation.

P. Ed. Why at the Tower? But, be it as you please.

Buck. My lord, your brother's Grace of York.

Enter DUKE *and* DUCHESS OF YORK.

P. Ed. Richard of York! how fares our dearest brother? [*Embracing.*

D. of York. Oh, my dear lord! So I must call you now.

P. Ed. Ay, brother, to our grief, as it is yours!
Too soon he died, who might have better worn
That title, which, in me, will lose its majesty.

Glost. How fares our cousin, noble Lord of York?

D. of York. Thank you kindly, dear uncle—Oh, my lord,
You said that idle weeds were fast in growth;
The king, my brother, has outgrown me far.

Glost. He has, my lord.

D. of York. And, therefore, is he idle?

Glost. Oh, pretty cousin, I must not say so.

D. of York. Nay, uncle, I don't believe the saying's true,
For, if it were, you'd be an idle weed.

Glost. How so, cousin?

D. of York. Because, I have heard folks say, you grew so fast,
Your teeth would gnaw a crust at two hours old:
Now, 'twas two years ere I could get a tooth.

Glost. Indeed! I find, the brat is taught this lesson. [*Aside.*
Who told thee this, my pretty, merry cousin?

D. of York. Why, your nurse, uncle.

Glost. My nurse, child! she was dead 'fore thou wert born.

D. of York. If 'twas not she, I can't tell who told me.

Glost. So subtle too! 'tis pity thou art short-lived! [*Aside.*

P. Ed. My brother, uncle, will be cross in talk.

Glost. Oh, fear not, my lord; we shall never quarrel.

P. Ed. I hope your grace knows how to bear with him.

D. of York. You mean to bear me, not to bear with me;

Uncle, my brother mocks both you and me:
Because that I am little, like an ape,
He thinks that you should bear me on your shoulders.
P. Ed. Fie, brother, I have no such meaning!
Glost. My lord, will't please you, pass along?
Myself and my good cousin of Buckingham
Will to your mother, to entreat of her
To meet, and bid you welcome, at the Tower.
D. of York. What! will you go to the Tower, my dear lord?
P. Ed. My Lord Protector will have it so.
D. of York. I sha'n't sleep in quiet at the Tower.
Glost. I'll warrant you; King Henry lay there,
And he sleeps in quiet. [*Aside.*
P. Ed. What should you fear, brother?
D. of York. My uncle Clarence' ghost, my lord:
My grandmother told me he was kill'd there.
P. Ed. I fear no uncles dead.
Glost. Nor any, sir, that live, I hope?
P. Ed. I hope so too; but come, my lords,
To the Tower, since it must be so.
[*Exeunt all but* GLOSTER *and* BUCKINGHAM.
Buck. Think you, my lord, this little prating York
Was not instructed by his subtle mother,
To taunt and scorn you thus opprobriously?
Glost. No doubt—no doubt; oh, 'tis a shrewd young master:
Stubborn, bold, quick, forward, and capable!
He is all the mother's, from the top to the toe:
But let them rest.—Now what says Catesby?
Buck. My lord, 'tis much as I suspected, and
He's here himself to inform you.

Enter CATESBY.

Glost. So, Catesby, hast thou been tampering?
What news?
Catesby. My lord, according to the instruction given me.

With words, at distance dropp'd, I sounded Hastings,
Piercing how far he did affect your purpose;
To which, indeed, I found him cold, unwilling;
The sum is this—he seem'd a while to understand me not;
At length, from plainer speaking, urged to answer,
He said, in heat, rather than wrong the head
To whom the crown was due, he'd lose his own.

Glost. Indeed! his own then answer for that saying:
He shall be taken care of; meanwhile, Catesby,
Be thou near me.—Cousin of Buckingham,
Let's lose no time; the mayor and citizens
Are now at busy meeting, in Guildhall.
Thither I'd have you haste immediately,
And at your meetest 'vantage of the time,
Improve those hints I gave you late to speak of:
But, above all, infer the bastardy
Of Edward's children.

Buck. Doubt not, my lord, I'll play the orator,
As if myself might wear the golden fee,
For which I plead.

Glost. If you thrive well, bring them to see me here,
Where you shall find me seriously employ'd
With the most learned fathers of the church.

Buck. I fly, my lord, to serve you.

Glost. To serve thyself, my cousin;
For look, when I am king, claim thou of me
The earldom of Hereford, and all those moveables
Whereof the king, my brother, stood possess'd.

Buck. I shall remember, that your grace was bountiful.

Glost. Cousin, I have said it.

Buck. I am gone, my lord. [*Exit.*

Glost. So, I've secured my cousin here. These moveables
Will never let his brains rest till I'm king.

Catesby, go you with speed to Doctor Shaw,
And thence to Friar Beuker—bid them both
Attend me here, within an hour at farthest:
[*Exit* CATESBY.
Meanwhile, my private orders shall be given,
To lock out all admittance to the princes —
Now, by St Paul, the work goes bravely on!
How many frightful stops would conscience make
In some soft heads, to undertake like me!
Come, this conscience is a convenient scarecrow;
It guards the fruit which priests and wise men taste,
Who never set it up to fright themselves;
They know 'tis rags, and gather in the face on't;
While half-starved, shallow daws, through fear, are honest.
Why were laws made, but that we're rogues by nature?
Conscience! 'tis our coin—we live by parting with it;
And he thrives best that has the most to spare.
The protesting lover buys hope with it,
And the deluded virgin, short-lived pleasure;
Old greybeards cram their avarice with it;
Your lank-jaw'd, hungry judge, will dine upon't,
And hang the guiltless, rather than eat his mutton cold:
The crown'd head quits it for despotic sway;
The stubborn people, for unawed rebellion.
There's not a slave, but has his share of villain:
Why, then, shall after ages think my deeds
Inhuman, since my worst are but ambition?
Even all mankind to some loved ills incline:
Great men chuse greater sins—ambition's mine. [*Exit.*

SCENE II.

A Chamber.

LADY ANNE *discovered, sitting on a Couch.*

Lady A. When—when shall I have rest? Was marriage made
To be the scourge of our offences here?
Oh, no! 'twas meant a blessing to the virtuous;
It once was so to me, though now my curse.
The fruit of Edward's love was sweet and pleasing;
But, oh! untimely cropp'd by cruel Gloster;
Let me have music, to compose my thoughts.
[*Soft music.*
It will not be; naught but the grave can close my eyes.
But see,
He comes—the rude disturber of my pillow.

Enter GLOSTER.

Glost. Ha! still in tears? let them flow on; they're signs
Of a substantial grief.—Why don't she die?
She must; my interest will not let her live.
The fair Elizabeth hath caught my eye;
My heart's vacant, and she shall fill her place.
They say, that women have but tender hearts;
'Tis a mistake, I doubt—I've found them tough;
They'll bend, indeed, but he must strain that cracks them.
All I can hope's to throw her into sickness,
That I may send her a physician's help.—

So, madam, what! you still take care, I see,
To let the world believe I love you not.
This outward mourning now has malice in't,
So have these sullen disobedient tears;
I'll have you tell the world I dote upon you.

Lady A. I wish I could—but 'twill not be believed.
Have I deserved this usage?

Glost. You have—you do not please me, as at first.

Lady A. What have I done? What horrid crime committed?

Glost. To me the worst of crimes; outlived my liking.

Lady A. If that be criminal, just Heaven be kind,
And take me while my penitence is warm!
Oh, sir, forgive and kill me.

Glost. Umph! no—the meddling world will call that murder,
And I would have them think me pitiful:
Now, wert thou not afraid of self-destruction,
Thou hast a fair excuse for't.

Lady A. How fain would I be friends with death! Oh, name it.

Glost. Thy husband's hate: nor do I hate thee only
From the dull'd edge of sated appetite,
But from the eager love I bear another.
Some call me hypocrite—what think'st thou now?
Do I dissemble?

Lady A. Thy vows of love to me were all dissembled.

Glost. Not one—for when I told thee so, I loved:
Thou art the only soul I never yet deceived;
And 'tis my honesty that tells thee now,
With all my heart I hate thee.—
If this have no effect, she is immortal! [*Aside.*

Lady A. Forgive me, Heaven, that I forgave this man!
Oh may my story, told in after ages,

Give warning to our easy sex's years;
May it unveil the hearts of men, and strike
Them deaf to their dissimulated love!

Enter CATESBY.

Glost. Now, Catesby—
Catesby. My lord, his Grace of Buckingham attends your highness' pleasure.
Glost. Wait on him—I'll expect him here.
[*Exit* CATESBY.
Your absence, madam, will be necessary.
Lady A. 'Would my death were so! [*Exit.*
Glost. It may be so, shortly.
[CATESBY *passes over the back of the Stage.*

Enter BUCKINGHAM.

My cousin, what say the citizens?
Buck. Now, by our hopes, my lord, they are senseless stones:
Their hesitating fear has struck them dumb!
Glost. Touch'd you the bastardy of Edward's children?
Buck. I did, with his contract to Lady Lucy;
Nay, his own bastardy and tyranny for trifles,
Laid open all your victories in Scotland,
Your discipline in war, wisdom in peace,
Your bounty, justice, fair humility,
Indeed left nothing that might gild our cause,
Untouch'd, or slightly handled, in my talk:
And when my oration drew towards an end,
I urged of them that loved their country's good,
To do you right, and cry, Long live King Richard!
Glost. And did they so?
Buck. Not one, by Heaven—but each like statues fix'd
Speechless, and pale, stared in his fellow's face:
Which, when I saw, I reprehended them,
And asked the Mayor what meant this wilful silence?

His answer was, the people were not used
To be spoken to, but by the recorder:
Who then took on him to repeat my words;
Thus saith the duke, thus hath the duke inferr'd;
But nothing urged in warrant from himself.
When he had done, some followers of my own,
At th' lower end of th' hall, hurl'd up their caps,
And some ten voices cried, God save King Richard!
At which I took the 'vantage of those few,
And cried, Thanks, gentle citizens, and friends,
This general applause, and cheerful shout,
Argues your wisdom, and your love to Richard;
And even here broke off, and came away.

Glost. Oh tongueless blocks! would they not speak?
Will not the Mayor then, and his brethren, come?

Buck. The Mayor is here at hand—feign you some fear,
And be not spoken with, but by mighty suit.
A prayer-book in your hand, my lord, were well,
Standing between two churchmen of repute:
For on that ground I'll make an holy descant:
Yet be not easily won to our requests;
Seem, like the virgin, fearful of your wishes.

Glost. My other self—my counsel's consistory!
My oracle! my prophet! my dear cousin!
I, as a child, will go by thy direction.

Buck. Hark! the Lord Mayor's at hand—away, my lord;
No doubt, but yet we reach our point proposed.

Glost. We cannot fail, my lord, while you are pilot!
A little flattery sometimes does well. [*Exit.*

Enter LORD MAYOR *and* CITIZENS.

Buck. Welcome, my lord: I dance attendance here,
I am afraid the duke will not be spoke withal.

Enter CATESBY.

Now, Catesby, what says your lord to my request?

Catesby. My lord, he humbly does entreat your grace
To visit him to-morrow, or the next day:
He's now retired with two right reverend fathers,
Divinely bent to meditation;
And in no worldly suits would he be moved,
To interrupt his holy exercise.

Buck. Return, good Catesby, to the gracious duke:
Tell him, myself, the Mayor and Citizens,
In deep designs, in matters of great moment,
No less importing than our general good,
Are come to have some conference with his grace.

Catesby. My lord, I'll instantly inform his highness. [*Exit.*

Buck. Ah, my lord! this prince is not an Edward;
He is not lolling on a lewd love-bed,
But on his knees at meditation:
Not dallying with a brace of courtezans;
But with two deep divines in sacred praying;
Happy were England, would this virtuous prince
Take on himself the toil of sov'reignty.

Lord M. Happy indeed, my lord.
He will not, sure, refuse our proffer'd love?

Buck. Alas, my lord! you know him not: his mind's
Above this world—he's for a crown immortal.
Look there, his door opens; now where's our hope?

Lord M. See where his grace stands, 'tween two clergymen!

Buck. Ay, ay, 'tis there he's caught—there's his ambition.

Lord M. How low he bows, to thank them for their care!
And see! a prayer-book in his hand!

Buck. 'Would he were king, we'd give him leave to pray!
Methinks I wish it, for the love he bears the city.
How have I heard him vow, he thought it hard

The Mayor should lose his title with his office!
Well, who knows? he may be won.
Lord M. Ah, my lord!
Buck. See, he comes forth—my friends, be resolute;
I know he's cautious to a fault: but do not
Leave him, till our honest suit be granted.

Enter GLOSTER, *with a Book.*

Glost. Cousin of Buckingham,
I do beseech your grace to pardon me,
Who, earnest in my zealous meditation,
So long deferr'd the service of my friends.
Now do I fear I've done some strange offence,
That looks disgracious in the city's eye. If so,
'Tis just you should reprove my ignorance.
Buck. You have, my lord: we wish your grace,
On our entreaties, would amend your fault.
Glost. Else wherefore breathe I in a christian land?
Buck. Know then, it is your fault that you resign
The scepter'd office of your ancestors,
Fair England's throne, your own due right of birth,
To the corruption of a blemish'd stock;
In this just cause I come, to move your highness,
That on your gracious self you'd take the charge
And kingly government of this your land,
Not as protector, steward, substitute,
Or lowly factor for another's gain,
But as successively from blood to blood,
Your own by right of birth, and lineal glory.
Glost. I cannot tell, if to depart in silence,
Or bitterly to speak in your reproof,
Fits best with my degree, or your condition:
Therefore, to speak in just refusal of your suit,
And then in speaking not to check my friends,
Definitively thus I answer you:
Your love deserves my thanks; but my desert,
Unmeritable, shuns your fond request;
For, Heaven be thank'd, there is no need of me;

The royal stock has left us royal fruit,
Which, mellow'd by the stealing hours of time,
Will well become the seat of majesty,
And make us (no doubt) happy by his reign.
On him I lay what you would lay on me,
The right and fortune of his happier stars;
Which Heaven forbid my thoughts should rob him of!

Lord M. Upon our knees, my lord, we beg your grace
To wear this precious robe of dignity,
Which on a child must sit too loose and heavy;
'Tis yours, befitting both your wisdom and your birth.

Catesby. My lord, this coldness is unkind,
Nor suits it with such ardent loyalty.

Buck. Oh, make them happy! grant their lawful suit.

Glost. Alas! why would you heap this care on me?
I am unfit for state and majesty.
I thank you for your loves, but must declare
(I do beseech you take it not amiss)
I will not, dare not, must not yield to you.

Buck. If you refuse us, through a soft remorse,
Loth to depose the child, your brother's son
(As well we know your tenderness of heart;)
Yet know, though you deny us to the last,
Your brother's son shall never reign our king,
But we will plant some other on the throne,
To the disgrace and downfall of your house:
And, thus resolved, I bid you, sir, farewell.—
My lord, and gentlemen, I beg your pardon,
For this vain trouble—my intent was good,
I would have served my country and my king:
But 'twill not be—farewell, till next we meet.

Lord M. Be not too rash, my lord; his grace relents.

Buck. Away, you but deceive yourselves. [*Exit.*

Catesby. Sweet prince, accept their suit.

Lord M. If you deny us, all the land will rue it.

Glost. Call him again—[*Exit* CATESBY.] you will enforce me to
A world of cares—I am not made of stone,
But penetrable to your kind entreaties;
Though, Heaven knows, against my own inclining.

Enter BUCKINGHAM *and* CATESBY.

Cousin of Buckingham, and sage, grave men,
Since you will buckle fortune on my back,
To bear her burden, whether I will or no,
I must have patience to endure the load;
But, if black scandal, or foul-faced reproach,
Attend the sequel of your imposition,
Your mere enforcement shall acquittance me;
For Heaven knows, as you may partly see,
How far I am from the desire of this.

Lord M. Heaven guard your grace! we see it, and will say it.

Glost. You will but say the truth, my lord.

Buck. My heart's so full, it scarce has vent for words;
My knee will better speak my duty, now.
Long live our sovereign, Richard, King of England!

Glost. Indeed, your words have touch'd me nearly, cousin!
Pray rise—I wish you could recall them.

Buck. It would be treason, now, my lord; to-morrow,
If it so please your majesty, from council
Orders shall be given for your coronation.

Glost. E'en when you please, for you will have it so.

Buck. To-morrow then we will attend your majesty.
And now we take our leaves with joy.

Glost. Cousin, adieu—my loving friends, farewell,
I must unto my holy work again.

[*Exeunt all but* RICHARD.

Why, now my golden dream is out—
Ambition, like an early friend, throws back

My curtains with an eager hand, o'erjoy'd
To tell me what I dreamt is true—A crown!
Thou bright reward of ever-daring minds!
Oh! how thy awful glory wraps my soul!
Nor can the means that got thee dim thy lustre!
For not men's love, fear pays the adoration,
And fame not more survives from good than evil deeds.
Th' aspiring youth, that fired the Ephesian dome,
Outlives, in fame, the pious fool that raised it.
Conscience, lie still; more lives will yet be drain'd;
Crowns got with blood must be with blood maintain'd. [*Exit.*

ACT THE FOURTH.

SCENE I.

The Tower.

QUEEN, PRINCE EDWARD, DUKE OF YORK, DUCHESS OF YORK, *and* LADY ANNE, *discovered.*

P. Ed. Pray, madam, do not leave me yet,
For I have many more complaints to tell you.
Queen. And I unable to redress the least!—
What would'st thou say, my child?
P. Ed. Oh, mother, since I have lain i' the Tower,
My rest has still been broke with frightful dreams,
Or shocking news has waked me into tears:

I'm scarce allow'd a friend to visit me;
All my old honest servants are turn'd off,
And in their room are strange ill-natured fellows,
Who look so bold as they were all my masters;
And I'm afraid they'll shortly take you from me.
Duch. of York. Oh, mournful hearing!
Lady A. Oh, unhappy prince!
D. of York. Dear brother, why do you weep so?
You make me cry too!
Queen. Alas, poor innocence!
P. Ed. 'Would I but knew at what my uncle aims;
If 'twere my crown, I'd freely give it him,
So he'd but let me 'joy my life in quiet.
D. of York. Why, will my uncle kill us, brother?
P. Ed. I hope he won't; we never injured him.
Queen. I cannot bear to see them thus. [*Weeping.*

Enter LORD STANLEY.

Stanley. Madam, I hope your majesty will pardon
What I am grieved to tell, unwelcome news!
Queen. Ah me! more sorrow yet! My lord, we've long
Despair'd of happy tidings; pray, what is't?
Stanley. On Tuesday last, your noble kinsmen, Rivers,
Grey, and Sir Thomas Vaughan, at Pomfret,
Were executed on a public scaffold.
Duch. of York. Oh dismal tidings!
P. Ed. Oh poor uncles! I doubt my turn is next.
Lady A. Nor mine, I fear, far off.
Queen. Why then let's welcome blood and massacre,
Yield all our throats to the fell tiger's rage,
And die lamenting one another's wrongs;
Oh! I foresaw this ruin of our house! [*Weeps.*

Enter CATESBY.

Catesby. Madam, the king
Has sent me to inform your majesty,

That you prepare (as is advised from council)
To-morrow for your royal coronation.
Queen. What do I hear! support me, Heaven!
Lady A. Alas, I heard of this before, but could not
For my soul find heart to tell you of it.
Catesby. The king does farther wish your majesty
Would less employ your visits at the Tower;
He gives me leave t' attend you to the court,
And is impatient, madam, till he sees you.
Lady A. Farewell to all! and thou, poor, injured queen,
Forgive the unfriendly duty I must pay.
Queen. Alas, kind soul, I envy not thy glory;
Nor think I'm pleased thou'rt partner in our sorrow.
Catesby. Madam.
Lady A. I come.
Catesby. Shall I attend your majesty?
Lady A. Attend me! whither? to be crown'd?
Let me with deadly venom be anointed,
And die ere man can say, Long live the Queen!
[*Exit with* CATESBY.
Stanley. Take comfort, madam.
Queen. Alas, where is it to be found?
Death and destruction follow us so close,
They shortly must o'ertake us!
Stanley. In Brittany,
My son-in-law, the Earl of Richmond, still
Resides, who with a jealous eye observes
The lawless actions of aspiring Gloster;
To him would I advise you, madam, fly
Forthwith for aid, protection, and redress:
He will, I'm sure, with open arms receive you.
Duch. of York. Delay not, madam,
For 'tis the only hope that Heaven has left us.
Queen. Do with me what you please—for any change
Must surely better our condition.

Stanley. I farther would advise you, madam, this instant
To remove the princes to some
Remote abode, where you yourself are mistress.
P. Ed. Dear madam, take me hence; for I shall ne'er
Enjoy a moment's quiet here.
D. of York. Nor I: pray, mother, let me go too.
Queen. Come then, my pretty young ones, let's away,
For here you lie within the falcon's reach,
Who watches but the unguarded hour to seize you.

Enter LIEUTENANT, *with a Warrant.*

Lieut. I beg your majesty will pardon me;
But the young princes must on no account
Have egress from the Tower,
Nor must (without the king's especial license)
Of what degree soever, any person
Have admission to them—all must retire.
Queen. I am their mother, sir! who else commands them?
If I pass freely, they shall follow me.
For you—I'll take the peril of your fault upon myself.
Lieut. My inclination, madam, would oblige you;
But I am bound by oath, and must obey:
Nor, madam, can I now with safety answer
For this continued visit.—
Please you, my lord, to read these orders.
Queen. Oh! heavenly powers, shall I not stay with them?
Lieut. Such are the king's commands, madam.
Queen. My lord!
Stanley. 'Tis too true—and it were vain to oppose them.
Queen. Support me, Heaven!
For life can never bear the pangs of such a parting.
Oh! my poor children! oh, distracting thought!

I dare not bid them, (as I should) farewell;
And then to part in silence stabs my soul!
P. Ed. What, must you leave us, mother?
Queen. What shall I say? [*Aside.*
But for a time, my loves—we shall meet again,
At least in heaven.
D. of York. Won't you take me with you, mother?
I shall be so 'fraid to stay when you are gone.
Queen. I cannot speak to them, and yet we must
Be parted—then let these kisses say farewell.
Why! oh why! just Heaven, must these be our last?
Duch. of York. Give not your grief such way—be sudden when you part.
Queen. I will—since it must be—to Heaven I leave them:
Hear me, ye guardian powers of innocence!
Awake or sleeping—Oh! protect them still!
Still may their helpless youth attract men's pity,
That when the arm of cruelty is raised,
Their looks may drop the lifted dagger down
From the stern murderer's relenting hand,
And throw him on his knees in penitence!
Both Princes. Oh, mother, mother!
Queen. Oh! my poor children!
[*Exeunt severally.*

SCENE II.

The Presence Chamber.

GLOSTER, *seated;* BUCKINGHAM, CATESBY, RATCLIFF, LOVEL, *&c.*

Glost. Stand all apart.—Cousin of Buckingham—
Buck. My gracious sovereign!
Glost. Give me thy hand;

At length, by thy advice and thy assistance,
Is Gloster seated on the English throne.
But say, my cousin—
What, shall we wear these glories for a day?
Or shall they last, and we rejoice in them?
Buck. I hope for ages, sir—long may they grace you!
Glost. Oh! Buckingham! now do I play the touch-stone,
To try if thou be current friend indeed:
Young Edward lives, so does his brother York.
Now think what I would speak.
Buck. Say on, my gracious lord.
Glost. I tell thee, coz, I've lately had two spiders
Crawling upon my startled hopes—
Now, though thy friendly hand has brush'd them from me,
Yet still they crawl offensive to my eyes;
I would have some kind friend to tread upon 'em—
I would be king, my cousin.
Buck. Why, so I think you are, my royal lord.
Glost. Ha! am I king? 'tis so—but—Edward lives.
Buck. Most true, my lord.
Glost. Cousin, thou wert not wont to be so dull.
Shall I be plain—I wish the bastards dead!
And I would have it suddenly perform'd!
Now, cousin, canst understand me?
Buck. None dare dispute your highness' pleasure.
Glost. Indeed! methinks thy kindness freezes, cousin.
Thou dost refuse me then?—they shall not die?
Buck. My lord, since 'tis an action cannot be
Recall'd, allow me but some pause to think;
I'll instantly resolve your highness. [*Exit.*
Glost. I'll henceforth deal with shorter-sighted fools.
None are for me, that look into my deeds

With thinking eyes—
High-reaching Buckingham grows circumspect;
The best on't is, it may be done without him,
Though not so well, perhaps—had he consented,
Why, then the murder had been his, not mine.
We'll make a shift as 'tis—Come hither, Catesby:
Where's that same Tirrel, whom thou told'st me of?
Hast thou given him those sums of gold I order'd?
Catesby. I have, my liege.
Glost. Give him this ring, and say, myself
Will bring him farther orders instantly.
[*Exit* CATESBY.
The deep-revolving Duke of Buckingham
No more shall be the neighbour to my councils;
Has he so long held out with me untired,
And stops he now for breath? Well, be it so.

Enter LORD STANLEY.

How now, Lord Stanley, what's the news?
Stanley. I hear, my liege, the Lord Marquis of Dorset
Is fled to Richmond, now in Brittany.
Glost. Why, let him go, my lord: he may be spared.
Hark thee, Ratcliff, when saw'st thou Anne, my queen?
Is she still weak? has my physician seen her?
Ratcliff. He has, my lord, and fears her mightily.
Glost. But he's exceeding skilful, she'll mend shortly.
Ratcliff. I hope she will, my lord.
Glost. And if she does, I have mistook my man!
I must be married to my brother's daughter,
At whom I know the Briton, Richmond, aims;
And by that knot, looks proudly on the crown.
But then to stain me with her brother's blood;
Is that the way to woo the sister's love?

No matter what's the way—for while they live,
My goodly kingdom's on a weak foundation.
'Tis done, my daring heart's resolved—they're dead!

Enter BUCKINGHAM.

Buck. My lord, I have consider'd in my mind,
The late request that you did sound me in.
Glost. Well, let that rest—Dorset is fled to Richmond.
Buck. I have heard the news, my lord.
Glost. Stanley, he's your near kinsman—well, look to him.
Buck. My lord, I claim that gift, my due by promise,
For which your honour and your faith's engaged:
The earldom of Hereford, and those moveables,
Which you have promised I shall possess.
Glost. Stanley, look to your wife; if she convey
Letters to Richmond, you shall answer it.
Buck. What says your highness to my just request?
Glost. I do remember me, Harry the Sixth,
When Richmond was a little, peevish boy,
Did prophesy, that Richmond should be king.
'Tis odd—a king, perhaps—

Enter CATESBY.

Catesby. My lord, I have obey'd your highness' orders.
Buck. May it please you to resolve me in my suit?
Glost. Lead Tirrel to my closet, I'll meet him.
Buck. I beg your highness' ear, my lord.
Glost. I'm busy—thou troublest me—I'm not i' th' vein. [*Exit.*
Buck. Oh patience, Heaven! is't thus he pays my service?

Was it for this I raised him to the throne?
Oh! if the peaceful dead have any sense
Of the vile injuries they bore while living,
Then sure the joyful souls of blood-suck'd Edward,
Henry, Clarence, Hastings, and all that through
His foul corrupted dealings have miscarried,
Will, from the walls of heaven, in smiles look down,
To see this tyrant tumbling from his throne,
His fall unmourn'd, and bloody as their own!
[*Exit.*

SCENE III.

An Apartment in the Tower.

[*Enter* TIRREL, DIGHTON, *and* FOREST.

Tirrel. Come, gentlemen,
Have you concluded on the means?
Forest. Smothering will make no noise, sir.
Tirrel. Let it be done i' th' dark—for should you see
Their young faces, who knows how far their looks
Of innocence may tempt you into pity?
Stand back—Lieutenant, have you brought the keys?

Enter LIEUTENANT.

Lieut. I have them, sir.
Tirrel. Then here's your warrant to deliver them.
[*Giving a ring.*
Lieut. What can this mean! why at this dead of night

To give them too! 'tis not for me to enquire. [*Exit.*

Tirrel. Gentlemen, there lies your way.

[*Exeunt severally.*

SCENE IV.

The Presence Chamber.

Enter GLOSTER.

Glost. 'Would it were done!
There is a busy something here,
That foolish custom has made terrible,
To the intent of evil deeds: and Nature too,
As if she knew me womanish and weak,
Tugs at my heart-strings with complaining cries,
To talk me from my purpose—
And then the thought of what men's tongues will say,
Of what their hearts must think;
To have no creature love me living, nor
My memory when dead!
Shall future ages, when these children's tale
Is told, drop tears in pity of their hapless fate,
And read with detestation, the misdeeds of Gloster,
The crook-back'd tyrant, cruel, barbarous,
And bloody? will they not say too,
That to possess the crown, nor laws divine
Nor human stopt my way?—Why, let them say it;
They can't but say I had the crown;
I was not fool as well as villain.

Enter TIRREL.

Now, my Tirrel, how are the brats disposed?
Say, am I happy? hast thou dealt upon them?

Tirrel. If to have done the thing you gave in charge
Beget you happiness, then, sir, be happy, for it is done.

Glost. But didst thou see them dead?

Tirrel. I did, my lord.

Glost. And buried, my good Tirrel?

Tirrel. In that, I thought to ask your grace's pleasure.

Glost. I have it—I'll have them sure—get me coffin
Full of holes—let them be both cramm'd into it;
And, hark thee, in the night-tide, throw them down
The Thames—once in, they'll find the way to the bottom;
Meantime, but think how I may do thee good,
And be inheritor of thy desire.

Tirrel. I humbly thank your highness.

Glost. About it strait, good Tirrel.

Tirrel. Conclude it done, my lord. [*Exit.*

Glost. Why then my loudest fears are hush'd;
The sons of Edward have eternal rest,
And Anne, my wife, has bid this world good night;
While fair Elizabeth, my beauteous niece,
Like a new morn, lights onward to my wishes.

Enter CATESBY.

Catesby. My lord——

Glost. Good news, or bad, that thou com'st in so bluntly?

Catesby. Bad news, my lord; Morton is fled to Richmond;
And Buckingham, back'd with the hardy Welshmen,
Is in the field, and still his power increases.

Glost. Morton with Richmond, touches me more near
Than Buckingham, and his rash-levied numbers.

But come, dangers retreat, when boldly they're confronted,
And dull delays lead impotence and fear;
Then fiery expedition raise my arm,
And fatal may it fall on crush'd rebellion!
Let's muster men—my counsel is my shield,
We must be brief when traitors brave the field.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE V.

A Court in the Tower.

Enter QUEEN *and* DUCHESS OF YORK.

Queen. Oh, my poor children!—Oh, my tender babes!
My unblown flowers, pluck'd by untimely hands:
If yet your gentle souls fly in the air,
And be not fix'd in doom perpetual,
Hover about me, with your airy wings,
And hear your mother's lamentation!
Why slept their guardian angels, when this deed was done!

Duch. of York. So many miseries have drain'd my eyes,
That my woe-wearied tongue is still and mute;—
Why should calamity be full of words?

Queen. Let's give them scope; for though they can't remove,
Yet do they ease affliction.

Duch. of York. Why, then, let us be loud in exclamations,

To Richard, haste, and pierce him with our cries:
[*Trumpet sounds a march.*
Hark, his trumpet sounds!—this way he must pass.
Queen. Alas, I've not the daring to confront him!
Duch. of York. I have a mother's right—I'll force him to hear me.

Enter GLOSTER *and* CATESBY, *with Forces.*

Trumpet sounds a March.

Glost. Who interrupts me in my expedition?
Duch. of York. Dost thou not know me? Art thou not my son?
Glost. I cry your mercy, madam—is it you?
Duch. of York. Art thou my son?
Glost. Ay, I thank Heaven, my father, and yourself.
Duch. of York. Then I command thee, hear me.
Glost. Madam, I have a touch of your condition,
That cannot brook the accent of reproof.
Duch. of York. Stay, I'll be mild and gentle in my words.
Glost. And brief, good mother, for I am in haste.
Duch. of York. Why, I have staid for thee, (just Heaven knows)
In torment and in agony.
Glost. And came not I at last to comfort you?
Duch. of York. No, on my soul! too well thou know'st it,
A grievous burden was thy birth to me.
Tetchy and wayward was thy infancy;
Thy prime of manhood, daring, bold, and stubborn;
Thy age confirm'd, most subtle, proud, and bloody!
Glost. If I am so disgracious in thy eye,
Let me march on, and not offend thee, madam.
Duch. of York. Yet stay, I charge thee, hear me.
Queen. If not, hear me; for I have wrongs will speak

Without a tongue.—Methinks, the very sight
Of me should turn thee into stone!
Where are my children, Gloster?
Duch. of York. Where is thy brother Clarence?
Queen. Where Hastings?
Duch. of York. Rivers?
Queen. Vaughan?
Duch. of York. Grey?
Glost. A flourish, trumpets; strike alarum, drums;
Let not the Heavens hear these tell-tale women
Rail on the Lord's anointed!—Strike, I say!
[*Alarum of drums and trumpets.*
Either be patient, and entreat me fair,
Or, with the clamorous report of war,
Thus will I drown your exclamations.
Duch. of York. Then hear me, Heaven! and Heaven, at his latest hour,
Be deaf to him, as he is now to me!
Ere, from this war he turn a conqueror,
Ye Powers, cut off his dangerous thread of life,
Lest his black sins rise higher in account
Than hell has pains to punish!
Mischance and sorrow wait thee to the field!
Heart's discontent, languid and lean despair,
With all the hell of guilt, pursue thy steps, for ever!
[*Exit.*
Queen. Though far more cause, yet much less power to curse
Abides in me; I say amen to her.
Glost. Stay, madam, I would beg some words with you.
Queen. What canst thou ask, that I have now to grant?—
Is't another son? Gloster, I have none.
Glost. You have a beauteous daughter, call'd Elizabeth—
Queen. Must she die too?

Glost. For whose fair sake, I'll bring more good to you,
Than ever you, or yours, had from me harm:
So, in the Lethe of thy angry soul,
Thou'lt drown the sad remembrance of those wrongs,
Which thou supposest me the cruel cause of.
Queen. Be brief, lest that the process of thy kindness
Last longer telling than thy kindness' date.
Glost. Know, then, that, from my soul, I love the fair
Elizabeth, and will, with your permission,
Seat her on the throne of England.
Queen. Alas, vain man! how canst thou woo her?
Glost. That I would learn of you,
As one being best acquainted with her humour.
Queen. If thou wilt learn of me, then woo her thus:
Send to her, by the man who kill'd her brothers,
A pair of bleeding hearts; thereon engraved,
Edward and York—then, haply, will she weep:
On this, present her with an handkerchief,
Stain'd with their blood, to wipe her woeful eyes;
If this inducement move her not to love,
Read o'er the history of thy noble deeds;—
Tell her, thy policy took off her uncles,
Clarence, Rivers, Grey: nay, and, for her sake
Made quick conveyance with her dear aunt, Anne.
Glost. You mock me, madam; this is not the way
To win your daughter.
Queen. What shall I say?—Still to affront his love,
I fear, will but incense him to revenge;
And, to consent, I should abhor myself:—
Yet I may seemingly comply, and thus
By sending Richmond word of his intent,
Shall gain some time, to let my child escape him.
It shall be so.— [*Aside.*

I have consider'd, sir, of your important wishes,
And, could I but believe you real——
Glost. Now, by the sacred host of saints above—
Queen. Oh, do not swear, my lord, I ask no oath,
Unless my daughter like you more than I.
Glost. Oh, my kind mother! (I must call you so)
Be thou to her my love's soft orator;
Plead what I will be, not what I have been;
Not my deserts, but what I will deserve.
And, when this warlike arm shall have chastised
The audacious rebel, hot-brain'd Buckingham,
Bound with triumphant garlands will I come,
And lead your daughter to a conqueror's bed.
Queen. My lord, farewell—in some few days expect
To hear how fair a progress I have made:
Till when be happy as you're penitent.
Glost. My heart goes with you to my love. Farewell!— [*Exit* QUEEN.
Relenting, shallow-thoughted woman!

Enter RATCLIFF.

How now?—the news?
Ratcliff. Most gracious sovereign, on the western coasts
Rides a most powerful navy, and our fears
Inform us, Richmond is their admiral.
There do they hull, expecting but the aid
Of Buckingham to welcome them ashore. [*Exit.*
Glos. We must prevent him, then—Come hither, Catesby.
Catesby. My lord, your pleasure?
Glost. Post to the Duke of Norfolk, instantly,—
Bid him, straight levy all the strength and power
That he can make, and meet me, suddenly,
At Salisbury.—Commend me to his grace—away!
[*Exit* CATESBY.

Enter LORD STANLEY.

Well, my lord, what news have you gather'd?
Stanley. Richmond is on the seas, my lord.
Glost. There let him sink, and be the seas on him,
White-liver'd renegade!—what does he there?
Stanley. I know not, mighty sovereign, but by guess.
Glost. Well, as you guess?
Stanley. Stirr'd up by Dorset, Buckingham, and Morton,
He makes for England here, to claim the crown.
Glost. Traitor! the crown?
Where is thy power then to beat him back?
Where be thy tenants, and thy followers?
The foe upon the coast, and thou no friends to meet them?
Or, hast thou march'd them to the western shore,
To give the rebels conduct from their ships?
Stanley. My lord, my friends are ready all i' th' North.
Glost. The North! why, what do they i' th' North,
When they should serve their sovereign in the West?
Stanley. They, yet, have had no orders, sir, to move:
If 'tis your royal pleasure they should march,
I'll lead them on, with utmost haste to join you,
Where, and what time, your majesty shall please.
Glost. What! would'st begone to join with Richmond?
Stanley. Sir, you have no cause to doubt my loyalty;
I ne'er yet was, nor ever will be, false.
Glost. Away then to thy friends, and lead them on
To meet me—hold—come back—I will not trust thee,—
I've thought a way to make thee sure—your son,
George Stanley, sir, I'll have him left behind;

And look, your heart be firm,
Or else, his head's assurance is but frail.

Stanley. As I prove true, my lord, so deal with him. [*Exit.*

Enter RATCLIFF.

Ratcliff. My lord, the army of great Buckingham,
By sudden floods, and fall of waters,
Is half lost, and scatter'd:
And he himself wander'd away, alone,
No man knows whither.

Glost. Has any careful officer proclaim'd
Reward to him that brings the traitor in?

Ratcliff. Such proclamation has been made, my lord.

Enter CATESBY.

Catesby. My liege, the Duke of Buckingham is taken.

Glost. Off with his head!—so much for Buckingham.

Catesby. My lord, I am sorry I must tell more news.

Glost. Out with it!

Catesby. The Earl of Richmond, with a mighty power,
Is landed, sir, at Milford:
And, to confirm the news, Lord Marquis Dorset,
And Sir Thomas Lovewel, are up in Yorkshire.

Glost. Why, ay, this looks rebellion—Ho! my horse!
By Heaven, the news alarms my stirring soul!
Come forth, my honest sword, which, here, I vow,
By my soul's hope, shall ne'er again be sheathed!—
Ne'er shall these watching eyes have needful rest,
Till death has closed 'em in a glorious grave,
Or fortune given me measure of revenge. [*Exit.*

ACT THE FIFTH.

SCENE I.

The Country.

Enter RICHMOND, SIR W. BRANDON, SIR R. BRACKENBURY, OXFORD, BLUNT, *and Others.*

Rich. Thus far, into the bowels of the land,
Have we march'd on without impediment.
Gloster, the bloody, and devouring boar,
Whose ravenous appetite has spoil'd your fields,
Laid this rich country waste, and rudely cropp'd
Its ripen'd hope of fair posterity,
Is now even in the centre of the isle,
As we're inform'd, near to the town of Leicester:
From Tamworth thither is but one day's march;
And here receive we from our father, Stanley,
Lines of fair comfort and encouragement;
Such as will help to animate our cause;
On which, let's cheerly on, courageous friends,
To reap the harvest of a lasting peace,
Or fame, more lasting, from a well-fought war.
Sir W. Brand. Your words have fire, my lord, and warm our men,
Who look'd, methought, but cold, before—disheartened,
With the unequal numbers of the foe.
Rich. Why, double them, still our cause would conquer them.
Thrice is he arm'd that has his quarrel just;

And he but naked, though lock'd up in steel,
Whose conscience with injustice is corrupted:
The very weight of Gloster's guilt shall crush him.
Sir R. Brack. His best friends, no doubt, will soon be ours.
Sir W. Brand. He has no friends, but what are such through fear.
Rich. And we no foes, but what are such to Heaven.
Then, doubt not, Heaven's for us—let's on, my friends;
True hope ne'er tires, but mounts, with eagles' wings;
Kings it makes gods, and meaner creatures kings.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

Bosworth Field.

Enter GLOSTER, NORFOLK, RATCLIFF, *&c.*

Glost. Here pitch our tent, even in Bosworth Field:
My good Lord Norfolk, the cheerful speed
Of your supply has merited my thanks.
Nor. I am rewarded, sir, in having power
To serve your majesty.
Glost. You have our thanks, my lord: up with my tent!
Here I will lie to-night—but where to-morrow?
Well, no matter where—has any careful friend
Discover'd yet the number of the rebels?
Mor. My lord, as I from spies am well inform'd,
Six or seven thousand is their utmost power.

Glost. Why, our battalions treble that account;
Besides, the king's name is a tower of strength,
Which they, upon the adverse faction, want.
Nor. Their wants are greater yet, my lord—those e'en
Of motion, life, and spirit.—Did you but know
How wretchedly their men disgrace the field—
Oh, such a tatter'd host of mounted scarecrows!
So poor, so famish'd! their executors,
The greedy crows, fly hovering o'er their heads,
Impatient for their lean inheritance.
Glost. Now, by St. Paul, we'll send them dinners and apparel!
Nay, give their fasting horses provender,
And after, fight them.—How long must we stay,
My lords, before these desperate fools will give
Us time to lay their faces upwards?
Nor. Unless their famine saves our swords that labour,
To-morrow's sun will light them to their ruin;
So soon, I hear, they mean to give us battle.
Glost. The sooner, still the better—Come, my lords,
Now let's survey the 'vantage of the ground—
Call me some men of sound direction.
Nor. My gracious lord—
Glost. What say'st thou, Norfolk?
Nor. Might I advise your majesty, you yet
Shall save the blood that may be shed to-morrow.
Glost. How so, my lord?
Nor. The poor condition of the rebels tells me,
That, on a pardon offer'd to the lives
Of those, who instantly shall quit their arms,
Young Richmond, ere to-morrow's dawn, were friendless.
Glost. Why, that, indeed, was our sixth Harry's way,

Which made his reign one scene of rude commotion.
I'll be, in men's despight, a monarch; no,
Let kings that fear forgive—Blows and revenge for me. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

A Wood.

Enter RICHMOND, OXFORD, BLUNT, *&c.*

Rich. The weary sun has made a golden set,
And by yon ruddy brightness of the clouds,
Gives tokens of a goodly day to-morrow.
Sir William Brandon, you shall bear my standard.
Here have I drawn the model of our battle,
Which parts, in just proportion, our small power:
Here may each leader know his several charge.
My lord of Oxford, you, Sir Walter Herbert,
And you, Sir William Brandon, stay with me:
The Earl of Pembroke keeps his regiment.

Enter OFFICER.

Offi. Sir, a gentleman that calls himself Stanley,
Desires admittance to the Earl of Richmond.

Rich. Now, by my hopes, my noble father-in-law!
Admit him—my good friends, your leave a while.

Enter LORD STANLEY.

My honour'd father! on my soul,
The joy of seeing you this night is more
Than my most knowing hopes presaged—what news?

Stanley. I, by commission, bless thee from thy mother,

Who prays continually for Richmond's good:
The queen, too, has, with tears of joy, consented,
Thou should'st espouse Elizabeth, her daughter,
At whom the tyrant, Richard, closely aims.
In brief (for now the shortest moment of
My stay is bought with hazard of my life)
Prepare thy battle early in the morning,
(For so the season of affairs requires)
And this be sure of, I, upon the first
Occasion offer'd, will deceive some eyes,
And aid thee in this doubtful shock of arms,
In which I had more forward been ere this,
But that the life of thy young brother, George,
(Whom, for my pawn of faith, stern Richard keeps)
Would then be forfeit to his wild revenge.
Farewell! the rude enforcement of the time
Denies me to renew those vows of love,
Which so long-sunder'd friends should dwell upon.

Rich. We may meet again, my lord——

Stanley. Till then, once more, farewell! be resolute, and conquer. [*Exit.*

Rich. Give him safe conduct to his regiment.—
Well, sirs, to-morrow proves a busy day;
But come, the night's far spent—let's in to council—
Captain, an hour before the sun gets up,
Let me be waked; I will, in person, walk
From tent to tent, and early cheer the soldiers.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.

Bosworth Field.

Enter GLOSTER, RATCLIFF, NORFOLK, *and* CATESBY.

Glost. Catesby!
Catesby. Here, my lord.
Glost. Send out a pursuivant at arms
To Stanley's regiment—bid him, 'fore sun-rise,
Meet me with his power, or young George's head
Shall pay the forfeit of his cold delay.
What, is my beaver easier than it was,
And all my armour laid into my tent?
Catesby. It is, my liege, all in readiness.
Glost. Good Norfolk, hie thee to thy charge!
Use careful watch—chuse trusty centinels.
Nor. Doubt not, my lord.
Glost. Be stirring with the lark, good Norfolk!
Nor. I shall, my lord. [*Exit.*
Glost. Saddle White Surry for the field to-morrow.
Is ink and paper ready?
Catesby. It is, my lord.
Glost. An hour after midnight come to my tent,
And help to arm me.—A good night, my friends.
[*Exit.*
Catesby. Methinks the king has not that pleased alacrity,
Nor cheer of mind, that he was wont to have.
Ratcliff. The mere effect of business;
You'll find him, sir, another man i' th' field,

When you shall see him with his beaver up,
Ready to mount his neighing steed, with whom
He smiling seems to have some wanton talk,
Clapping his pamper'd sides to hold him still;
Then, with a motion swift and light as air,
Like fiery Mars, he vaults him to the saddle;
Looks terror to the foe, and courage to his soldiers.

Catesby. Good night to Richmond, then; for, as I hear,
His numbers are so few, and those so sick,
And famish'd in their march, if he dares fight us—
He jumps into the sea to cool his fever.
But come, 'tis late—Now let us to our tents;
We've few hours good before the trumpet wakes us.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE V.

GLOSTER'S *Tent, in another Part of the Field.*

Enter GLOSTER, *from his Tent.*

Glost. 'Tis now the dead of night, and half the world
Is in a lonely solemn darkness hung;
Yet I, (so coy a dame is sleep to me)
With all the weary courtship of
My care-tired thoughts, can't win her to my bed;
Though even the stars do wink, as 'twere with over-watching:
I'll forth, and walk a while—the air's refreshing,
And the ripe harvest of the new-mown hay
Gives it a sweet and wholesome odour.
How awful is this gloom!—and, hark! from camp to camp,

The hum of either army stilly sounds,
That the fixed centinels almost receive
The secret whispers of each other's watch;
Steed threatens steed, in high and boastful neighings,
Piercing the night's dull ear—Hark! from the tents
The armourers accomplishing the knights,
With clink of hammer, closing rivets up,
Give dreadful note of preparation; while some,
Like sacrifices, by their fires of watch,
With patience sit, and inly ruminate
The morning's danger—By yon Heaven, my stern
Impatience chides this tardy-gaited night,
Who, like a foul and ugly witch, does limp
So tediously away—I'll to my couch,
And once more try to sleep her into morning.
[*Lies down; a groan is heard.*
Ha! what means that dismal voice? sure 'tis
The echo of some yawning grave,
That teems with an untimely ghost—'tis gone!
'Twas but my fancy, or perhaps the wind,
Forcing his entrance through some hollow cavern.
No matter what—I feel my eyes grow heavy. [*Sleeps.*

KING HENRY'S GHOST *rises.*

K. Hen. Oh! thou, whose unrelenting thoughts, not all
The hideous terrors of thy guilt can shake,
Whose conscience with the body ever sleeps,
Sleep on; while I, by Heaven's high ordinance,
In dreams of horror wake thy frightful soul:
Now give thy thoughts to me: let them behold
These gaping wounds, which thy death-dealing hand,
Within the Tower, gave my anointed body:
Now shall thy own devouring conscience gnaw
Thy heart, and terribly revenge my murder.

LADY ANNE'S GHOST *rises.*

Lady A. Think on the wrongs of wretched Anne, thy wife!

E'en in the battle's heat remember me,
And edgeless fall thy sword!—despair and die!

The GHOST *of* PRINCE EDWARD *and the* DUKE OF YORK *rise.*

P. Ed. Richard, dream on, and see the wand'ring spirits
Of thy young nephews, murder'd in the Tower.
Could not our youth, our innocence, persuade
Thy cruel heart to spare our harmless lives?
Who, but for thee, alas! might have enjoy'd
Our many promised years of happiness.
No soul, save thine, but pities our misusage;
Oh, 'twas a cruel deed! therefore, alone,
Unpitying, unpitied shalt thou fall.

K. Hen. The morning's dawn has summon'd me away:
Now, Richard, wake, in all the hell of guilt!
And let that wild despair, which now does prey
Upon thy mangled thoughts, alarm the world.
Awake, Richard, awake! to guilty minds
A terrible example! [*All the* GHOSTS *sink.*

Glost. Give me a horse!—bind up my wounds!
Have mercy, Heaven! Ha! soft! 'twas but a dream:
But then so terrible, it shakes my soul!
Cold drops of sweat hang on my trembling flesh;
My blood grows chilly, and I freeze with horror!
Oh, tyrant Conscience! how dost thou afflict me!
When I look back, 'tis terrible retreating;
I cannot bear the thought, nor dare repent:
I am but man; and, Fate, do thou dispose me!
Who's there?

Enter CATESBY.

Catesby. 'Tis I, my lord; the early village cock
Has thrice done salutation to the morn:
Your friends are up, and buckle on their armour.

Glost. Oh, Catesby, I have had such horrid dreams!
Catesby. Shadows, my lord!—below the soldier's heeding.
Glost. Now, by my this day's hopes, shadows, to-night,
Have struck more terror to the soul of Richard,
Than can the substance of ten thousand soldiers,
Arm'd all in proof, and led by shallow Richmond.
Catesby. Be more yourself, my lord: consider, sir,
Were it but known a dream had frighted you,
How would your animated foes presume on't!
Glost. Perish that thought!—no, never be it said
That fate itself could awe the soul of Richard!
Hence, babbling dreams! you threaten here in vain;
Conscience, avaunt! Richard's himself again!
Hark! the shrill trumpet sounds to horse! away!
My soul's in arms, and eager for the fray! [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VI.

A Wood.

Enter RICHMOND, OXFORD, SIR W. BRANDON, SIR R. BRACKENBURY, BLUNT, SOLDIERS, *&c.*

Rich. Halt!
Sold. Halt!—halt!
Rich. How far into the morning is it, friends?
Sir R. Brack. Near four, my lord.
Rich. 'Tis well—
I am glad to find we are such early stirrers.
Sir W. Brand. Methinks the foes less forward than we thought them;
Worn as we are, we brave the field before them.

Rich. Come, there looks life in such a cheerful haste.
If dreams should animate a soul resolved,
I'm more than pleased with those I've had to-night:
Methought that all the ghosts of them, whose bodies
Richard murder'd, came mourning to my tent,
And roused me to revenge them.
Sir W. Bran. A good omen, sir.—[*Trumpets sound a distant March.*] Hark! the trumpet of
The enemy! it speaks them on the march.
Rich. Why, then, let's on, my friends, to face them:
In peace, there's nothing so becomes a man,
As mild behaviour and humility:
But, when the blast of war blows in our ears,
Let us be tigers in our fierce deportment;
For me, the ransom of my bold attempt
Shall be this body on the earth's cold face;
But, if we thrive, the glory of the action
The meanest here shall share his part of.
Advance your standards, draw your willing swords;
Sound drums, and trumpets, boldly and cheerfully.
The word's St George, Richmond, and Victory.
[*Exeunt.*

Enter GLOSTER, CATESBY, *&c.*

Glost. Who saw the sun to-day?
Catesby. He has not yet broke forth, my lord.
Glost. Then he disdains to shine—for, by the clock,
He should have braved the east an hour ago.
Not shine to-day! Why, what is that to me
More than to Richmond? for the self-same Heaven
That frowns on me, looks low'ring upon him.

Enter NORFOLK, *with a Paper.*

Nor. Prepare, my lord; the foe is in the field.

Glost. Come, bustle, bustle! caparison my horse;
Call forth Lord Stanley, bid him bring his power;
Myself will lead the soldiers to the plain.
[*Exit* CATESBY.
Well, Norfolk, what think'st thou now?
Nor. That we shall conquer—but on my tent,
This morning early, was this paper found.
Glost. [Reads.] *Jockey of Norfolk, be not too bold,*
For Dickon, thy master, is bought and sold.
A weak invention of the enemy!
Come, gentlemen, now each man to his charge,
And ere we do bestride our foaming steeds,
Remember whom you are to cope withal;
A scum of Britons, rascals, runaways!
Whom their o'ercloy'd country vomits forth
To desperate adventures and destruction.

Enter CATESBY.

What says Lord Stanley? will he bring his power?
Catesby. He does refuse, my lord—he will not stir.
Glost. Off with his son George's head!
Nor. My lord, the foe's already pas. the marsh—
After the battle let young Stanley die.
Glost. Why, after be it then.
A thousand hearts are swelling in my bosom:
Draw, archers, draw your arrows to the head!
Spur your proud horses hard, and ride in blood!
And thou, our warlike champion, thrice renown'd
St George, inspire me with the rage of lions!
Upon them!—Charge!—Follow me! [*Exeunt*

SOLDIERS *driven across the Stage by* GLOSTER, *&c.*

Glost. What, ho! young Richmond, ho! 'tis Richard calls!
I hate thee, Harry, for thy blood of Lancaster!
Now, if thou dost not hide thee from my sword,
Now, while the angry trumpet sounds alarms,

And dying groans transpierce the wounded air,
Richmond, I say come forth, and singly face me!
Richard is hoarse with daring thee to arms! [*Exit.*

Enter CATESBY *and* NORFOLK, *in disorder.*

Catesby. Rescue! rescue! My Lord of Norfolk, haste!
The king enacts more wonders than a man,
Daring an opposite to every danger:
His horse is slain, and all on foot he fights,
Seeking for Richmond in the throat of death:
Nay, haste, my lord!—the day's against us. [*Exeunt.*

Enter GLOSTER *and* RATCLIFF.

Glost. A horse! a horse! my kingdom for a horse!
Ratcliff. This way, this way, my lord!—below yon thicket
Stands a swift horse—away! ruin pursues us;
Withdraw, my lord, for only flight can save you.
Glost. Slave! I have set my life upon a cast,
And I will stand the hazard of the die.
I think there be six Richmonds in the field!
Five have I slain to-day instead of him.
A horse! a horse! my kingdom for a horse!

Enter RICHMOND.

Of one or both of us the time is come!
Rich. Kind Heaven, I thank thee, for my cause is thine!
If Richard's fit to live, let Richmond fall.
Glost. Thy gallant bearing, Harry, I could 'plaud,
But that the spotted rebel stains the soldier.
Rich. Nor should thy prowess, Richard, want my praise,
But that thy cruel deeds have stamp'd thee tyrant.
So thrive my sword, as Heaven's high vengeance draws it!

Glost. My soul and body on the action, both!
Rich. A dreadful lay! here's to decide it.
[*They fight*—RICHARD *falls.*
Glost. Perdition catch thy arm!—the chance is thine!
But oh! the vast renown thou hast acquired,
In conquering Richard, does afflict him more
Than even his body's parting with its soul.
Now, let the world no longer be a stage,
To feed contention in a lingering act;
But let one spirit of the first-born Cain
Reign in all bosoms; that, each heart being set
On bloody actions, the rude scene may end,
And darkness be the burier of the dead! [*Dies.*

Enter OXFORD, LORD STANLEY, *and* SOLDIERS, *with* KING RICHARD'S *Crown.*

Rich. Oh, welcome, friends; my noble father, welcome!
Heaven and our arms be praised, the day is ours!
See there, my lords, stern Richard is no more!
Stanley. Victorious Richmond, well thou hast acquitted thee!
And see, the just reward that Heaven has sent thee:
Among the glorious spoils of Bosworth Field,
We've found the crown, which now in right is thine:
'Tis doubly thine, by conquest and by choice.
Long live Henry the Seventh, King of England!
[*Trumpets.*
Rich. Next to just Heaven, my noble countrymen,
I owe my thanks to you, whose love I'm proud of;
And ruling well shall speak my gratitude.
But now, my lords, what friends of us are missing?
Pray, tell me, is young George Stanley living?
Stanley. He is, my liege, and safe in Leicester town,
Whither, if you please, we may withdraw us.

Enter OFFICER.

Off. My lord, the queen, and fair Elizabeth,
Her beauteous daughter, some few miles off,
Are on their way to 'gratulate your victory.

Rich. Ay, there indeed my toil's rewarded!
Let us prepare to meet them, lords—and then,
As we're already bound by solemn vows,
We'll twine the roses red and white together,
And both from one kind stalk shall flourish:
England has long been mad, and scared herself;
The brother blindly shed the brother's blood;
The father rashly slaughter'd his own son;
The bloody son, compell'd, has kill'd his sire.
O, now, let Henry and Elizabeth,
The true successors of each royal house,
Conjoin'd together, heal those deadly wounds!
And be that wretch of all mankind abhorr'd,
That would reduce those bloody days again;
Ne'er let him live to taste our joy's increase,
That would with treason wound fair England's peace!
[*Exeunt.*

THE END.

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